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SCRAP BOOK

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#13
Marine
Quarters, Blackfish,
Sailors, Bathing Boat,
Wharves, Ship,
Training Ship,
Cockshot Oil,
Miscellaneous



Grace Brown Gardner

MARINE

IV

Quarter boards

Sailors

Black fish

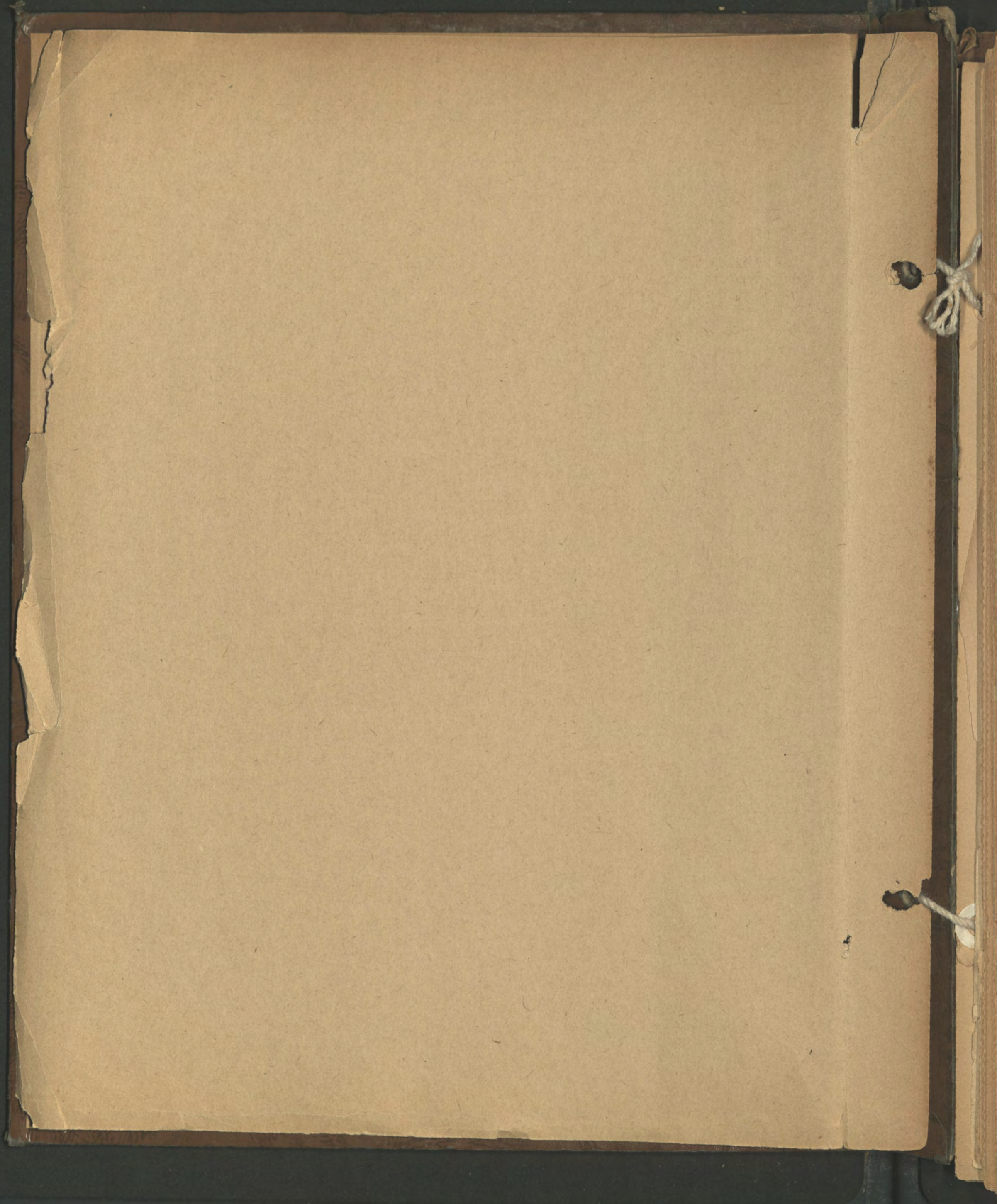
Wharves

Bathing Beach

Miscellaneous

Training Ship

Coconut Oil



Many a Ship's Quarterboard Tells An Interesting Story of Its Career.

Most of the Boards on Nantucket Came From Craft Wrecked On The Island Over a Period of Many Years.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

It might be said of men that "the good is oft interred with their bones," but of ships, whose bones often rot away in exposed places, or who are pounded to pieces in shorter time than is thought possible, it is sometimes true that their good passages are not covered by the shifting sands that inter their bones.

Ships so wrecked and disappearing have no monuments to mark the spot, it is true, but if a quarterboard is left to drift upon the beach they need no further gravestone to mark how they lived or when they died.

In the not so long ago, when Nantucket's seafaring population was a great deal larger than today, when the dory fishermen were in their prime, and shipwrecks were common around our shores, it was the practice to display the name-boards or, as they are more commonly called, the *quarter-boards* of vessels in a prominent place on the barn or outbuilding of an islander's property.

In those days every part of the town revealed these boards, their gilt lettering easily distinguished at some distance. Newtown undoubtedly showed the most, with North Shore next in number, with a sprinkling of the signs appearing along the wharves, and in other sections of the town.

Today, however, a drive about town fails to disclose more than a half-dozen quarter-boards. On Fair street, the board of the *Alice Oakes* may be seen in plain sight on the barn of Philip Holmes; the *Sammy Ford* looks as good as new on Lester Harris' barn on Eagle Lane; and from Orange street, beyond the junction with Union, one may read the name *Ellen*



The Three-masted Schooner *Warren Sawyer* Ashore at Surfside. She was wrecked on December 22, 1884, with cargo of 1,115 bales of cotton, insured for \$65,000. About half of the cotton was saved, but the *Sawyer* became a total loss, breaking up within two weeks' time.



HEROIC RESCUE AT WRECK OF THE SCHOONER *EVELINE TREAT* IN OCTOBER, 1865. The schooner, laden with coal, came ashore near Miacomet Pond. She was 300 feet in back of the breakers, with five men in the rigging, when sighted from the tower. A line was shot over her but the line snarled as the aged Captain Pilbrook was being hauled ashore. Frederick W. Ramsdell went out on the rope, hand-over-hand, to untangle the rope and save the man's life as well as those of the other men.

Perkins on a board attached to the barn of the late Stilman C. Cash.

A search was therefore instituted with hopes of unearthing the whereabouts of the many other boards that so familiarly adorned Nantucket outbuildings. This search disclosed some unusual results, making an interesting story in itself, for it showed how the boards had gone through various hands and ownerships, in a remarkable contrast to the years in which they had stayed "put."

If there is such a thing as a snug harbor for these quarter-boards then, certainly, Nantucket has two such places. At the well-known building on Old North Wharf, designated by the name of Wharf Rat Club, and having the minute sign "Perry & Coffin" above the door, a goodly number of these boards are displayed. At the head of Main street, in the workshop home of Wallace Long, another "batch" reposes, tucked carefully here and there about the place. The boards have fortunately fallen into the hands of men who know sailing ships and respect them with the true reverence of sailor-men.

In looking about the island for the resting places of other quarter-boards, the most out of the ordinary is of the *British Queen*, which is now proudly displayed on the farm house of the Mooney Farm, on the Polpis Road.

The story of the *British Queen* has recently appeared in these columns. She was a full-rigged ship, bound for New York from Dublin with nearly three hundred immigrants on board when she was wrecked off Muskeget in 1851. The grandfather of the present owner of the Mooney Farm was one of those rescued. Two Nantucket fishing schooners, skillfully handled by Captains Patterson and Barse, saved all but two of the ship's human cargo. The wreck occurred on December 18, 1851, and with the true Christmas spirit, island organizations helped relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate people. Several of the castaways remained on Nantucket during the rest of their lives.

On E. U. Crosby's barn at Shimmo, the board of the *A. J. Ross* is also displayed during the summer months. This was a brigantine, but she was not wrecked on these shores. Mr. Crosby doubtless knows her history.

The board of the two-masted schr. *S. M. Bird* has been a familiar object on the barn of W. W. Justice's estate on Cato Lane. This is also a craft which was not lost on Nantucket, and so little is known of her.

The *Ellen E. Perkins* board on the Cash barn on Orange street did come ashore here. The *Perkins* was a lumber schooner from Bangor to New York. She was lost on Great Point in June, 1896, and her crew was saved. The late Stillman Cash obtained her quarter-board.

On the barn of Philip Holmes, on Fair street, is hung the board of the *Alice Oaks*. This craft had a strange history. On the last day of March, 1879, she was one of the fourteen schooners which were wrecked around these shores as the result of a sudden hurricane from the northwest. The schooner came ashore at Great Point, loaded with coal. She was purchased by Capt. Asa W. N. Small, and after a portion of her cargo had been taken out, was towed to Straight wharf and the balance discharged. She was then towed to Boston, where repairs were made.

During this same storm, a boat's crew from Tuckernuck went out to rescue the single survivor of the schooner *Emma G. Edwards*, on her beam ends at the edge of Tuckernuck shoal. All the rescuers received a medal for this daring feat. Marcus Dunham is the only one now living who took part in that thrilling row.

In April, 1885, six years later, the *Alice Oaks* was again wrecked on Nantucket. On this occasion she was again bound north up the sound, loaded with coal, was caught in a northerly and driven ashore on the bar off Capaum. Her crew was rescued from the rigging by a boat's-crew from the shore. The vessel soon went to pieces.

On the Buckner garage in 'Sconset is the name-board of the schooner *Sarah Wood*. As she was not wrecked here little is known about the craft or of the board's presence on the island.

In the living room of the Hallbach's residence at Shimmo is the quarter-board of the *Uriah B. Fisk*. This was a three-masted schooner wrecked on Great Point on January 30, 1880. She was known as the "guano vessel" from the fact that she was loaded with 670 tons of the fertilizer, being bound to Charleston, S. C., from Boston. The crew and Captain Crowell and his wife landed in their boat through the ice, with the assistance of men ashore, but for whose aid they would have undoubtedly have perished. The *Uriah B. Fiske* was stripped of her rigging and sails and some spars were saved. Only a small part of the cargo was salvaged.

Mr. Hallbach also has the name-board of the *E. C. Allen-True*, but the vessel is not otherwise identified with Nantucket.

In the studio of Mrs. Henry Lang, on Quince street are the boards of the *E. S. Baymore* and the *Ada C. Shull*. The *Baymore* was purchased by the Island Service Company and her name changed to *Nantisco*. She was a three-master and under Capt. Bishop carried cargoes of coal to South wharf for several years, and was subsequently sold to the mainland. The sloop *Ada C. Shull* was used by the same company for many years, bringing in gasoline and lumber. She now lies dismantled alongside the wharf, having out-lived her usefulness.



The Barkentine *Culdoon*, Ashore at Nobadeer in March, 1898. She had a cargo of 1,142 bales of wool when she ran onto the beach during a dense fog. Her cargo was discharged on the beach. She was later hauled off by the tug *Right Arm*. The bales of wool were carted to town for shipment.

About eight years ago, Wallace Long, who is as familiar with coasting vessels as anyone in Nantucket, made a trip to Providence and vicinity. During a cruise up Narragansett Bay, he came upon a "ships' graveyard," a place where old ships are towed to rot away in some unfrequented cove. Here among the hulks was the old *Nantisco*, distinguished from the others by her bow and stern. Mr. Long had sailed on her with Captain Bishop, when two West Indians lived in the fore-castle and Mrs. Bishop was the cook and kindly mother to all on board.

John R. Killen has in his possession the quarter-board of the three-masted schooner *Mary A. Killen*, which was sailed by his father, Captain John Killen, for a number of voyages from the West Indies to Boston. The *Mary A. Killen* was lost in a snow storm at Scituate, in beating up Boston Bay in 1898.

In William Small's house at Pocomo is the quarter-board of the *Isaiah K. Stetson*. On March 13, 1920, the three-masted schooner struck on Handkerchief Shoal and sank. Four of her crew perished, and only the timely arrival of the cutter *Acushnet* saved the captain and the remaining seaman, who had clung to the rigging all that night.

One of the most interesting of older boards is that of the *Haines*, a West India vessel, loaded with logwood, which ran ashore on the south side of the island near the head of Hummock Pond. The crew abandoned her and all perished in the attempt to gain the shore. Had they remained aboard it is probable they would have been saved. The cargo was discharged and carted to town, but the *Haines* soon after went to pieces.

The wreck occurred three days before Christmas, 1865. On Christmas Eve, the iron vessel *Newton*, bound from New York to Hamburg, was a total wreck off Maddequecham, and all hands perished. The tragedy of the two shipwrecks cast a deep gloom over Bodies were washed ashore and buried after solemn funeral ceremonies in the Unitarian burial ground. Only one man from the *Newton* reached the shore alive, and he perished from the cold. The life-preserver he wore is now in the Whaling Museum.

The quarter-board of the *Haines* is now owned by Mrs. Emma Hayward, who obtained it from her uncle, Walter Swain, who as a lad of 12 years recovered it from the beach sand a few days after the wreck. For a number of years it was nailed to a barn on West Chester street. When Mrs. Hayward secured it she first kept it at her Centre street residence, but now has it in her house on Hinckley Lane.

A visit to the home of Wallace Long, on Upper Main street, revealed a collection of boards rivaled only by those in the "Wharf Rat Club." Mr. Long, himself a sailor with many years of experience on windjammers along the coast, has not only come into possession of these boards but has also learned the history of each craft, recounting it with revealing gusto.

Perhaps, the outstanding boards in Mr. Long's collection is the pair from the *Warren Sawyer*. This was a large three-masted schooner which became a total loss at Surfside on the 22nd of December, 1884. The *Sawyer* was bound from New Orleans to Boston, and had 1,115 bales of cotton aboard, with 28 tons of scrap iron also in her holds. The crew was saved by the life-savers from Surfside station. About 700 bales of cotton had been landed when a severe storm on January 6, 1885, broke up the vessel, and about 50 per cent. of the cargo was salvaged. The *Sawyer*, valued at \$10,000, was insured for \$4,000, while her cargo was insured for \$55,000.

The *Warren Sawyer's* boards are believed to be the only pair on the island. As far as can be learned, the only other two boards from the same ship are those from the *Julie E. Pratt*,

but one of these is at the Wharf Rat Club and the other at the Whaling Museum, while the *Sawyer's* are still together.

The board of the *J. D. Ingraham* is also here, as are those of the *F. C. Pendleton* and *Charles E. Raymond*. Mr. Long at one time sailed on the *Pendleton*, which was a famous craft in her day, having made a voyage from Africa to New York in 16 days. Wallace was aboard her in 1924, when a movie troupe used the vessel. At this time such well-known stars of the silent screen as Billie Dove, Agnes Ayers, Lila Lee, Martha Mansfield, and Louis Wolheim participated in the filming, the direction being under the watchful eye of Roy Webb, who for some years was well known as a summer resident of 'Sconset.

In the workshop may also be found the board of the *Argo*, a schooner which brought the lumber for the St. Mary's Church structure on Federal street. It was on the 9th of December, 1896, that the *Argo*, bound to this port from Portland, Me., was driven ashore in the Chord of the Bay. She had come down to the bar, the night before, too late to enter the harbor. Her crew was taken off by the Coskata life-savers, and the vessel was afterwards towed into this harbor. After the lumber was removed the *Argo* rolled over and became a total loss on the South beach.

Other boards in Mr. Long's possession are those of the *Elizabeth H. Cook*, the *Lillie O. Wells*, *Leo V. Jordan*, *A. H. Howe*, and *Chester R. Lawrence*. Several of these were obtained in Maine seaports, where he had seen the vessels or had boarded them previously. Because of this intimacy, Mr. Long likes to feel that the ships are still existing in spirit, and that their name-boards will constantly remind of their trim lines and billowy canvas.

The most distinguished board in the Long collection is that of the *Alice M. Lawrence*, which was wrecked on the 5th of December, 1914. The *Lawrence* was the second largest vessel ever lost around Nantucket, being exceeded in size only by the *Wyoming*, another six-master. The *Lawrence* was 305 feet long and 48 feet beam, with a tonnage of 3,132 gross, and was valued at \$200,000.

This great vessel was bound from Portland, Me., to Norfolk, Va., in ballast and, oddly enough, struck on the sunken wreck of the *French Van Guilder*, on the edge of Tuckernuck shoal. The crash "broke her back," and for several weeks lighters and tugs concentrated upon saving only her spars, rigging, and other equipment. Her hull was a conspicuous object for some months, until it was set afire and burned to the water's edge the next year. The hull was afterwards blown up by the government.

Three years later, the British schooner *Unique* struck the hulk of the *Lawrence* and in turn became a total loss. Her crew was taken off by the Muskeget coast guards. Thus, the bones of three ships lie, one upon the other, in a strange grave.



THE BRIG POINSETT, WRECKED AT NOBADEER AUGUST 30, 1871, LADEN WITH SUGAR. The view is from a painting by George Fish and shows some of the casks being hauled ashore. The vessel soon broke up, only 40 casks being saved. The wreckage was strewn for miles along the shore.

Taking down a board from the rafters overhead, Mr. Long showed the name *E. M. Roberts*, recounting her story of shipwreck. She was a three-masted schooner, a British vessel, bound from New York to St. John's, N. B., with hard coal. She was driven ashore at Coskata, during a gale from the northeast, on March 7, 1928. The crew remained in the rigging all night, being taken off by the Coskata coast guards the next morning. She became a total loss.

On the 26th of October, 1921, the four-masted schooner *Henry F. Kregar*, loaded with limestone and plaster, struck on Little Round Shoal, east of Nantucket, and became a total loss. The crew was taken off by the Coskata coast guards. Mr. Long made a trip coasting in this schooner a few years previous, sailing under Captain Arthur Stevens, the man who built the *Alice Wentworth*, now owned and sailed by Capt. Zeb. Tilton.

Mr. Long also has the board of the *George B. Ferguson*, wrecked outside Brant Point on December 16, 1904. The schooner was loaded with coal, most of which was saved, but she was never salvaged, her bones rotting almost in the steamer channel. The quarter-board is a "home-made" one, Mr. Long believes.

The schooner *Jerusha Baker*, which was lost on the eastern jetty some time in the early 1900's, is not recorded in the Gardner list of wrecks, but Mr. Long has her quarter-board, and also states that she was an old vessel, having been built in Bridgeport in 1860, and being engaged in coasting for many years.

On February 12th, 1885, a fleet of some thirty vessels put out of Vineyard Haven and made their way up the sound toward Pollock Rip slue. Just past Cross Rip they encountered ice-fields. Some of the vessels turned back; others kept on; still others put

over their anchors and waited. On the following day, Sunday, the 15th, the fleet was scattered, while six schooners were caught in the ice. That night, during a gale and snow storm, these six were driven on the shoals off Muskeget.

It was impossible because of the ice to rescue the crews until two days later, when the Muskeget life-savers and the cutter *Gallatin* combined in the rescue work. One of these schooners was named the *Sammy Ford*. A party of Tuckernuckers bought her at auction as she lay, salvaged her cargo of coal, and would have gotten her off but for the laxity of a tug's skipper. Instead of taking advantage of the mild weather, this skipper went over to the Vineyard to attend a dance. Before he returned a half-gale wrecked the schooner beyond hope of saving.

One of the Tuckernuckers who purchased the *Sammy Ford* was Marcus Dunham. He recalls well the incident of the romantic tug-boat captain, and remembers the names of the island catboats salvaging the coal. Today, the quarter-board of the *Sammy Ford* is attached to the barn of Lester Harris, on Eagle Lane, and is in very good condition.

Two weeks later (March 29th) the three-masted schooner *French Van Guilder*, bound to Port Chester from Gloucester with a cargo of stone paving blocks, struck on Tuckernuck Shoal. The sea in the sound was running so high that crews from Muskeget and Tuckernuck were unable to reach the vessel. The schooner's crew got into their long boat and were driven before the wind close to Tuckernuck, where they were assisted to shore by a party of men there. James E. Smith, of Union street, was one of the Tuckernuckers present.

The *Van Guilder's* crew were given shelter in the Smith home. Capt. Herbert P. Smith, who was a lad of six at the time, recalls well the incident. One of the sailors was a negro from the West Indies, who wore large earrings. During an argument with a companion sailor over the loan of a bit of tobacco, this fellow said: "No, ye can't have any. Of all my father's children I like myself the best."

The words, and their manner of delivery by the negro, made a deep impression on the listening boy, and Capt. Smith never forgot them nor the scene.

The schooner became a total loss, only the sails, rigging and spars being salvaged. James E. Smith took part in this work, and speaks of the danger to one of the men at a time when the stays to a mast parted when the fellow was aloft. The quarter-board of the schooner was on Tuckernuck for many years, but has since disappeared.

If there is a happy hunting ground for the memories of ships and sailors, then Old North Wharf deserves to be so designated. Retaining the distinct charm of old boating days, and preserving the memory of whaling and ship-chandlery eras, the wharf is a unique place on Nantucket's waterfront.

On a building at the head of the wharf, facing Easy street, a quarter-board has been nailed for many years. Its faded letters proclaim the name *Papa Luigi C.*—an Italian bark that was wrecked on the south shore on the night of March 21st, 1877. While it may be a far cry from sunny Sicily, where the *Papa Luigi C.* loaded her cargo of brimstone and wine and put away for the Atlantic and Boston in the United States, this weather-beaten name-board is a link that binds maritime worlds together. The crew of the bark was saved by the Surfside life-savers, but the vessel was a total loss.

A few doors below the resting place of the *Papa Luigi C.* a gilded billet-head protrudes over the door of a low structure. This is one of the few bits of wreckage that came ashore here from the six-masted schooner *Wyoming*, which was lost in Nantucket sound with all hands on the 11th of March, 1924. The *Wyoming* was 330 feet long, of 3,730 tons, and had a crew of thirteen. A hoop from one of her masts, measuring over a yard in diameter, is among the marine relics of the Historical Association.

James H. Wood, Sr., accompanied by youthful Albert Olcott, was walking along the beach one day when he came upon the billet-head, half buried in the sand. The two sawed off the head and brought it to town, subsequently selling it to Austin Strong.

On one of Mr. Carlisle's buildings across the way, is the name-board of the *Mary F. Slade*. It is said that the board came ashore at Surfside, but nothing definite can be learned about her at this time.

Over the door-way to Leland Topham's shanty is the name *Sakuntala*, scrawled in crude letters on a piece of plank. This represents a fishing boat which sailed out of this port not so long ago.

The sanctum of the "Wharf Rat Club" in the building of "Perry & Coffin," contains not only a large collection of quarter-boards but other marine paraphernalia as well. Here the genial presence of Commodore Herbert Coffin presides, both winter and summer, a veritable mine of information in regard to Nantucket, the fellow Wharf Rats, the weather, or the times.

Mr. Coffin first pointed to the large board reading *Minnie C. Taylor*. It was obtained from the wreck of the vessel by five men—Reuben C. Small, Robert Mack, Herbert Coffin, William Sandsbury, and Fred Coffin. Only Herbert Coffin remains to tell of this incident.

The *Minnie C. Taylor* was lost on the 13th day of January, 1894. She was bound from New York to Boston with 1,500 barrels of lubricating oil. She became iced up while at anchor near Cross Rip, broke adrift and went ashore in the Chord of the Bay. The crew had to extinguish a fire which broke out in the forecabin as the vessel snapped her best bower, and had no sooner extinguished the blaze than the three-master struck. The crew of the Coskata life-saving station shot a line over her and took off the men. The *Taylor* became a total loss, only sails, spars and parts of her rigging being saved. About 1000 barrels of her cargo, however, were saved and carted to town at \$1.25 per barrel.

The board of the *Merriwa* occupies a place close to the *Taylor's*. It was in February, 1884, that the *Merriwa* was wrecked on Great Point. Her crew was taken off by the Coskata life-savers, it being the first rescue performed by this station. The *Merriwa* was a brig, loaded with coal, bound from South Amboy to Boston. She became a total loss, although some coal was saved.

Another brig's quarter-board hangs close by, that of the *M. C. Haskell*. She was not wrecked on Nantucket, and cannot be identified with the list of lost vessels.

The board of the *Julie E. Pratt* is here, also. She was a lumber schooner, wrecked on Great Point at 2 o'clock in the morning of August 25, 1886. Her crew took to the long-boat and were rescued by steamer *Martha Vineyard* off Tuckernuck shoal. The *Pratt* soon after went to pieces. The mate to this board is in the Whaling Museum.

Of more recent date is the board of the fishing sloop *Governor Fuller*, which was driven ashore at Wauwinet only a few years ago. The board of Parker Hall's schooner *Angler* was picked up at Coskata, although the craft was lost in Long Island Sound, and is now in the collection of Mr. Coffin's.

Another craft which cannot really be affiliated with the list of wrecks around Nantucket is that of the *Laura M. Mangam*, a craft wrecked in other waters but whose boards have drifted ashore here and now are displayed at the Club.

The quarter-board of the *Thomas H. Lawrence* has an unusual story. It is in two pieces, one of which was picked up on Smith's point, and the other near the jetties. At first it was believed that the schooner had gone to pieces somewhere on the shoals north of the island, and when it was learned that the schooner was still afloat and had not suffered any mishap the news caused considerable surprise. At length the facts showed that part of the board had been wrenched off in some manner, and the remaining portion was pried loose and thrown into the sea. In such a way did the board come to its resting place in the Club.

A life preserver from the *Jacob S. Winslow*, of Portland; a piece from the wreckage of the U. S. hydroplane A-781, which crashed on Coatue flats on April 17, 1918; a ship-model which was dredged up from Davis Shoal; the board from the coal barge *L. & W. B. Tucket* Golf Links four years ago, are among other interesting marine bits in the room.

At one time, not so many years ago, across the dock from the Wharf Rats' headquarters was a basin, on the south side of Steamboat wharf, where "party-boats" once held rendezvous. The basin is gone; the Adams shanty is only a memory; the skippers have long since steered for another land. But on the walls of Commodore Coffin's shop rest the name-boards of a number of these party-boats. There is the *Dauntless*, famous catboat of the doughty Capt. Barzillai Burdett, boat-builder and yachtsman; opposite is the *Lizzie Roberta*, in which Capt. Alden Adams sailed all about the island; in another corner reposes the board of the *Priscilla*, Capt. Benjamin Morris' staunch craft; and that of the *Isabel*, which was owned and handled by Capt. Charles Coffin, father of the present Commodore of the Wharf Rat Club, is also here.

In Irvin Wyer's stable on North Centre street is part of the board of the *Rebecca R. Douglas*, a two-masted schooner which was struck and sunk by the steamer *Eastern Crown* in the slue of Pollock Rip, September 17, 1926. The crew was rescued by one of the Coast Guard boats stationed here. The portion owned by Mr. Wyer has the word *Rebecca* on it.

In the garden of the Minshall estate on Main Street is the figure-head of the Nantucket whaleship *Richard Mitchell*. She was a famous ship in the "palmy days" of the island's history, having been built at Mattapoisett in 1829, and sailing from this port under various captains until the year 1856, when Capt. Thaddeus Defriez brought her in, and she was soon after sold to Edgartown parties. The *Richard Mitchell* was the successor to another craft of the same name which was lost on her first voyage, being driven ashore at Fayal in the year 1828.

Another whaeship memento is the tiller of the ship *Lima*. For years the wooden arm was used to hang the sign for the Crosby coal company on Whale street. When that business was sold the Historical Association obtained the tiller. The *Lima* is not only one of Nantucket's great ships but a craft that left a record unsurpassed by ships of any nation. Her active career lasted more than half a century of continual sailing, which took her to every corner of the watery globe.

On a barn in the rear of the Capt. William Baxter estate on upper Main street, the quarter-board of the ship *Shanunga* was a familiar object for thirty years or more. The *Shanunga* was wrecked at Tom Nevers Head in February, 1852. She was bound from New Orleans to Boston, and had 1,823 bales of cotton aboard. Most of her cargo was discharged, but the ship was never gotten off, and she was finally stripped and her hull sold for \$100. When the barn was taken down a few years ago, the *Shanunga's* quarter-board vanished, and its present whereabouts is unknown to the writer.

When the record of ships lost on or about the shores of Nantucket is rescanned, one wonders what has be-

come of the hundreds of name-boards which must have been rescued. On the island of Tuckernuck alone a dozen have vanished with the passage of time, being laid away in some forgotten place to rot, or else long since used in the construction of an out-building.

Within a few years a number of boards have mysteriously disappeared. There was that of the *Richard Leaming*, the *Shenandoah*, the *John W. Hall*, the *Shanunga*, the *Minmaneuath*, and many others.

The Maddequet Admiralty has the quarter-board of the *Emma*, presented to them by Everett Chapel. There were two vessels named the *Emma*, and both were lost near Muskeget. The first of that name was loaded with coal and came ashore at Muskeget in 1879, during the same storm that six other schooners were lost in the vicinity. The second *Emma* was dismantled and wrecked after a collision with a companion schooner named the *Eric*, the accident taking place in Muskeget channel in February, 1899. The board presented the Admiralty by Mr. Chapel came from the earlier schooner *Emma*.

Some ships are like ancient ghosts, their names have the mystery of unfathomed years, and they have left little or no material thing to preserve their memory. Such ships were the *Sir Sidney Smith* and the *Douglass*, prize vessels of privateers during the War of 1812, both lost off the southeastern shores, the former going down with all hands. Then there was the *Packet*, bound to these shores from Russia, and wrecked at Miacomet, with the solitary survivor wandering over the commons into Newtown. Then there was the *Ranger* and the *Ann*, two schooners driven ashore at Squam during a blizzard. The shipwrecked mariners crawled on their hands and knees along a fence to a sheep-shed and safety, and the two sons of the captain of the *Ann* carried him through the storm within a mile of a farmhouse, then collapsed to expire, while the father crawled on to reach the house and live.

In Wallace Hall on Main street is a large mirror from the prize ship *Queen*, which had a cargo valued at \$500,000 when taken by the American privateer *General Armstrong*. The *Queen* became a total loss off Noba-deer in January, 1813, and her cargo was strewn along-shore for miles. How such a fragile thing as a mirror was saved is one of the oddities of shipwreck.

Perhaps the most eerie tale concerns the survivors of the wrecked whaling schooner *Louden*, of this port. They were being taken down past the beach at 'Sconset on a raft by the tide, and would have been lost but for the fact that a woman, who lay dying in a house in the village, persisted in muttering that she heard their cries coming from the water. Others listened, heard the shouts for help, and went out to rescue them. This remarkable incident occurred in June, 1774.

In the old Gardner Burial Ground may be seen two ancient headstones, erected to the memory of those lost from the English ship *Paoli*, wrecked on Great Point during a violent gale and snow storm in December, 1771. One one stone appears the following:

"Here lies buried Capt. Thomas Delap of Barnstable Son of James Delap & Mrs. Mary his wife he was caft afhore on Nantucket Decembr ye 6th 1771 & perifhed in ye Snowftorm There Aged 34 yrs 5 Mos & 11 days."

The companion stone bears the following:

"Here lies Mr. Amos Otis of Barnstable Son of Solomon Otis Esqr. & Mrs. Jane his wife he was Caft afhore on Nantucket Decembr ye 6th 1771 & perifht in ye Snowftorm there aged 34 yrs 5 Mos & 11 days."

Only three on board the *Paoli* were saved. These—two men and a boy named John Weiderhold—reached a barn at Squam and by burrowing in some hay kept from freezing. The boy Wiederhold remained on Nantucket during the remainder of his life. His descendants, still living here, are Mrs. Herbert Priaux and Mrs. Clifton Mayo.

On Steamboat wharf is a bell used to help the steamers dock in foggy weather. Its clamor has been heard on other occasions, also, but few of those who listen know where the bell was first obtained. It was brought ashore here in August, 1897, being rescued from the wreck of the fishing schooner *William C. McDonald*, which came ashore at Great Point on January 30 of that year.

No story of ship-wrecks would be complete without a word about the work of the little fishing steamer *Petrel* which for more than a quarter-century made Commercial wharf her home. Of the original "crew" of this vessel only two remain, "Dick" Barret and James Everett Smith.

Mr. Smith, who is in his 78th year, now lives on Union street, but for many years he resided on Tuckernuck, his birthplace. He had been a boatman for more than fifty years when he retired a few years ago. His memory is still keen and he recalled several interesting anecdotes in relation to the *Petrel*, which show the daring seamanship of the men who manned her.

One of the *Petrel's* first bit of rescue work was characteristic of her entire career "wrecking." The schooner *St. Elmo* had foundered among the shoals 12 miles east of Sankaty on March 31st, 1898. Two days later Keeper Remsen, through his spyglass, sighted her topmasts and sent word to town and 'Sconset. The Humane Society's boat put off from 'Sconset with the following at the oars: James A. Holmes, Horace Folger, James P. Coffin, Horace C. Orpin, Octavus W. Lewis, Arthur McCleave, Manuel Sylvia, Asa F. Meiggs, Charles S. Glidden, Leander Small, Edward H. Rose, and John P. Taber. The boat was nearing the wreck when a fishing smack signalled, came alongside, and placed in their charge the solitary survivor of the wreck, a man who had been lashed to the rigging for two days.

Meanwhile the *Petrel* arrived on the scene, took the boat in tow and quickly covered the twelve miles to the beach at 'Sconset. The man was hurried to town, and though utterly helpless was nursed back to health.

The following month the *Petrel* was the schooner *William E. Young* to safety. A few days later the waterlogged and abandoned schooner *Stephen Morris* was taken in tow off Surfside and carried safely into Vineyard Haven. A boat's crew from shore attempted to beat the *Petrel* to the side of the schooner, but the steamer won and secured \$500 in salvage money.

The following month the *Petrel* was awarded another \$500 for salvaging the fishing schooner *Lizzie M. Center*, ashore at the head of Hummock pond.

During the next year the *Petrel* salvaged the schooner *Demozelle* and cargo, stranded on Dry Shoal. The large three-masted schooner *Emma C. Middleton* was hauled off the shore at the west side of Great Point by the little steamer in April, 1900.

The subsequent career of the *Petrel* would make a sizeable yarn of its own, but it is enough for this rambling dissertation on quarter-boards, wrecks, and wrecking, to state that if the crew of the steamer had desired to make a collection of quarter-boards an interesting and valuable chapter in the island's maritime history would have been presented.



BARK W. F. MARSHALL ASHORE AT MIOXES

The bark was wrecked on March 9, 1877, while coming up the coast in ballast. She was a total loss. Crew saved by the Surfside life-savers. The hull sold at auction for \$185, spars for \$25.

On the front lawn of the Nantucket Yacht Club is a large capstan, which for more than a decade has been the hub of lawn activities there. It came from the wreck of the English iron steamship *Cannonbury*, lost on the "Old Man" shoal off 'Seonset on the 28th of March, 1888. With the exception of one man, who had been ill and who died shortly after reaching shore, the entire crew was rescued by Capt. Veeder and his Surfside life-savers, who had rowed along-shore down to the wreck. The *Cannonbury* was bound from Matanzas to Boston, with a full cargo of sugar. Shortly afterwards, the ship worked off and drifted onto Pochick Rip, a short distance from shore off Low Beach, 'Seonset, where she was the object of many curiosity seekers for many months.

On the north shore, a few yards beyond Sachem Spring, lies the bones of a ship which show clearly at high tide. This bit of wreckage is all that remains of the *Asia*, a full rigged ship, bound from the Philippines to Boston, with a cargo of hemp, and lost on February 20th, 1898, when she struck on Round shoal during a furious easterly gale and snowstorm. There were 25 aboard the craft, and the first knowledge of the disaster came two days later when a tug picked up the frozen bodies of the mate and the captain's little daughter, clasped in each others' arms. Only three seamen were saved, and these were picked up by the crew of Handkerchief lightship. The *Asia* and her cargo were valued at more than \$125,000. Pieces of her hull eventually came ashore near Sachem Spring, and are still there.

Between Squam Head and Quidnet, a recent storm disclosed the wreckage which washed ashore from the wreck of the ship *George P. Hudson*, a large five-masted schooner sunk in Great Round Shoal channel after being in collision with the steamship *Middelsex*

during a heavy fog. Two men were killed, and nine others leaped into the sea and were rescued by the steamer's boats. Capt. Thomas refused to leave the vessel and went down with her.

On August 25th, 1885, the schooner *Oregon*, Capt. Abner Goot, bound to New Bedford with curbing, struck on Great Point rip and was beached at Wauwinet to keep her from foundering. Part of the present curbing on Gay street came from her, Frank A. Mitchell, highway surveyor, having purchased part of the cargo. The vessel was broken up, and one of the summer cottages at Wauwinet has some of her timbers and planking which was used in its construction.

In the Whaling Museum repose an imposing array of things historic, a majority of which pertain to the great industry which made Nantucket famous throughout the world. Even the skeleton wording of a summary of its contents would fill many a column, and so this account must treat only of a few things which have come from ships now half-forgotten.

First, must be listed the tiller of the *Lima*, mentioned before in this article. A sign hangs below its twelve-foot length, giving the years of her service. "First voyage, 1810. Condemned at Rio de Janeiro, 1842." In such laconic words the remarkable career of this truly great ship. When Capt. Solomon Swain took her out on her first voyage she was just an ordinary island whaleship, but when her last master, Capt. Obed Luce, was forced to condemn her at Rio, outward bound, she had established a record equalled by few ships of her day and since.

On the west side of the Museum are mementoes of two other well-known whalers. One is the stern-board of the ship *Napoleon*. This craft was built at Rochester in 1838. Several island whaleships were built here the *Henry Clay*, the *Young Hero*, *James Loper*, and others. The *Napoleon* sailed on her first voyage in September, 1838, under Capt. William Plaskett, returning home in that same month four years later. She then made successive voyages under Captains Elisha Fisher, Stephen Gibbs and William Holley, but her last two voyages were disappointing and she was sold to New Bedford in 1854.

She made some good voyages out of her new port. On one of them, from 1869 to 1872, Fred V. Fuller of this town, then a boy of five, accompanied his father and mother. Mr. Fuller's father, Capt. William C. Fuller, was a successful whaling master, and when he retired took up his residence on Orange street—a thoroughfare noted as having more whaling captains living on it than any other street in the world.



BARK MINMANUETH ASHORE AT MIACOMET

She was bound from Rio de Janeiro to Boston with 4,000 bags of coffee when she drove ashore on the night of July 30, 1873. About 1,000 bags were discharged on the beach, and the vessel was worked off.

Close by the *Napoleon's* stern-board is a deeply carved quarter-board from the whaleship *Citizen*. This vessel was built in Boston in 1844, and sailed in that year from this port under Capt. Hiram Bailey. She was gone five years at this time, and returned with a full cargo of oil and bone. Capt. Richard Bailey took her out on her next voyage, which was to the north Pacific. She sailed for the last time from this port in 1855, when Capt. William Cash took her to the Pacific Ocean again. In 1859 she was sold to New York.

The *Citizen's* board is almost in the shadow of the huge 18-foot sperm whale's jaw, which Capt. Cash captured and brought home with him while in command of the *Islander* in the 1860's.

There are a number of other seafaring articles which serve as memorials of the ships they were once part of. For instance, there is the medicine chest of the whaleship *Planter*; the sea chest from the *Sea Lion*; a lantern from the *Rose*; the office box of the New Bedford craft *Osceola 2nd*; and cabin door-panels from the bark *Wanderer*, wrecked on Cuttyhunk on her last voyage outward bound about ten years ago.

Over doorways are models of the hulls of the famous whalers *Mohawk* and *Navigator*. George Grant, the present well-known custodian of the whaling museum, was taken aboard the *Mowhawk*, his father's ship, at the age of six months, having been born at the Samoan Islands during the voyage. His interest in this model of his father's old ship can well be imagined.

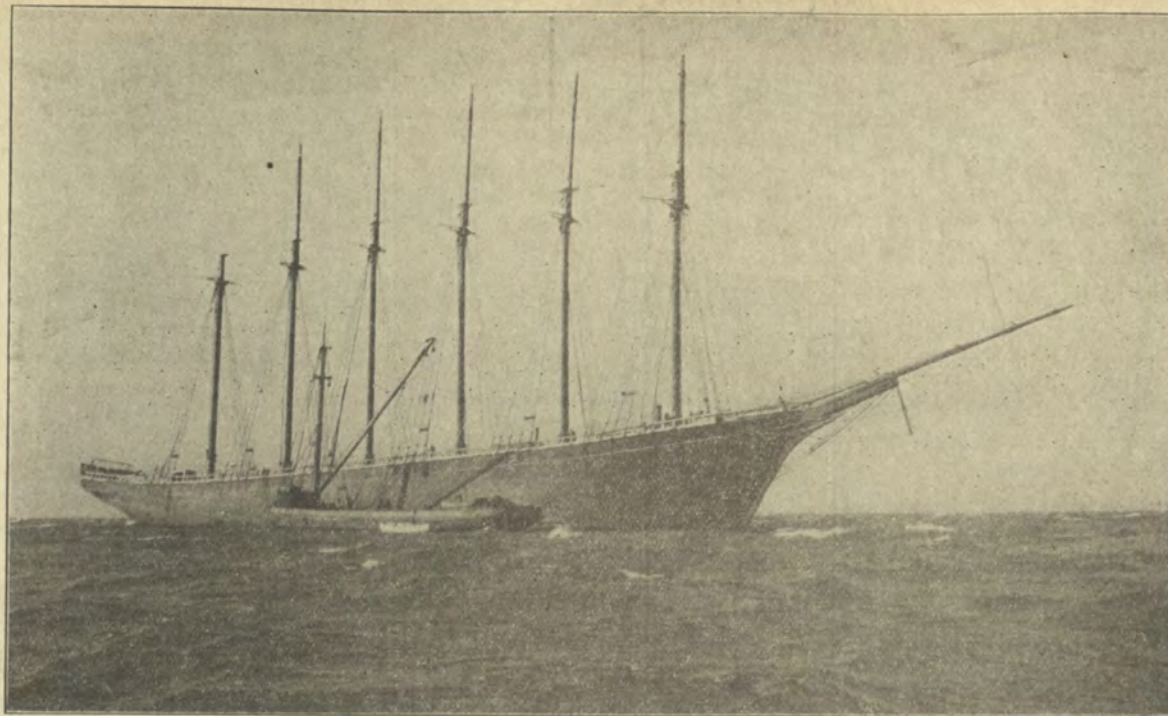
The life-preserver of the *Newton*, South shore on Christmas Eve, 1865, is also among the museum's collection. The German vessel wrecked on the Only one man reached the beach alive, the mate, and he perished trying to crawl across the commons. About his body was the life-preserver. It was presented to the Museum by Lieut. Lester Folger, whose grandfather, Peter Folger, was wreck commissioner at the time.



THE FISHING SCHOONER *EVELYN M. THOMPSON*, ASHORE OFF TUCKERNUCK, JULY, 1914.
She ran into shoal water during a dense fog, but was hauled off uninjured by revenue cutter *Acushnet*.



THREE-MASTED SCHOONER *T. B. WITHERSPOON* WRECKED NEAR LITTLE MIOXES
One of the saddest scenes during any shipwreck occurred when the crew of the ship fell from the rigging, one by one, frozen to death, while those ashore watched powerless to aid. The *Witherspoon* was bound from Surinam to Boston with a cargo of sugar when lost on January 10, 1886.



THE SIX-MASTED SCHOONER ALICE M. LAWRENCE WRECKED ON VAN GUILDER'S HULL.

On December 5, 1914, while under all canvas, this large vessel ran onto the hull of the sunken vessel *French Van Guilder*, wrecked on the edge of Tuckernuck shoal many years before. The *Lawrence* was 305 feet long, 48 feet beam. She became a total loss, being stripped, and her hull finally blown up.

A piece of the wreckage from the warship *Niagara* is also in this corner. The *Niagara* was Commodore Oliver Perry's second flagship during his famous victory on Lake Erie in the War of 1812. For over one hundred years the hull of the vessel lay near the shore on the bottom of the lake. When it was raised a piece of the deck planking was obtained and presenting to the Nantucket Historical Association.

There are number of quarter-boards from merchant vessels here, also. The other board of the *Julie E. Pratt* is here, its mate being at the Wharf Rat Club. The board of the *Mary H. Banks* is also here, but it cannot be otherwise identified with Nantucket. Similarly, nothing is known of the *A. M. Acken*, whose board is in the Museum.

On October 15, 1857, the bark *John Swasey*, of and for Salem from the coast of Africa with a cargo of palm oil, coffee and ivory, was wrecked near the head of Long Pond. Most of her cargo was saved but she became a total loss. Her quarter-board, looking its age, but still sound, reposes close to the big wheel on the east side of the Museum.

On one of William Wallace's boat-houses off Beach street, the quarter-boards of the schooners *Orozimbo* and *T. W. Cooper* are fixed. The *Cooper*, so far as can be learned was not lost about these shores, but the board of the *Orozimbo* was picked up on the beach at the east end in 1902. This schooner left Calais, Me., in March, 1902, at the same time as the schooner *Fly Away*. Both craft were loaded

with lumber. They were caught in a gale rounding the cape and were dismasted. The *Fly Away* drifted to and fro off the east end until Keeper Remsen at Sankaty sighted her and gave the alarm. The Surfside crew rescued five survivors. While many believe the *Orozimbo* suffered a like fate, *Patrick Robinson*, of 14 N. Water street, for many years caretaker of Mr. Wallace's property, is of the opinion that the schooner escaped with the loss of her board and deck-load of lumber.

The capstan of the three-masted schooner *T. B. Witherspoon* is now on lawn in front of the Maddequet Admiralty's building at Madaket. The wreck of the *Witherspoon* was one of the most heartrending of all those which have taken place around these shores, and is perhaps the most outstanding in the recollection of Nantucketers now living.

It was about 5 o'clock on the morning of January 10, 1886, that the big schooner came ashore on the south side of the island during a fierce gale and snowstorm. She was bound to Boston from Surinam, with a cargo of sugar, spices, molasses, etc. Despite the severe cold, hundreds of people hurried out to her aid. But when they arrived at the scene they found themselves powerless to help.

It was impossible to launch a boat in such a tremendous sea, although a number of islanders attempted to put a raft through the surf and nearly lost their lives. After various trys all through the morning and afternoon, a line from the mortar gun was finally shot over the vessel, and was made fast by one of the two active sailors left alive.

Never was a more tragic scene enacted than that which took place on the stormy shore. While the watchers on the beach stood by helplessly the shipwrecked sailors died by inches in the rigging, dropping off into the sea when their frozen bodies at last gave up the ghost. Of the nine on board only two were saved, to be hauled to the beach in a breeches-buoy after dark hid the harrowing sight from horror-stricken eyes. One of the survivors was the mate, who had watched his wife and little boy perished before his eyes after a sea had broken into the cabin.

The wheel of the *Warren Sawyer* is now owned by the Maddequet Admiralty, and commands a prominent place in the new club-house at Madaket.

There are doubtless several other quarter-boards in private collections here. They are a unique bit of nautical flotsam, and serve as grim mementoes of the days when wood and canvas and iron men ruled the wave.

JUNE 26, 1937.

**Board of the "John H. Chaffee"
Added to Notable Collection.**

Several weeks ago, workmen removing articles from the Thomas Warren house, on Washington street, took out from the cellar, a dust-covered quarterboard bearing the name *John F. Chaffee*. It was taken to the blacksmith shop of Rupert Warren, where it remained a while.

Although old and faded, the board was in otherwise good condition. Its letters had been well cut and gilded, evidence that the board had once upon a time graced some old vessel. But the name was not a familiar one here, and there was no record of her having been lost on these shores.

In due course, Wallace Long, who has a notable collection of quarterboards at his home on Upper Main street, heard of the *Chaffee's* board and made a deal with Mr. Warren for its ownership.

Mr. Long was probably the only man on the island who knew the history of the board's presence here.

When asked about it, he said: "Yes, I remember the *John H. Chaffee* well. She came here in March, 1908—thirty years ago—with lumber for William T. Swain. Captain George Murray, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, was her captain and a man named Macomber was his mate. They had trouble with a forem'st hand while here, and Orrie Hull, who piloted the craft into this harbor, wanted me to sail on her.

"But I didn't like the looks of the craft. She was built in the late 1860's up the Connecticut River—at Hartford, I suspect, from the fancy letters cut in her board. For years she'd been in the southern trade, carrying sand, and that dry-rots a vessel. I remember she had a number of lengths of iron, under her deck, with turnbuckles to heave her together.

"But the real reason I never sailed on her wasn't that entirely. I helped get her out in the stream and just as we drew out in the channel a sort of rainbow formed in the sky in the northwest. It was a sign I didn't like. So I went ashore with Orrie and watched the schooner sail around the point.

"Well, she was under charter here—but never came back. Two weeks later she left Boston to come down the coast and was never heard from again. Her board washed ashore here, and so she must have been lost while running up to the eastern entrance to the sound."

And so the quarterboard of the vanished schooner *John H. Chaffee* now rests among the collection of the only man living here who remembers her. Without question, Mr. Long has in his possession more quarterboards of ships, on whose decks he had walked, than any other individual along the coast.

APRIL 23, 1938.

The Loss of the Richard Parsons.

Letters received in town Tuesday evening from Capt. Joy and Master Willie Remsen give the first authentic detailed account of the loss of ship Richard Parsons on the island of Mendora Sept. 17th which has reached here. Other letters have been received but through some derangement of the foreign mail, those written last arrived first and therefore contained only allusions to the disaster, particulars of which the writers had previously forwarded. Through the kindness of Capt. Joy's wife we are permitted to publish the following extract from his letter:

"We had made a good passage up and were just 100 miles from Manila when we were overtaken by a typhoon with the island of Mendora under our lee. I carried all the sail the ship could stand but it was no use. This was Sunday, Sept. 16. At 3 A. M. Monday had to take in the sail as the ship was diving to her foremast. I knew then we must go ashore unless the gale let up. The island abounded with rocks and a mountainous sea was running. I could see no prospect of anybody getting ashore alive. The air was so thick with salt water we could scarcely see a mile and the land was not in sight but I knew we were drifting towards the land and powerless to stop her.

The ship was heading west and at 3.30 we sighted Mt. Calavite bearing north. I found the ship to be in Palvan Bay about two miles from land, and immediately made preparations to leave. The sea was running too high to think of taking to the boats, so we got the spanker adrift and cleared away the boom in readiness to put overboard. When she struck we put the boom in the water and in three minutes the ship had pounded to pieces on the rocks.

There was no excitement; everyone was cool and everything well done. We jumped overboard and thirteen out of nineteen succeeded in getting ashore on the spar. The mate, steward, cook and three sailors were drowned. Five of the bodies came ashore and were given Christian burial. I had to pass close to this island and got caught on a lee shore."

Capt. Joy speaks in highest praise of Willie Remsen and says he exhibited unusual nerve and pluck for a boy of his age. After reaching shore they were obliged to walk 20 miles under a guard of Spanish soldiers. They were treated very kindly by the natives and on October 5th reached Manila, where the crew were taken charge of by the American consul. There they met Capt. Conway of this town who extended them every kindness in his power. Capt. Joy procured a passage home for Remsen in the ship "State of Maine" Capt. Curtis, and left Hong Kong himself in the steamer City of Rio Janeiro Nov. 7th for San Francisco where he arrived Monday, and will doubtless reach home next week.

The hull and cargo of the Richard Parsons were sold at auction for about \$25.00.

Dec. 6, 1894

Capt. William P. Joy's Estate.

THE ADMINISTRATRIX'S ACCOUNT OBJECTED TO. LEGAL PROCEEDINGS INSTITUTED. AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT FINALLY EFFECTED.

At the session of the Probate Court on Thursday last objections were raised against the allowance of the account of Mrs. Lizzie P. Joy, administratrix of the estate of the late Capt. William P. Joy, the objectors alleging that the estate was larger than represented by the administratrix (the widow of the deceased.) Isaac H. Folger appeared in behalf of the objectors and Henry B. Worth, Esq., for the administratrix. The hearing occupied the greater part of the day. The effort of the objectors was to prove that the personal estate would foot up over \$5000, in which case, there being no will the surplus over and above that amount would be shared with the widow by the other heirs, and in the effort to swell the amount to the desired sum the minutest details of the effects of the deceased were claimed for the estate.

The administratrix admitted that she had not deemed it necessary to specify many of the minor articles claimed, as the sum total of everything would not swell up to more than half the limit which made her sole heir, and she was willing to charge herself with several of the items presented, but the majority were included in her account where they had been "lumped," while others were shown to be not legitimate charges, a number of the articles claimed being proved to be her own private property. Among items objected to with which she had charged the estate were her passages from Hong Kong to San Francisco, and from the latter place to Nantucket. The last item was promptly allowed by the judge as an expense incidental to the settlement of the estate; the former he took under consideration.

After the evidence was all in and the arguments had been made, Judge Defriez announced that he should reserve his decision for a while, but would probably announce it within a week. On Tuesday last he announced that he should admit the account as a first account and require a final account to be rendered when the proceeds had been received from the sale of certain effects now in transit to San Francisco. He disallowed the charge for passage from Hong Kong to San Francisco, and ordered the administratrix to account for certain items to the amount of about \$800 but allowed some \$500 of contested charges thus not materially affecting the complexion of the account as originally rendered.

Meantime a tempest was brewing. Mrs. Joy, who up to that date had resided with the family of her deceased husband, concluded on Friday to change her residence, but when she attempted to remove her effects was forbidden to take them from the house. The services of the sheriff were invoked, and the things were removed, after an abortive attempt to attach them had failed through informality in the writ issued. Lawyer Brown of Taunton was then telegraphed for and Monday two writs were served on the administratrix, one of \$1000 for tort, another of \$300 for contract, both being made returnable in August next. Tuesday, however a better feeling prevailed. Through the intervention of mutual friends a meeting of the disaffected parties was brought about, a reconciliation effected and a settlement agreed upon satisfactory to both sides. It is understood that Judge Defriez's decision will be accepted as final and all legal proceedings abandoned.

The China Trade Post-Bag.

"The China Trade Post-Bag" contains selections from letters and journals, written from 1829 to 1873, to members of their own family by the a direct descendant of Seth Low, merchantman in China trade, of Salem and Brooklyn. Elma Loines, the editor, a direct descendant of Seth Low's has sensed the appeal their subjects will make at this time, because of especial interest in China; in social relationships between peoples in other lands than our own, and in some former modes of travel.

The Low Brothers, pioneer merchantmen, were among the first, after the American Revolution, to challenge the trade monopoly with China and India which England had had up to that time and to enter into competition with her. Foreseeing the decline of Salem and the rise of New York as a port for foreign trade, they cleared from New York their fleet of fast clipper ships, immediate successors to clumsy whalers, over summer and winter routes to trade in China and India for spices, silks, and tea, until 1873, when the Lows sold their fleet. The advent of the telegraph and the introduction of merchant steamships made the use of clipper ships no longer profitable.

Stalwart men and women were the Lows; of pioneer spirit, love of adventure; strongly conscious of family relationships; loyal in their friendships; devoted to causes of public good. With sterling faith they practised their religion. In the words of Harriet Low, "the still, small voice growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength." So vibrantly do their letters and journals record the yesterdays and today's of their life that it would seem as if the letters had been written to us were it not that the events which they narrate have already become history.

The center of interest, most people will find, in the journal of Harriet Low, writing for her sister, Mary Ann of Salem, about daily events on the ship, "Sumatra," with her uncle, Roundy of Salem as captain, and later of her life in Macao. She tells of sailing in sunshine, and in calm, when sails flop, or in a typhoon, "when every bit of sail was taken in and the noise of the whistling wind was tremendous. Many of us did not venture to go to bed." Eagerly she watched for ships to carry letters home. "About five o'clock we saw a sail. They tried to make me think it was a pirate. They felt a little suspicious themselves, I believe. I do not want to see any more sails at present, as there is no chance of our sending home by them." She read sermons, studied French and Spanish, learned of the ship's rigging, watched porpoises at play, used the ship's menu as a calendar. In short she discovered her own means of entertainment and employment.

As on ship-board, so later in Macao, Harriet Low's great capacity for enjoyment, her need for play, her dramatic sense and her true appraisal of the genuine, enabled her pleasantly to adapt herself to circumstances. Her aunt was delicate, Harriet must lead in the social activities which her uncle's position demanded. Through her we recognize the foibles of the social climbers, we see the picturesque in quaint characters, we find inspiration and pleasure in talking with the intellectual, the genuine

and the noble. We venture with her, a woman, into the streets of Canton, we witness the Opium War. Finally we sail back for Salem, on a voyage that ordinarily took three months or longer.

So artistically and sympathetically has Miss Loines assembled her material that here we find history; biography; nautical subjects; geography; art; business matters; religious discussions; psychology and sociology—all in the "China Trade Post-Bag". So wisely has she chosen her selections that we feel her progenitors, the Lows, to be our progenitors also, and of them we are justly proud.

Samuel Elliott Morrison, Rear Admiral, U.S.N.R. (Ret.), has contributed an introduction. The foreword Miss Loines herself has ably written. The book contains in Part I, letters of the Pre-Treaty Days, 1829-1842. In Part II, Harriet Low's Journal, abridged, 1829-1834; her brothers' and family letters, 1824-1873, when the Lows sold their ships; accounts of Racing Clippers, and Sea Chanteys. In the front and in the back inside covers, maps indicate China and India world trade routes. The book is suitably illustrated with reproductions and portraits of the Low Family, some painted by Chinnery; of the Clipper ship, "Houqua", under which the inscription reads: "On her beam ends in the Indian Ocean, when Captain Charles-Porter Low won an award from the insurance company for having brought his ship safely through this storm"; and the Great Republic, described by Longfellow in his poem, "Building of the Ship".

The book has been suitably presented in vibrant dark blue cloth, with a representation on the front in silver of a clipper ship. The print is clear; the material well arranged. It is published by Falmouth Publishing House, Manchester, Maine, 1953. Price \$12.50. Copies of this book are available in the Maria Mitchell Library, Vestal Street.

Alice Albertson Sharrocks.

May 20, 1886

**When the "Richard Parsons"
Was Lost on Mindoro Island.**

The island of Mindoro, which has become one of the important stepping-stones to the American conquest of the Philippines, was very much in the news to Nantucketers just 50 years ago. It was on the southern coast of this island that the full-rigged ship *Richard Parsons*, under the command of Captain Benjamin Whitford Joy, was wrecked after having been caught in a typhoon.

The *Parsons* had left Newcastle, Australia, on July 20, 1894, bound for Manila. Capt. Joy had arrived in the Sulu Sea in September and was within 90 miles of his destination when the typhoon overwhelmed his ship.

Unable to claw off from the lee shore, Capt. Joy ordered her masts cut away. Together with his nephew, William Remsen, clinging to a spar, Capt. Joy and most of his crew managed to reach the beach alive. Friendly natives aided them from Palawan Bay across Mindoro to the island of Luzon, thence to Manila.

Arriving at the Philippine capital, Capt. Joy and young Remsen were delighted to see the ship *Lucille* riding at anchor among the shipping, for the commander of this ship was also a Nantucket man—Capt. John P. Conway. The castaways came home on the *Lucille*.

Nantucket Whaling Captains Knew Secret Of Gulf Stream Affect On Speed Of Vessels

In the following article, Louis Allen, a government oceanographer-meteorologist, in the New York Times Sunday Magazine section, relates the pattern of the Gulf Stream which he surveyed during a 5,000 mile flight. The article is particularly interesting to Nantucketers because of its reference to Benjamin Franklin, whose mother was a Folger and Islander, and the information that the famous statesman obtained from a Nantucket sea captain in regard to the effect of the Gulf Stream on the speed of vessels crossing the Atlantic.—The Editors.

Judging by the noise coming from New Jersey recently, one might think that Orson Welles and his men from Mars were at it again. Instead of trying to invade the earth this time, they seem to be trying to swing the earth around so that New Jersey is in the tropics. The hot breath of the Gulf Stream is said to be drawing closer and closer to Atlantic City and other parts of the Garden State.

But New Yorkers who shoved out from under the Big Snow of December, 1947, could also have put up a pretty convincing argument that the Martians were trying to swing New York nearer the North Pole. That would seem to make it rather unanimous that the earth is beset with invaders bent on doing us humans no good, Summer or Winter.

The other side of the story is that this planet itself (not Mars) is suffering from the "dog days" and is reacting, like the rest of us, in a way that would keep several Freuds, not to mention newspapers busy for some time. The fact is that the original Nature Boy is far from being the quiet person who never strays from the straight and narrow. In reality, this Nature Boy is like many of us who enjoy kicking over the traces once in a while to play some practical joke.

Stream Not Shifting

The present talk of the shifting of the Gulf Stream is merely the result of one of many such pranks of nature. Take, for another example, the Winter of 1946-47, which gave England a genuine "snow job." Never in her history had she suffered so much with cold weather and then with floods. Yet England's Winter of 1945-46 had been exceptionally mild, being eight degrees above average, and tropical fish were found in the English Channel. The English were thus made feelingly aware of the "impractical" humor of nature. The records are full of such aberrations of nature. The recent reports regarding tropical fish off the coast of New Jersey reveal merely another prank to be added to a long list. Citizens of the state need not seriously fear that the Gulf Stream is about to bring them a totally new climate, fit only for the cultivation of the banana and the mango.

As to the Gulf Stream itself, a lot of words have been spoken and written about it, but in simplest terms it is a river in the ocean. Its reasons for existence are complex.

Has 4 to 5 Knot Pace

The stream maintains its four-to-five-knot pace along the eastern seaboard of the United States to a point a few miles off Cape Hatteras. From here on it begins to slow down and follow a meandering course. Ultimately it forks. One branch heads northeastward to northwestern Europe. It can be detected about halfway along the northern coast of Siberia. The other branch curves southeastward around the Azores.

Perhaps a better picture of what this Gulf Stream is like can be had by watching the smoke from a lighted cigarette. If air currents are very weak, the cigarette smoke rises for a few inches, then the edge of the column of smoke begins to curl into little eddies. It can be noted, too, that the smoke column meanders and the farther away the smoke moves from its source the more meandering the column becomes.

The smoke continues to rise and ultimately seems to disappear. However, in great quantities the smoke can be detected some distance from the ground. Those fans who go to night baseball games will understand this, for huge clouds of cigarette smoke can be seen to persist in the floodlights. So it is with the Gulf Stream. Near the source the flow is strong and sure. As the distance from Florida increases, the stream begins to meander and the edges curl into eddies. The current seems to become diffuse out in the broad Atlantic, but the effects of the huge quantities of water that are transported can be felt at great distances.

Stream Is Deep Blue

Perhaps one of the most amazing things about the stream is that at times and in some areas the most unsalty of sailors can observe the stream by just looking at its deep blue contrasts with the more murky greenish-tinged water through which it flows.

A sharp line demarcation in many places separates the two waters, and many "tide rips" are observed in a narrow zone on either side of the line. Where no line exists, it may be inferred that here is an eddy either forming or in existence. Navigators crossing this sharp line can feel their ship "pull" with the current. The line can be seen also from aircraft as high as 5,000 feet. Once the line is detected, there is no mistaking it.

It is partly caused by the general "terrestrial circulation" of ocean water, with cold water from the poles moving at great depth toward the Equator, and warm water near the surface moving from the Equator towards the poles. The earth's rotation deflects such movements. The prevailing trade winds give the Gulf Stream added impetus and the configuration of the North American Continent and the ocean floor may help to determine its course.

The result is a massive flow of water from 2,00 to 6,000 feet deep, progressing at speeds up to five knots—a matter of 500 billion gallons a second.

It is a strange river. Its blue color is unmistakable. It teems with plant and animal life. Characteristic is the Gulf weed, or sargassum, which can be seen floating, in shape like sponges, in great quantities on its surface. In it swim Portuguese men-o'-war—out-sized jellyfish with stinging tentacles. Flying fish take off from its crests. Big fish dear to sportsmen, such as tarpon, loiter in it (although the stream is not an important commercial source of edible fish, which mostly flourish in colder waters). And it carries its own high salt content and its own soft warmish air—which as the stream proceeds into northern latitudes meets colder air and thus produces fogs.

Aug. 26, 1949

The Gulf Stream in its Relation to Nantucket.

By FRED ELLIJA COFFIN.

Under the conditions of the old industry the Gulf Stream, which was well known, had no influence or industrial consideration. Whalemens indeed discovered its peculiarities, but its balmy tempering of the atmosphere was nil when the question was—how many barrels of oil is such or such a ship likely to bring home?

"The whalers of New England were the first to gain a fairly accurate knowledge of the limits of the Stream between Europe and America by following the haunt of the whales which were found north of one border of the Stream and south of the other, but never between the two.

Franklin investigated and published a chart in 1770 for the benefit of the mail packets. As a condition of the ocean having influence on the trips of coastwise sailing vessels—lengthening the southern and shortening the northern trips, it was of importance, but the fact that whales were not found in the waters of the stream itself, but must be looked for either north or south of it, was evidently of no great concern to whalemens.

But now, with totally different industrial pursuits, its value is direct and pronounced, and has become one of the permanent assets of Nantucket as a watering place. It insures to the island a serene stability of temperature; and the readings of the thermometer need not be so anxiously consulted.

A distinguished oceanographer is credited with saying that the Gulf Stream carries more heat than would a river of molten iron the size and velocity of the Mississippi."

"The Christian Science Monitor," Editorial.
Lieut. John E. Pillsbury, U. S. N., in the National Geographic Magazine,

12, says:—"It is difficult to grasp the immensity of the ocean river. The Straits at its narrowest point is miles wide and observations red between three and four surface and subsurface. A of the average volume of sing in one hour gives the sum of 90 billions of tons.

One single hour's flow of water could be evaporated, the remaining salts would require many times more than all the ships of the world to carry it."

This mighty river, diffusing heat and moisture when most needed, is a permanent unchangeable friend to Nantucket island. Its undeviating location, and the constancy of its emanations are always found reliable. Says Pillsbury:—"Newspaper items are frequent that the Gulf Stream has changed its course, and to its supposed erratic movement is laid the blame of every abnormal season on our Atlantic seaboard. Gulf weed is seen up toward Nantucket, for example, and so the Gulf Stream must have changed its course in that direction. The fact is gulf weed originated in the Sargasso Sea and is transported chiefly by the break of the waves. Some of it enters the Gulf Stream and may be carried by it to beyond Hatteras and further east, but the fact is that it is in strange regions is not so much an indication of a current as it is that the wind has caused a sea which has thrown the weed to leeward.

Any strong southerly gale to the eastward of Cape Hatteras will stop what little gulf weed is remaining in the Gulf Stream at that point and carry it toward the Nantucket shores." * * * * "A temporary or a local increase or decrease in the force of the trade winds would have but little effect on the Gulf Stream, because the current is due to the average condition of the wind over an area of hundreds and thousands of square miles, and this average does not change materially year by year." * * * * "So we may conclude, of all the physical forces on this earth that are subject to any variations at all, the great ocean currents are most immutable."

The Whale is not a Fish.

Whaling is often called whale fishing but the whale, although captured in the ocean, is not a fish, but primarily a land animal. Dr. William H. Thomson, able as a physician, microscopist and biologist, considering this animal from a biological point of view says:

"The most complete and most perfect of whales is a whale so small that 1,500,000 such whales could find room in a space not larger than an ordinary pin's head. But in that vanishing speck of matter there is already determined just how all the innumerable cells of the future whale's body are to grow, how many of them there are to be, and where the bone cells, the muscle cells, the nerve cells, and all its other bodily cells are to find their proper places in his body, to the end of that whale's life.

But much more than that. In that one primordial cell, scarcely imaginable for its minuteness, are stored the physical memories, so to speak, of that whale's ancestors, back to the first whale. Therefore, as he grows he will show that whales used to walk, for legs, complete to the last leg bone, will be found in the adult

Continued on Fifth Page

"BOXING THE COMPASS"

A couple of generations or so ago, it was quite the thing for every boy in the Nantucket schools to know how to "box the compass". In fact, a boy who did not have that accomplishment was thought to have his education neglected. But nowadays it is very rare indeed to hear a lad name the compass points in their proper order—or to "box the compass" as easily as he names the letters of the alphabet.

We recently saw an article in the Christian Science Monitor which contained a fairly good description of the compass and the art of "boxing". A sea-faring man might not describe it in just the same manner, to be sure, but to the land-lubber the following clipping from the Monitor may be somewhat educational:

Boxing the compass is a nautical expression applied to the ability to repeat the names of the 32 points of the compass in their proper order. This accomplishment is required of sailors, particularly those likely to be called upon to steer a vessel. Just how the term "boxing the compass" originated is not certain, but it is not unlikely that it refers to the fact that a compass on shipboard is usually contained in a box.

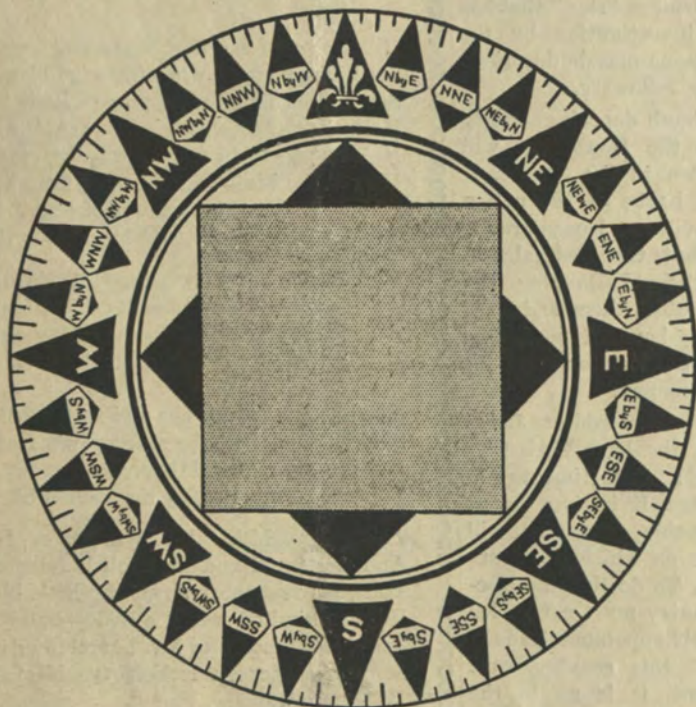
The simplest form of compass consists of a magnetic needle, mounted on a pivot or suspended horizontally by its middle point with a fine thread, which always points in the direction of the magnetic north and south poles.

The mariner's compass, used on shipboard, is much more complicated and accurate, for upon it the ocean navigator places great dependence. It consists of a compass card supported by a series of magnetic needles and mounted on a pivot. On the card are marked the cardinal and intercardinal points and degrees. The cardinal points of a compass are north, south, east and west. The intercardinal points are northeast, northwest, southeast, and southwest. The degrees are from zero to 360 degrees, starting at north and going around the card in a clockwise direction.

A vertical black line is drawn on the inside of the compass box exactly in line with the keel of the vessel. As the ship changes its course, the compass card turns so as to keep the point marked north pointing toward the magnetic pole, and the point on the card opposite the black line tells the ship's new direction. Thus, if the man steering the vessel is holding her on a northerly course and wishes to steer northwest, he changes the direction of the ship by means of the rudder until the point marked northwest on the compass card is exactly opposite the vertical line on the compass box.

Since the magnetic poles (north and south) do not correspond exactly to the north and south geographic poles, the compass reading is not always geographically correct and allowances for this difference must be made by the mariner.

In boxing the compass, the 32 points are named in the order in which they appear on the compass card, starting with north and reading around the card in a clockwise direction. They are read: north, north by east, north-northeast, northeast by north, northeast, northeast by east, east-northeast, east by north, east, etc. At first sight, boxing the compass seems something of a tongue-twister, and, indeed, so it is, but a very useful one as well (as any helmsman will tell you), and one closely associated with the safety of those who go to sea in ships.



Without taking exception to the Monitor's knowledge of the art of "boxing the compass", we clearly recall hearing one of the old whaling masters of Nantucket instructing a group of the North Shore boys on rainy afternoons, away back in the 80's, and imparting to them information regarding the compass points.

To name the thirty-two points of the compass, as listed by the Monitor above, was simply called "reading the compass"—that is, naming the thirty-two points clock-wise, or from North to East, South and West, back to North again.

"Boxing" the compass was entirely different—it meant to "box" the points, naming a point and then its direct opposite point, so as to show complete familiarity with the compass, in this manner:

North—South.
N by E—S by W.
NNE—SSW.
NE by N—SW by S.
NE—SW.
NE by E—SW by W.
ENE—WSW.
E by N—W by S.
East—West.
E by S—W by N.
ESE—WNW.
SE by E—NW by W.
SE—NW.
SE by S—NW by N.
SSE—NNW.
S by E—N by W.

South—North.
S by W—N by E.
SSW—NNE.
SW by S—NE by N.
SW—NE.
SW by W—NE by E.
WSW—ENE.
W by S—E by N.
West—East.
W by N—E by S.
WNW—ESE.
NW by W—SE by E.
NW—SE.
NW by N—SE by S.
NNW—SSE.
N by W—S by E.

The thirty-two points are thus "boxed", which is far different from "reading" them from left to right, or clock-wise. We do not question but the Monitor is right in its method of "boxing the compass" as it is commonly used, but the method which showed familiarity with the compass points and was considered part of the training for good navigation is that printed above, which was taught by the Nantucket whaling master to the group of boys who delighted to gather and listen to stirring tales of the sea so many years ago.

New Storm Signals

The new storm warning signals which are displayed at the Brant Point Coast Guard Station are as follows:

Day Signals

One Red Pennant: small craft warning. Winds up to 38 miles per hour.

Two Red Pennants: gale. Winds
39 to 54 miles per hour.

One Square Red Flag with Black Center: Whole gale warning, warning, winds 55 to 73 miles per hour.

Two Square Red Flags with Black Centers: Hurricane warning, winds more than 74 miles per hour.

Night Signals

Red Light over White Light:
Small craft warning.

White Light over Red Light:
Gale warning.

Two Red Lights: Whole gale warning.

Red Light, White Light, and
Red Light in a vertical row:
Hurricane warning.

Apr. 12, 1958

Death of Capt. B. W. Joy on Wednesday.

Capt. B. Whitford Joy, the last of Nantucket's "square-rigger" captains, died at his home on Liberty street last Wednesday evening, from a heart attack. He had been in his usual health and spirits and the announcement of his death came a distinct shock to all.

He was a Nantucketer in every sense, the last representative of the "clipper ship era" which found so many Nantucket men sailing the deep seas, and carrying the name of their island home into far distant lands. The passing of Captain Joy is a great loss to Nantucket, for it removes the last captain who served in the old days when ships spread their canvas to the winds of many seas, ploughing the waves in all their majesty and with hardy men at their helms who learned navigation through experience and perseverance.

Captain Joy was a man of firm convictions, but a pleasing conversationalist and a genial friend and companion. His visits to practically every corner of the world, his descriptions of life aboard ship, his thrilling tales of adventure, and a most retentive memory, made a combination that appealed to both residents and summer visitors.

The "Cap'n's Room" in the Pacific Club building at the foot of Main street, has lost its last captain. There is no one left who can glance at one of the paintings of clipper ships on the walls and say casually in response to a friendly query: "Yes, I was master of that ship", and thus open the way for a most entertaining conversation.

The son of Captain Samuel and Ann Matilda Joy, he was born on



THE LATE CAPT. B. W. JOY.

Nantucket, February 7, 1860, and came from a family of sea-faring folk for generations back. When he was but three years of age, his father sailed on a voyage and never came back, his ship being lost at sea. An older brother, William, had "gone to sea" and as he grew older "Whitford" also had yearnings that way, but his widowed mother wanted him to stay ashore, so he learned the printer's trade and served his time as an apprentice.

But the longing for the sea could not to be mastered and when he was in his eighteenth year he set sail on the ship *St. Charles*. He made many voyages and sailed on a number of famous clipper ships during his career, among them being the *Invincible*, *Triumphant*, *St. Nicholas*, *Lizzie H.*, *J. H. Bowen*, *Richard Parsons* and the *S. D. Carlton*. He was in command of the *Richard Parsons* when it was caught in the typhoon near the Philippine islands and was a total loss, and the strain and harrowing experience that he went through at that time unquestionably under-mined his health, for in the years that have since passed he has had several attacks of serious illness, but has always surmounted them until the final summons came for him to "drop anchor" this week.

When he retired from deep sea voyages, Captain Joy did not give up the sea, but for a number of years thereafter was in command of yachts, among them being the steam yacht *Florette*, and while yachting he made many cruises to distant ports.

Not long after the construction of the Cape Cod Canal, he entered the government employ and served a number of years as "watchman" at the westerly entrance to the canal, making his residence at Wing's Neck, Pocasset. When the World War came he offered his services and experience to the United States Shipping Board and had just received an assignment when word came that the Armistice had been signed.

A few years ago, he retired from active life and returned to Nantucket, taking an active interest in town

affairs and entering into the life of the community in every way possible. He served on the Board of Selectmen in 1923 and has also served on the Finance Committee, and in both positions he endeavored to give the best that was in him.

Captain Joy was twice married, his first wife passing away a number of years ago, leaving a daughter, Frances, now Mrs. Arthur Thompson of Somerville. Captain Joy's second wife was Mrs. Anna (Folger) Huff, to whom he was married in Florida a few years ago, who survives him.

Besides his widow and daughter, he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Wallace Eldredge, of Point Independence, Onset, and by two nephews and five nieces.

Captain Joy has for many years been a member of the Boston Marine Society, among the members of which he was highly esteemed. He was one of the few men who held a master's license covering both sail and steam for all waters of the world. He was also a member of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, of the Nantucket Historical Association, of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of Isle of the Sea, Royal Arch Chapter.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Liberty street, this (Saturday) afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, conducted under Masonic rites.

* * * * *

Captain Joy's Clipper Ship Career.

Captain Joy's first voyage was made in ship *St. Charles*, which sailed from New York in July, 1878, bound for Japan ports with a cargo of general merchandise. She brought back a cargo of tea to New York, the voyage consuming 14 months.

On his second voyage, which was made in the same ship, the vessel was totally destroyed by fire in Hiogo, Japan, March 1, 1880. Referring to this voyage, Capt. Joy once said:

"We made the Japan coast on Friday, and Saturday night at 10 o'clock, we anchored in Hiogo Bay. We had a pleasant Sunday, the Captain going ashore to a hotel and leaving the ship in charge of Mr. Kelly, the mate, a man fully as careful and competent as the captain himself. Shortly after midnight we were aroused by a cry of fire from the watch on deck. You may believe we didn't need a second call, when we considered that we had a cargo of kerosene under our decks, and we tumbled out in short attire. Mr. Kelly was as cool as steel. He ordered the hatches battened down, and got the force pump at work pouring water into the hold. 'Twas no use. The smoke was becoming denser every moment.

A boat was ordered ashore to get the news to the captain, and I was sent in her with three sailors and the third mate. And mighty glad I was to go for every one of us expected to be blown sky-high in the air at any moment.

We got a tug and returned to the ship. Men of the crew were still fighting the fire in the hold, but the case was a hopeless one, and we made sail, got out anchor, and ran for shoal water, where the ship was scuttled.

Through a mistake in soundings, however, she sank but a few feet when she fetched up hard and fast on the bottom. The fire shortly after broke out all over the vessel, and we left her with all sails set, a roaring mass of flames. She burned to the water's edge and the fire in the hull was eventually smothered with sand.

We lost all our belongings, and a night or two after, while in a dispute in our boarding house, one of our sailors killed the second mate. Troubles were coming thick and fast, now. The murderer was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment in the United States jail at Kanagawa."

There were no American ships out there looking for sailors, and young Joy found himself many miles from home with only a very few dollars in his pocket. He, with the greater part of the crew, came to San Francisco by steamship *City of Peking*, where he secured a berth as third mate on the American ship *Invincible*, and for the next two years he nearly twice circled the globe in that position.

He left her in Liverpool and joined the ship *Triumphant* of Boston, and sailed for New York in May, 1882.

After a short stay ashore he again sailed in the *Triumphant*, as third officer, for San Francisco, and while in the Pacific coast port, the ship *St. Nicholas*, of which his brother was master, arrived, and young Joy shipped as second mate for the voyage to New York.

For three years he sailed with his brother in this position, and in 1886 was promoted to mate. His first voyage as mate was from New York to Hong Kong. In the latter port, his brother, the captain, died suddenly of Asiatic cholera. Mate Joy left the ship as soon as his brother's successor arrived. His old berth as first officer was open to him, but the sad scenes aboard the *St. Nicholas* were more than he could bear, and he joined the bark *Lizzie H.*, of Newburyport, bound for Boston.

He again went out in the latter vessel as first officer on a trading voy-

age to Madagascar and Zanziba, and returned to Boston after a most successful voyage.

Caught in a Typhoon.

In April, 1888, he joined the bark *Richard Parsons*—a handsome ship, with a record for speed. He made a number of voyages in her as mate, to Australia, Hong Kong, South American ports, etc. In 1893 the *Parsons* brought a cargo of tea to New York from China and six weeks later was on her way to Melbourne, Australia. In relating his experiences on this voyage, Captain Joy said:

"From Melbourne we took a load of wheat to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and from there went back to Melbourne. On the second night out we encountered a violent gale, one of the heaviest I had ever been out in. All sail was stowed and we running before the gale. Capt. Thorndike was taken suddenly ill and sent for me to make his will. I drew it up the best I could, leaving the ship in charge of the second mate, with all hands on deck and the *Parsons* being tossed about like an eggshell. The will was signed and witnessed, and at his death, more than a year later, was probated in Middlesex county, Mass. The captain had not improved in health when we arrived at Melbourne, so he left for home, leaving me in command.

My first cargo was a load of wheat we took to Cape Town, making the passage in 47 days. We took in ballast, intending to sail for a home port. On the evening preceding our departure, I received a cable from the owners to proceed to Newcastle, N. S. W. We sailed the great circle track and went down as far as lat. 53 degrees south, circling all the islands in the Southern Indian ocean, and arrived at our destination in 23 days.

We loaded 1,750 tons of coal for Manila, and on July 10th, 1894, we set sail with a fresh northwest wind and pleasant weather. Everything promised well, our ship was perfectly trimmed, drawing 22 feet on an even keel. We held fresh southerly and westerly winds for several days, with beautiful weather, our best run being 275 miles in 24 hours.

We passed up through the Brampton and Chesterfield Reefs, and then shaped our course for the west end of Bongainville Island, the westernmost of the Solomon group, with a fresh southeast trade and as fine weather as any one could ask for.

We sighted Bongainville July 31st, three weeks out, and passed between the latter and New Ireland. This is called the inner route to China and the Philippines. We then hauled to the westward, along the coast of New Ireland, New Britain and New Guinea, finding light easterly winds and a westerly current running about two miles an hour.

We followed the land along, dodging the reefs and small islands, until we reached the Gilolo passage. Here we found the usual current, running strong to the northeast, at this time of year. We also found the same off Molucca Passage, but as we were well to the southward it did not bother much.

August 23rd, we passed around Cape Serangani, the southernmost point of the Philippines, into the Celebes Sea. The wind here left us completely, and for 16 days we drifted back and forth. Up to this time the voyage had been an exceptionally pleasant one, but during the long calm spell the entire crew was well-nigh exhausted.

Nothing could be more monotonous than coming on deck at any time during the day or night and finding the sea like a mirror, with sails slapping against the masts. On the 17th day we took a fresh southwest breeze, but a dense fog accompanied it. However, we kept our course and on Sept. 8th, during the night, we passed through Basilian straits, shaping our course up the west coast of Mindano.

We had light northeast winds and short squalls. It was here that we experienced the fiercest thunder squall that I have ever been through. It lasted about fifteen minutes, the lightning playing all over the ship. The only damage done was the splintering of the main skysailmast.

Sept 14th—at daybreak, weather thick and rainy—we sighted the west end of Negros Island, and at noon sighted the south end of Panay Island. The latter part of the day was clear and pleasant.

At 4 p. m., Saturday, September 15th, moderate breeze and fine weather, we made the south end of Mindoro Island. Through the night the weather was thick, with a light breeze from the southwest.

Sunday, Sept. 16, at daylight, the scud was flying fast, the barometer was slowly falling and the weather was thick and hazy, with a moderate breeze from the southwest. I made up my mind we were in the vicinity of a typhoon, and as we were on a lee shore, and had the wind so that we could not stand to the southward, we must try to get to the north and west. I took cross-bearings of Mindoro, and shaped a course N. W. by N. to clear the Apo shoal. The weather then came down so thick I could see nothing.

Passed Apo by distance, run by the log, and then hauled out by the wind N. W. by W. 1-2 W., with a good full and all the sail she could carry.

At 3 p. m., wind freshening to a stiff breeze, and beginning to get squally, was forced to take in the light sails, also flying-jib and fore-topgallantsail.

At 10 p. m., the glass steadily falling, blowing a stiff gale, with tremendous squalls and very high sea, furling main topgallantsail.

Sept. 17, at 2 a. m., blowing very heavy and sea rising fast from N. W. W. and S. W., wind at W. S. W., ship driving to her foremast. I made up my mind it was no use to drive her any more, as she could not forge ahead against the sea that was running, so all hands being on deck we took in the mainsail, spanker, jib and upper topsails, furling them snug and put extra lashings on them to keep them from getting adrift.

At 3 a. m., as I stood watching the glass, it dropped a tenth very suddenly. I at once told the mate to get the foresail in and furl it as quickly as possible. It was scarcely done when the full force of the typhoon struck us. It staggered the ship for a moment, but she recovered herself shortly and stood up to her work as if she was determined to ride out the storm.

I waited anxiously for daylight, to see if there would be any change in the weather, but when the dawn came the weather was just the same, and I made up my mind the ship was doomed as I knew she would drift to leeward so fast she would go ashore before the weather moderated.

The weather continued the same all day, the ship heading west and the sea running mountains high. At 3:30 p. m., we sighted land, bearing north, which I saw at once was Mt. Calavite, and the ship was in Palawan Bay, on the northwest coast of Mindoro.

I knew it was impossible to save the ship, and as it was getting toward night, made up my mind to put her ashore, and save all the lives I could before it got too dark.

His Nephew Tells The Story.

Captain Joy's nephew, William G. Remsen, who was with him on that disastrous voyage, thus tells the story:

"Capt. Joy called all hands aft and told them the exact position of the ship, and that there was no possible chance of saving her unless a change of wind came at once; that if we let her drift ashore she would strike in the night and all hands be drowned. He thought it best to beach her before dark, in the best place we could find. The crew agreed with him, so we squared the yards and pointed her for the beach. There was too much sea for the boats, so we got gratings and spars ready to go ashore on.

Just before she struck Capt. Joy again called all hands aft and said, "Now, men, you have done everything you could. Nothing more remains so far as the ship is concerned. I am trying to beach her in order that as many of us as possible may be saved. Some of us are sure to go. A few of us may get to land. You have your liberty now to do as you please, for it's every man for himself."

All listened to the captain's words as best we could, in that howling typhoon, and when he had finished there was not a murmur. We stared into each other's faces for awhile, knowing that we were slowly but surely approaching the reefs. The captain beckoned to me to follow him, and we crawled below for a moment. Here he told me to stay by him, and what to do if I got ashore and he didn't. Just before 5 she struck with an awful crash, about a mile from the shore, and immediately started to break up. The men were not excited and did just as they were told. We got the spanker boom over. Twelve of us, including Captain Joy and myself, got on it. The mate and steward refused to leave the ship. The surf was terrible, but the spar floated us, and eleven of us reached the shore alive. How we did it God only knows. Two others reached the shore on gratings. We struck in Palawan Bay, on the northwest coast of Mindoro Island, about 90 miles from Manila.

The natives received us when we landed, and took us to their village, gave us dry clothing and food, and a roof to sleep under. We stayed there until Saturday, and recovered the bodies of the mate, steward and three sailors, who were given decent burial. Saturday we left for the other side of the island, for a place called Abredilo. We marched 20 miles that day with an escort of Spanish soldiers as guides and to protect us, as the natives were very treacherous. It was terrible traveling across mountains, through thick, tropical forests, where we had to cut our way, and all in the hot sun. We reached Marnero that night, where the crew was taken care of by the natives, and Capt. Joy and myself were taken in by a Spanish captain who was a Mason. He was very good to us. We stayed there until Tuesday. Made thirty miles that day, reaching Abredilo just before midnight.

Remained there until Sunday, when we took a small vessel for Balayan, on Luzon Island. There the Catholic priest took us all in and treated us handsomely. Stayed in Balayan until the Manila boat sailed, and arrived on Friday, Oct. 5. The crew was taken in charge of the American consul, while Capt. Conway, of Nantucket, brought Capt. Joy and myself aboard the ship Lucille, of New York, to stay."

Captain Joy Made More Voyages.

Capt. Joy returned to his old home in Nantucket, across the Pacific by steamship and then across the continent. He had been tossed about by many hardships and the loss of his mate and men, as well as the loss of his first command, was a severe blow to him. But he had no thought of giving up the sea, and after a short rest he again shipped, this time as mate of the Bark J. H. Bowen.

The same position on the handsome full-rigged ship S. D. Carleton was his next berth, he having been sent over from Boston to Liverpool by her owners. After a hard winter trip to New York, the Carleton, loaded with case oil for Shanghai, and when near the end of the voyage, brought up one night on a reef in the Straits of Sunda. She was worked off, and was found to be leaking badly. Hong Kong was the nearest port, and all sail was crowded on.

Hong Kong was reached without further mishap. The cargo was transferred to a steamer for its destination,



A photo of the late Capt. B. W. Joy standing in the cock-pit of his little catboat Paquita after a successful "voyage" in the swamps where wild grapes were abundant.

the ship hauled up and made seaworthy, and a cargo taken for New York.

At the completion of the voyage he was given command of the bark Ella of Portland. A voyage to Rio de Janeiro, thence to Barbados and back to Philadelphia, and the Ella went the way of many a good ship—to the coal-carrying trade as a barge.

Shifted From "Sail" to "Steam".

Square-riggers were being sold on all sides for use as barges, and steamers were taking their places. The end of the old-time merchant-man did not appear to Capt. Joy to be far distant. He gave up command of the Ella and took an examination for a captain's license for steam vessels. He received his papers "for sail and steam, unlimited tonnage, on any ocean to any port in the world," one of the finest set of papers issued by the examining board.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he took command of the steamer Eugene Grazelli of the quar-

termaster's department. After a few months in Cuban waters he was sent to superintend the re-building of the U. S. S. Westover and Roanoke at Wilmington, and sailed in one or the other of them as captain for the following seven years, to nearly every port on the coast from Penobscot Bay to New Orleans.

Capt. Joy passed the winter of 1905-06 at his home in Nantucket. He had arrived at an age when he felt that he would like to remain at home during the winter season, and determined to look for a position as captain of a yacht, which, although a busy and important one while the season was on, at the same time would give him his desired shore leave. He had no difficulty in securing a position, and in the winter of 1906-07 took the yacht Onward for a West India cruise. Two years later he took command of yacht Yaque, and again went cruising in Southern waters, coming north in the spring, and going to the handsome steam yacht Florette of New York as master. This was his last command.

All Gone.

Nantucket has lost its last deep-sea captain in the passing of Capt. B. Whitford Joy. One by one, the race of Nantucketers who commanded whale ships, square-riggers and clipper ships in the old days have dropped anchor at the end of life's voyage, and now Captain Joy has joined them.

JANUARY 17, 1931

OCTOBER 28, 1911



CAPT. B. WHITFORD JOY

My nephew, William G. Remsen, was with me, and a letter to his parents after reaching Manila, perhaps gives one a better account of the destruction of our noble ship than I could give at this time. The letter reads:

"Capt. Joy called all hands aft and told them the exact position of the ship, and that there was no possible chance of saving her unless a change of wind came at once; that if we let her drift ashore she would strike in the night and all hands be drowned. He thought it best to beach her before dark, in the best place we could find. The crew agreed with him, so we squared the yards and pointed her for the beach. There was too much sea for the boats, so we got gratings and spars ready to go ashore on. Just before she struck Capt. Joy again called all hands aft and said: 'Now men, you have done everything you could. Nothing more remains so far as the ship is concerned. I am trying to beach her in order that as many of us as possible may be saved. Some of us are sure to go. A few of us may get to land. You have your liberty now to do as you please, for it's every man for himself.'"

All listened to the captain's words as best we could, in that howling typhoon, and when he had finished there was not a murmur. We stared into each other's faces for a while, knowing that we were slowly, but surely, approaching the reefs. The captain beckoned to me to follow him, and we crawled below for a moment. Here he told me to stay by him, and what to do if I got ashore and he didn't. Just before 5 she struck with an awful crash, about a mile from the shore, and immediately started to break up. The men were not excited and did just as they were told. We got the spanker boom over. Twelve of us, including Capt. Joy and myself, got on it. The mate and steward refused to leave the ship. The surf was terrible, but the spar floated us, and 11 reached the shore alive. How we did it God only knows. Two others reached the shore on gratings. We struck in Palawan Bay, on the northwest coast of Mindoro Island, about 90 miles from Manila.



WILLIAM G. REMSEN
Member crew of
Richard Parsons



BARK RICHARD PARSONS

The natives received us when we landed, and took us to their village and gave us dry clothing and food, and a roof to sleep under. We stayed there until Saturday, and recovered the bodies of the mate, steward and three sailors, who were given decent burial. Saturday we left for the other side of the island, for a place called Abredilo. Marched 20 miles that day, with an escort of Spanish soldiers as guides and to protect us, as the natives are very treacherous. It was terrible traveling across mountains, through thick, tropical forests, where we had to cut our way, and all in the hot sun. We reached Marboro that night, where the crew was taken care of by the natives, and Capt. Joy and myself were taken in by a Spanish captain, who was a Mason. He was very good to us. We stayed there until Tuesday. Made 30 miles that day, reaching Abredilo just before midnight. Remained there until Sunday, when we took a small vessel for Balayan, on Luzon Island. There the Catholic priest took us all in and treated us handsomely. Stayed in Balayan until the Manila boat sailed, and arrived Friday, Oct. 5. The crew was taken in charge by the American consul, while Capt. Conway, of Nantucket, brought Capt. Joy and myself aboard the ship Lucille, of New York, to stay."

Young Remsen returned to New York on the ship Lucille, and after a few weeks at home went out again in the ship State of Maine, remaining in her until he joined the Ward Line steamer Seneca, in the Cuban traffic. The steamers of this line were taken off the route at the commencement of hostilities between the United States and Spain, and Remsen entered the lighthouse service, where he still remains as first officer of the tender Mayflower of the Boston District.

Capt. Joy then came to his old home in Nantucket, across the Pacific by steamship, and then across the continent. He had been tossed about by many hardships, and the loss of his mate and men, as well as the loss of his first command, was a severe blow to him. But he had no thought of giving up the sea, and after a short rest he again shipped, this time as mate of the bark J. H. Bowen, owned by the Parson's owners.

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Captain Joy the Last "Square-Rigger" Skipper of Nantucket.

By Simon J. Nevins in the Boston Sunday Globe.



KEEPER WALLACE ELDRIDGE



WING'S NECK LIGHT



CAPT. B. W. JOY
WATCHMAN.

By train to Pocasset, and then a three-mile ride through a beautiful stretch of wood, and one finds himself at Wing's Neck, on the southeasterly side of Buzzards Bay, at the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal.

There is a lighthouse at this point, taking its name from the location. Up to 1913 Wing's Neck light was almost unknown. Occasionally a small schooner bound in or out of Wareham might need it, but its usefulness practically ended there.

Since the completion of the Cape Cod Canal, however, it is one of the busiest spots on the Cape coast. It is the range by day or night for ships coming from the direction of Long Island Sound until the outer lines of red and white flashing canal buoys are reached. Going in the opposite direction, all ships drop their pilots off the light.

The tower, house, etc., occupy the extreme end of a six-acre inclosure held by the government. Last spring the canal company was allowed to erect a temporary building on the property, which is occupied by the night watchman, who sits alone for 12 hours gazing in the direction of Long Island Sound, in quest of anything that may be heading his way, bound through the canal to Massachusetts Bay. Once seen, word is telephoned to the superintendent at the draw at the Buzzards Bay station, and the company's tug and pilot put forth to meet the newcomer.

As soon as the New York boat leaves Boston each afternoon all traffic to the westward through the ditch is stopped. A red flag by day or a red lantern by night is the signal for all ships bound for Boston and beyond to drop anchor until a white light or flag is shown. Once the New York boat is safely through, there is a rush of all ships at anchor or "laying to" for the entrance to the canal.

While the watchman sleeps by day, the lightkeeper remains on the lookout, and if the latter in turn is occupied his wife attends to the duties fully as well as her husband or the watchman, who is her brother. She can sit at the kitchen window, near the cooking range, and, with telescope, "pick up" a three-master, a tug and tow, or a steamer, fully five miles distant.

Keeper Wallace Eldredge and his wife were both born on Nantucket, he the son of a whaling shipmaster, who spent the latter part of his life on his Polpis farm, she the daughter of a master mariner in the merchant service.

The keeper is a veteran, having been "lighthouseing," as he puts it, for about 30 years. His first position with the government was at Sankaty Head on Nantucket, his next at Cape Poge on the Vineyard and finally his present charge.

The keeper's wife is fully as popular as her husband—one of those women who never tire. The polished floors and walls and the immaculate ceilings assure the visitor that the man of the house should share with his better half in the credit for this model of tidiness.

Capt. B. Whitford Joy, the night watchman, was also born on Nantucket. He made his first voyage at the age of 20, going "board ship" by the "hawspipe" route, and passing through grade after grade to the position of master of some of the finest clippers sailing out of New York in the China and San Francisco trade.

His brother, William P. Joy, was master of an 1800-ton ship at the age of 28 and died in Hongkong four years later of Asiatic cholera, while his younger brother was his executive officer.

Capt. Joy retired from the sea two years ago and went to California for a few months, with a view to settling there. But the climate was not to his liking, and he returned to his only surviving relative, Mrs. Eldredge.

The captain's "cabin," situated about 50 feet from the lighthouse, is as comfortable and homelike as it is possible to have it. During his leisure hours he is writing the story of his 38 years at sea, full of hardships and disappointments, but interesting in the extreme.

He is a very quiet and modest man, and related to the writer many interesting stories, as they sat alone in the cabin until long after midnight recently. The talk finally turned to shipwreck, when the captain said:

"Yes, yes, my boy. I've been through it. I lost my first ship in a typhoon in the Pacific, on my second voyage, bound from Sydney, N. S. W., to Manila. The mate and several sailors were drowned. Only 13 of the ship's crew reached shore, the most of us on the spanker boom and the rest clinging to gratings.

'Twas the bark Richard Parsons, of Bath, Me., one of the best-equipped ships afloat. She left her bones on a reef about a mile from Mindoro Island in the Philippines.

But I went out again and again, until the square-riggers had about all been converted into barges. And then I went steamboating. And in this trade I had an experience that turned what dark hair I had left clear white in a few hours.

I was master of the steamer Westover. We loaded rock at Tampa for New Orleans, and started around Florida Keys with a howling gale over our stern. A driving rain accompanied it, and continued for many hours, with the weather so thick you couldn't see a ship's length, scarcely, ahead. When well along on the trip, while standing in the pilot house with the first officer and the quartermaster, the chief engineer called me outside.

'What's the matter?' I yelled, above the roar of the gale.

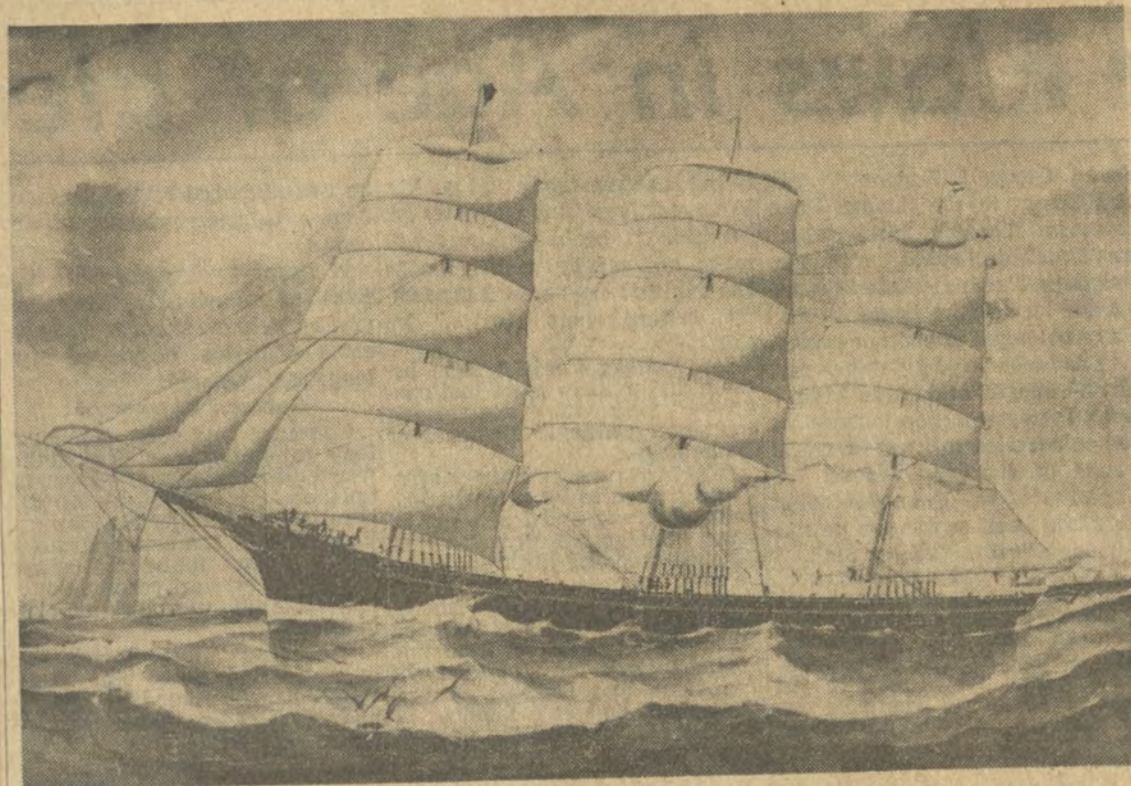
'She's leakin', sir,' he replied.

'Have you located the leak?' I asked.

'I think we have, sir. It's forward of the bulkhead, sir!'

Begin

Son Recalls Seafaring Life Of Former Clipper Captain



This watercolor painting of the clipper ship Lucile is a cherished possession of Frank Conway, one of his many mementos of his

father, the late Captain John P. Conway, who commanded the vessel in the Far Eastern trade.

—Fee and Haddon Photos

John Conway Took Wife On Voyage

By HOWARD C. BARBER

NANTUCKET, Dec. 13—"If we ever get to land, I shall never take you with me again," said Captain John Patrick Conway of the clipper ship Lucile to his wife, Teresa Estelle. And he never did. But it was not long afterward before he, himself, gave up the high seas and returned home to remain with her in Nantucket, after 33 years of merchant sailing.

This is the story related by Frank Conway, the only surviving son of the captain and now living at his father's home at 3 Milk Street. Captain Conway died in 1916, but his sturdy widow waited 25 more years, so Frank, who was born after his father had retired to Nantucket, heard from his mother the more tense details of their life at sea.

Sitting with his wife and adult children, Frank Conway showed the Chinese medallion dinnerware and the delicately painted tea set which were among the many precious articles brought home from the Orient to Nantucket by his father.

Many Mementos

There is the beautiful watercolor of the Lucile and the Japanese tearoom with inlaid pearl where his mother had met other captains' wives in Yokohama, and the oils of little Sidney and John, the eldest child, all done by an eminent Chinese artist. There is the choice table containing 5,000 pieces put together by convict labor in Italy. There are Oriental rugs and wicker furniture and vases and much else which formerly filled the front room which Captain John called the Oriental room. In this atmosphere, Frank continued the story.



CAPTAIN JOHN PATRICK CONWAY

John P. Conway was born in Nantucket May 10, 1852, the son of Patrick and Johannah Kelley Conway. At the age of 14, with a bent for the sea, he approached Fred Sanford, successful businessman from whose family came the Sanford House on Federal Street, and said, "I have no money but I want to ship out of New York. Will you stake me \$50 so I can get started?"

John was a likely lad and well known, and Sanford soon made the investment—which he never had occasion to regret. John set out promptly for the big city and at once shipped as cabin boy under Captain Charles P. Low of the N. B. Palmer, bound for San Francisco and China.

Captain Low was a hardened seaman, a stiff taskmaster and no friend of temperance. The boy was young and sensitive and at the outset was often frightened by the manners and treatment of his skipper, so he sometimes hid in the drawers of the ship's compartments.

Learned Navigation

As time wore on, however, John's continuing eager interest gradually broke down the captain's severity and the latter began teaching the boy navigation. This teaching continued two years and John steadily grew in ability and skill.

Leaving the Palmer, John shipped as able-bodied seaman successively on the Black Hawk, Davy Crockett and the bark Minnie Allen, out of New York, and largely with trade for the Far East.

Then, as mate, he shipped with Captain Bill Joy of Nantucket



MRS. TERESA J. CONWAY

on the St. Nicholas, a full-rigged clipper bound for Manila and Hongkong, and was later with Captain Joy when he died in China. Captain Joy's brother, Whitford, also was in the crew.

Meanwhile John had found a sweetheart in his home port of Nantucket and on Aug. 31, 1886 he married Teresa Estelle Johnson.

He continued to climb in his chosen work, and in 1891 his goal was reached when he was assigned as captain the clipper ship Lucile, built and owned in Freeport, Me., and sailing from Philadelphia for San Francisco with a cargo of railroad iron. It was then that his wife first accompanied him on the long voyages around Cape Horn, so common to her husband and each requiring about half a year.

Earned Her Keep

Teresa was not just idle ballast, but became an important part of the ship's complement, acting as paymaster, keeper of records of the crew, supplies and money exchange. She learned navigation as well. Her only weakness was seasickness.

A year later the Lucile under Captain Conway sailed for Australia, then up the west coast of Africa to Genoa and Sicily and brought a load of salt to Gloucester. While in Sidney, Australia, a second son was born to the Conways and they named him Sidney. Sidney's first years were lived on shipboard so he learned to first walk with the roll of the ship.

The Lucile kept busy and as soon as she was again fitted out, pulled out for Melbourne and then took on at Newcastle a load of coal for Manila in the Philippines. While she lay at anchor in the China Sea near the Kearsarge, an English ship, a typhoon struck the bay. To make it worse, Captain Conway was ashore.

The storm was terrific. Anchors were not holding and the Lucile was dragging toward the Kearsarge. The mate in charge was frantic with the responsibility. Mrs. Conway was in the cabin with little Sidney, praying for help. The mate told her the ship was almost out of control and uncertain of being saved. But Captain Conway hired a tug and after much maneuvering got a line aboard, then came in hand over hand.

Never Again

The place was a madhouse, but he was able to bring her clear after slight damage to the Kearsarge and continued, with bad weather, on his course. Out of the 168 days of this trip, Mrs. Conway was ill 63 because of the rough seas. When the ship finally made San Francisco, the captain put his wife and infant son ashore to return home overland. It was on this trip that John vowed never to take his wife again upon the risks which they had experienced.

Captain Conway completed his service with the Lucile in 1895, after which he sailed as mate for a time with Captain Clement Small of the Manuel Llaguna, but the hard years at sea were beginning to tell on his health. So he turned to the less turbulent waters of Nantucket harbor and bought a fleet of catboats which had been developed near the Old North Wharf by Barzillai Burdette.

Here he sat, spy glass at hand, for the remaining years of his friendly life, renting the little craft to his numerous Summer customers, spotting them as they plied in and out of the harbor and always with pleasantries entertaining his plentiful parties of visitors.

"I adore to watch her," he said of the fastest catboat, the Faith, always rented by Charles Buckley for whom she won 19 cups.

He cherished his memories and kept them alive with the names of his boats—Lucile for his clipper ship, Stella for his loyal wife, Estelle, and Faith for the quality which helped bring him success and the courage to win.

Dec. 14, 1952



THE LATE CAPT. EVERETT B. COFFIN

Death of Capt. Everett B. Coffin in Seattle, Washington.

Capt. Everett B. Coffin, aged 84, a native of Nantucket, died at his home in Seattle, Wash., on Friday, December 23rd. Captain Coffin began his sea-going career at the age of 13 when he sailed on whaling ships out of Nantucket.

He left Nantucket at the age of 20, going to Seattle in 1888. He returned to the island for a visit 50 years later, at the age of 70. Although he spent the greater part of his life on Puget Sound, his interest in Nantucket never waned and he kept in touch with friends here all through his life and never tired of telling of the Island.

He was considered the dean of masters on Puget Sound. Going to Puget Sound in 1887, he started out as deck hand on the old side wheel tug "Cyrus Walker". He attained his first command in 1894, at which time he became master of the steamer "Idaho". Alternating between this vessel and the "George E. Starr", he remained on Puget Sound routes until the Alaska gold rush in 1898, at which time he went north to seek his fortune.

However he could not keep off the water, and went to work in a Yukon river steamer for a short time, and returned to Puget Sound to become mate on the famous steamer "Flyer". Three years later he became Master of the "Flyer", which command he held for eight years. During this time, the "Flyer" set a world's record for the number of miles traveled in a year and also became the first steamer in the world to steam a million miles.

From the "Flyer", he went to the command of the SS "City of Everett". After approximately a year in this vessel, he took command of the SS "Indianapolis", a former Great Lakes passenger steamer. From the "Indianapolis" he went to the express steamer "Tacoma" in 1914 and held this command up to his retirement in 1932. However, in 1934, he returned to the command of the "Tacoma" to run excursions on Puget Sound. The "Tacoma" was one of the finest day boats ever to run on Puget Sound, having a passenger capacity of 1000 persons and top speed of 22½ knots.

Captain Coffin was the first Honorary Life Member of the Puget Sound Maritime Historical Society. He was greatly interested in this group and was one of the reasons it has become such a success.

Surviving are his wife, Laura, and two sons, Everett Herman Coffin, of Seattle, and Myron Coffin, of San Francisco, and one grandchild.

In 1935, when Capt. Coffin returned to Nantucket after an absence of half a century, he spent an enjoyable time visiting old friends and recalling old incidents. One of his "gams" was with the late Marcus Dunham, with the two recounting the time when they were members of a boat's crew which caught two whales off Tucker-nuck in the spring of 1886. The two were the last survivors of that chase and capture of the hereditary prey of Nantucketers.

Was Captain Isaiah Folger of Schooner Exact.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In answer to the question "Does Anyone Know", asked by S. A. Ellis in your issue of September 7th, will say that the Captain Folger of schooner Exact was my grandfather, Isaiah Folger, son of Walter Folger, the inventor and scholar—a great and good man.

Isaiah was a brother of Edward R., Roland, Thomas, Robert and Walter. The late George F. Folger was the only one of nine children born to Isaiah and Sarah B. Folger that lived.

Local M. D.s please excuse me for writing that my grandfather said: "Sarah, we won't have a doctor to George, I will take him on the vessel with me when making trips."

One of the times when the vessel was tied up to a wharf in California, a rat killed a pair of pet rabbits that my father had taken along with him, and he felt so badly that his father went up in the city and bought him a beautiful gold watch.

I was eleven years old, when my father said (as I was in a class that was to try and get into the High School that winter) "Sidney, if you will get into the High School, I will give you my gold watch." As I was an out-of-doors boy, he was a little afraid that I would not pass. I got busy and went in with the biggest class that had ever entered before—so large that two divisions were made in order to teach us. Very few of us are living today.

To return to the watch,—my son is the proud owner at present.

Respectfully,

Sidney B. Folger.

Siasconset, September 10.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Lewis H. Wendel, who died on Sunday last, at the age of nearly seventy years, will be kindly remembered by all who knew him, and we may truly say most tenderly by those who knew him best. He was a native of Stettin, Prussia, and was cast upon our shores by the wreck of brig Florida, May 18, 1833. In those busy days there was work here for all, and soon finding employment, his sterling character won the confidence of his employers, and adopting our island as his home, he married and settled here. Throughout his long career among us, he has ever been noted for his untiring industry and sterling integrity, winning to himself hosts of friends, and commanding the respect and esteem of all for his character while living, and for the good name which he has left behind him.

Dec. 21, 1878

Island Youth To Sail On Antarctic Trip

A Nantucket youth will be a member of Admiral Byrd's Naval Antarctica Expedition this coming Winter.

Navy AG3 Maurice Gibbs, son of Patrolman John Gibbs, was jubilant when he was informed that he will be in the Navy contingent of "Operation Deep-Freeze." First, however, he will get a ten-day furlough here starting Sept. 22 before heading for the Antarctic wastes for several months.

Another Nantucket connection with the expedition is the Clements Panel Co. of Connecticut, owned by MacMillan Clements, Nantucket Summer resident. As it did for the American Air Base at Thule, Greenland, Mr. Clement's firm will supply cold-resistant stainless steel housing for the expedition in Antarctic.

Jan. 7, 1950

1953

Death of William H. Chase on Thursday.

William H. Chase, who died at his home on West Chester street, early Thursday morning, after a lingering illness, was one of the old school of Nantucketers—a genial, quiet-mannered gentleman admired by everybody. He was the last of the old-time Nantucket boat-builders and the oldest of the “whittlers”, as he styled himself in recent years.

Popular with the summer colony, he sold hundreds of his clever wind-mill contraptions every season, and his originality and skill placed him in a class by himself. His work always appealed to the summer visitor, and first his boat-shop on Old North wharf and in later years his work-shop on West Chester street, were the rendezvous of hundreds of visitors each season, who found in him a mine of information about Nantucket and a genial conversationalist at all times.

He was born in 1850 and at the age of fourteen started to learn the trade of boat-builder with the late Barzillai Burdett, first working on whale-boats and then on row-boats and small cat-boats. As a boy and as a young man, he was always considered the best “whittler” on the island, and in 1875 he made with a jack-knife a collection of miniature boats and other articles for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. This collection is now a part of the exhibition at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

With the money which Chase earned from this jack-knife work for the Centennial, he established himself in the row-boat business and conducted it many years, making the boats for his own fleet which he rented “by the hour”, and also making boats for members of the summer colony.

He first conducted his row-boat business from the Old North wharf, on the section abandoned some years ago, and then moved to the north side of Steamboat wharf near the restaurant building. He later returned to Old North wharf and had his float in front of his boat-house. A few years ago, he gave up the row-boat business and continued “whittling” and making weather vanes at his shop on West Chester street, which was always a popular resort for those who enjoyed ready wit and genuine island sociability.

A lover of music in any form, Mr. Chase in his young manhood was an expert banjo player and also a pianist, and the writer can recall many pleasant evenings spent at his home when the North Shore boys would gather there to learn “whittling” and incidentally to hear him play “Dixie” or “Turkey in the Straw” on that wonderful banjo.

He always liked the boys and knew how to entertain them, so when the “Boys’ Club” was formed some forty years ago under the guidance of a group of the Nantucket men and women, it was Mr. Chase who gave his services and showed the boys what interesting things they could make with their jack-knives—boats, guns, bows and arrows, ducks, and a variety of other articles that appealed to boys of those days.

The deceased was a member and regular attendant of the First Congregational Church and for many years had served as one of the deacons. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Philip Murray, Jr., and by a son, William H. Chase, Jr., a veteran of the World War. He also leaves three grand-children.



THE LATE WILLIAM H. CHASE
In a characteristic pose in the yard of his home on West Chester street.

FEBRUARY 28, 1931



A group of Nantucketers gathered in front of Chase's shop on Old North wharf a number of years ago. From left to right, they are Henry D. Briggs, William H. Chase, Joseph Fisher, George F. Coffin and Charles B. Starbuck. All are now deceased.

Nantucket Boy Fell From Aloft on The Surprise.

After naming one of the cars of its fastest express, the Yankee Clipper, after the “Surprise”, the first of the clipper ships to be built in Massachusetts for the California trade, the New Haven road learned that one of its pensioned employees was a member of the crew of the vessel on one of her earlier voyages. He is Charles A. Simmons, of Dedham, Mass. He sailed on the “Surprise” as an ordinary seaman.

“The naming of one of the cars the “Surprise”, says Mr. Simmons, “brings back to me an incident of my younger days on the clipper in the fifties. While in the China Sea, on a dark, stormy night at about 11 o'clock, a 16-year-old Nantucket boy, William P. Joy, by name, was helping put a reef in the mizzen top sail. He was thrown overboard, striking twice before he hit the water.

“As I stood on the quarterdeck, I heard his call. ‘Hurry up! I can't keep up much longer; throw me a bowline!’ When he was hauled up on deck at midnight, after being an hour in the sea, he seemed as lively as ever. But not so the next day.

“He told me later that the ship went out of sight twice, and when he saw it again, he said, ‘Come back, good ship, come back!’ He maintained all that kept him alive was the thought of his mother.

The last I heard of him was when he was 28 years old and master of a 2,000 ton ship in Hongkong.

“The ‘Surprise’ was a beautiful boat and it is indeed pleasing to me that her name is to be perpetuated on the side of the cars of the Yankee Clipper. It seems eminently fitting, and I surely hope the new Surprise will have as many years of service and be as successful in its mission as the famous clipper ship of that name.”

The “Surprise” sailed from New York on what was fated to be her last voyage, Sept. 25, 1875, for Yokohama, Japan, under Captain G. Johnson. On the twenty-sixth day out she came up with and passed two barks and a barkentine bound in the same direction, and three days later at 8 a. m., sighted a sail ahead which was soon overhauled, proving to be a large British ship under full sail bound for Australia. By 2 p. m., the Britisher was just discernible astern. During the night of Feb. 3 she received a pilot off the entrance to Yeddo Bay in a heavy head gale. The gale increased and the next day the ship put about for shelter in Kaneda Bay. The pilot skirted Plymouth Rocks too closely and the ship struck, immediately going over nearly on beam ends. It is related that it was afterwards ascertained that the pilot was merely a beachcomber and that he was intoxicated. He disappeared and could not be found. Such was the end of the “Surprise” after an exceptionally fine and useful existence for twenty-six years.

From the New York Times.

* * * * *

[Capt. William P. Joy died in Hong Kong in 1886 after an illness of only a few hours with Asiatic cholera. He made several very successful voyages in command of clipper ships.—Ed.]

Feb. 9, 1931

Captain Williams and Surfman Lost Lives in Storm.

This community has been saddened this week by the loss of two lives in a manner which seems almost like a sacrifice. Capt. Charles I. Williams, of Maddequet Coast Guard Station, and a young surfman, Manuel Piva, went to their deaths while carrying out orders from the department, swept away amid the strong current which races through Muskeget channel, and giving their lives when a severe storm broke upon them suddenly last Monday evening.

The disaster has cast a gloom over the community—a feeling of depression that always hovers in a case of accidental drowning, when brave men meet an untimely fate. The circumstances which attended the loss of Captain Williams and his young surfman were such as to make it seem an unnecessary sacrifice, for they were not going to a wreck or to help others who were in trouble—not heading for some boat that needed aid or to assist anyone out of a dilemma. They were carrying out orders to deliver a lot of gear and equipment from the abandoned Muskeget station to the station at Cuttyhunk. The stuff was considered "junk" and had practically little commercial value, if any. Captain Williams had been ordered to carry it over to Cuttyhunk, however, and he gave his life in trying to put the orders into effect.

The two men were caught out in the storm which broke suddenly early Monday evening, with heavy rain, hail, thunder and lightning. They left Muskeget around 5:00 o'clock and were seen well out in Muskeget channel, headed towards Chappaquidick island, when darkness fell. Nothing has since been seen or heard of them, and it is the general opinion that they were drowned when their surf-boat either stranded on a shoal spot or was swamped by a heavy wave.

The next evening the boat was found by the Coast Guard boat 282, about half-way between Muskeget and the Vineyard, with only four feet of the bow above water, with its contents swept away and no trace of the two men. Three of the oar-locks were in place and the others hanging from their fastenings, indicating that if the engine "went dead" the men may have taken to the oars, and put up a desperate effort to save their lives.

Just what happened out there in the darkness of the storm no one will ever know. The boat may have brought upon a shoal or it may have been struck by lightning. Charred wood around the engine indicates that there was trouble there of some sort, but the boat was not shattered and it was still sea-worthy. Everything but the engine-hatch and the water bucket, which were fastened, had been washed out of the boat when it was found on Tuesday. A rip in the canvas spray shield seemed as though it had been cut with a knife. The life-belts were gone from the boat, which makes it apparent that the men had put them on, as the belts are always lashed when not in use.

No one will ever know what happened out there in the storm Monday night. No one will ever be able to explain the disaster which robbed Nantucket of one of its stalwart citizens, a man who has passed more than thirty years of his life in the government service and was about to retire with promotion and commendation for work well done.

The equipment which Captain Williams was to take to Cuttyhunk included a lot of old rope and gear, some bed-springs, lanterns and other equipment which had belonged to the old Muskeget station. He was to meet Captain Howes of Gay Head station at Oak Bluffs, and realizing that the latter would be waiting there for him, he apparently was especially desirous of making the trip from Muskeget to the Vineyard that afternoon, so as to continue on to Cuttyhunk the next morning.

There had been some delay in getting away from Maddequet station early in the afternoon. The boat jammed in being run out of the boat-house, and things went wrong from the start. It was a 26-foot motor-boat of the self-bailing type and formerly belonged to the Muskeget station. The engine was not working well at first and considerable time was used up before Captain Williams headed it in to the shore at Muskeget.

There he took on the material which was to go to Cuttyhunk and the boat was very heavily laden—"almost to the gunwales", it is said. Robert Dunham, a Muskeget fisherman, talked with Captain Williams and said that he did not like the looks of the weather, suggesting that it would be better to wait until the next morning before continuing the trip across the channel to the Vineyard, and offering the two men shelter for the night. He predicted that it would be "nasty out there" and cautioned Captain Williams against the treacherous shoals in the channel, especially with darkness approaching.

But as it was only a short run across to Chappaquidick, Captain Williams thought he could make it easily and as the wind was light and the sea very moderate he had no apprehension but he could make the passage without any difficulty whatever. Robert Dunham was the last man to talk to the two men, and as he watched the surfboat heading up to the eastward and gradually pass out of sight, he had his misgivings, for he did not like the looks of the weather conditions.

It was 5:30 o'clock when the surf-boat headed away with its heavy load, making for the channel buoys off Wasque point on Chappaquidick. It was a stretch of water of only about six miles, but six miles of water that is always considered treacherous, with many rips and shoals and the tide running through there at a fearful rate. Before the men could have reached the other shore the mid-winter storm broke upon them, roaring through Muskeget channel with the shift of wind. And no one knows what then happened.

When the two men failed to show up at the Vineyard on schedule, and on learning that they had left Muskeget at 5:30 o'clock, Captain Howes, who was awaiting Captain Williams' arrival, notified Superintendent Phillips, in charge of the Coast Guard district at Wakefield, informing him of his fears for the safety of Captain Williams and Surfman Piva.

Captain Howes at once put out in the Gay Head surf-boat from the Vineyard, and two patrol boats were ordered out from the Coast Guard base at Woods Hole. Later additional boats were ordered out to search for the men. At sundown Tuesday nothing had been found.

Boatswain Charles V. Morse, of the boat 282, met with rugged seas as he headed towards Nantucket and finally steered out into Muskeget channel.

There, through the rays of his searchlight, he caught a glimpse of a v-shaped object, very small, in the water in the distance. It proved to be the missing surf-boat. A hasty look showed no clues to the men, so the 282 took the derelict in tow and carried it to Edgartown, returning as soon as possible to continue the search for the men. Although the search was continued for twenty-four hours there were no signs of them, and it is evident that they were swept out through Muskeget channel into the open sea.

The surf-boat was taken over to Woods Hole on Wednesday and hoisted on the davits of the station ship Wayanda for examination. Superintendent Phillips was joined by another Coast Guard official who had been sent from Washington, and an investigation was made into the disaster. Though no official statement could be obtained from the officials, who are to report regarding their findings to headquarters at Washington, observers at Woods Hole noted that a fire had apparently started and burned to quite a considerable extent around the engine, which was mounted in the center of the open surf-boat.

As the boat, which is of the non-capsizable type, had both its rudder and tiller torn away, every movable article was missing. The metal manhole covers on the tanks forward and aft, were also missing, and it is thought that the metal of the engine may have proved a target for a bolt of lightning in the weird mid-winter thunder storm which struck this vicinity Monday evening.

The metal manhole covers screw firmly into the tanks, and it is inconceivable that the men themselves would unscrew them. They could, however, have been ripped off by lightning as the cover of a stove is sometimes ripped off in a thunder storm.

The boat was found to be in a seaworthy condition, so on Thursday it was taken in tow and carried over to the Cuttyhunk station by one of the patrol boats. The search of the waters around Muskeget, through the channel and far out to the westward of the island, was ordered continued, in hopes that if the men had been able to put on life-preservers their bodies would be found afloat. Although the search was continued from Tuesday to Thursday no signs of the men have been found and the empty surf-boat is all that is left to tell the tale of a most distressing disaster that should not have occurred.

_ *_* *_* *_*

Captain Charles I. Williams was a Nantucketer, born here, raised here, son of the late John Williams, and served the greatest part of his career in the service attached to the several stations on the island. He had been in the Coast Guard service over thirty years and was to retire next month with an excellent record. In fact, he had recently been promoted to the grade of Warrant Officer and could continue in the service at the advanced rating a few years more had he desired.

He rose steadily from the rank of surfman and has served as keeper of the Coast Guard stations at Cuttyhunk, Narragansett Pier and Maddequet. He was considered by the department, and by the men under him, as a captain of good judgment but with strict allegiance to duty, very particular about carrying out in every detail orders submitted to him.

Captain Williams was fifty-three years of age. He leaves a widow, to whom the heartfelt sympathy of all is extended in this terrible affliction. Only a few years ago, Capt. and Mrs. Williams built a very attractive home on Milk street, where they intended to take up their residence when he retired and enjoy together the later years of life.

Manuel Piva, the young surfman who accompanied his captain on the fateful trip, was about twenty-five years of age, and was well-known on Nantucket, having been serving at the Maddequet station for about two years. He was born at St. Michaels, Azores, and came to this country when a boy, living a number of years with an aunt, Mrs. Anna Alves, in Taunton. He attended the public schools of Taunton and entered the Coast Guard service a little over four years ago. He has no relatives in this country besides his aunt.

FEBRUARY 14, 1931

A Beautiful Sight.

Last weekend was nearly a perfect one, from most any point of view, being warm, sunny, with bright blue sky and white clouds, so that those interested in outdoor activities such as swimming (bicycle riding, or just sitting on the beach were as much pleased with the weather as those intent on capturing some of the beauty of the island with camera or paint and canvas.

Although Nantucket herself was at her best, adding much to the beauty of the scene were the 100 or more yachts of all types which were clustered in the harbor. These were admired by thousands of people visitor and year-round resident alike, and at least half of those noticing the scene took pains to photograph the remarkable panorama.

Such a large number of yachts have not been seen in Nantucket Harbor for many years and will not be seen again before next summer.

However the fact that yachts gather at Nantucket in any great numbers only at regatta, or when a mainland Yacht Club races to the island for a visit brings to mind the lack of facilities which makes Nantucket rather unpopular with the yachtsman.

We have no "marina", as many other coastal resort towns now have, and in fact just about enough dock space to take care of the fishing boats and other vessels, let alone yachts.

Nantucket, once one of the greatest ports on the coast, has fallen far in this respect—so far yachtsmen have told us that they think before recommending a cruise to the Island to their fellows.

There are several reasons why we would like to see Nantucket Harbor a popular haven for the yachtsman, and the fact that the vessels beautify the harbor is one of the least important.

What is important is that Nantucket does not have the necessary facilities to offer, and until some radical improvements are made, will remain a beautiful, but inconvenient place for the yachtsman to anchor while casting a dubious eye at the weather and the lack of protection for his vessel provided by our harbor.

The "Savannah's" First Master Was Capt. Inot of Nantucket.

By Edouard A. Stackpole in Boston
Globe, Sunday, May 22nd.

National Maritime Day this year brings out new facts about the first crossing of the Atlantic by the steamship *Savannah*, which in 1819, sailed on May 22nd from the Georgian city of the same name, arriving at Liverpool, England, on the 20th day of June.

Despite the fact that the log of the *Savannah's* historic cruise is in existence and well preserved, historians have been puzzled over several incidents in relation to this gallant trans-oceanic steamer's career, especially in relation to her commanders.

It was known that she was built in New York in 1818 by Francis Pickett, and that a 90-horsepower low pressure steam engine was installed in her by its builder, Stephen Vail, of Morristown, N. J. Her twin paddle-wheels were so arranged that it was possible to take them inboard and allow the *Savannah* to cruise under sail, a plan which proved most valuable in her voyage across the Atlantic.

But the *Savannah* had her engines removed upon her return, sailing as a packet between Georgia and New York, ending her career by shipwreck on Long Island in 1822.

Her commander on her famous trans-oceanic voyage, Capt. Moses Rogers, likewise did not survive many years after that voyage, and for more than a century he rested in an unknown grave.

Captain Rogers' brother, Stephen Rogers, who was navigator during the crossing, is buried in New London, Conn., and appropriate services are held at his grave on each observance of Maritime Day since its inauguration in 1933.

But it was not until 1935 that the National Maritime League of New York was able to uncover evidence concerning the last resting place of Moses Rogers, the man who was the *Savannah's* commander on that historic voyage.

Following the return of the ship to this country, the life of Capt. Rogers was shrouded in mystery. All that could be adduced from the available records was that he had died about four years later of yellow fever, and had been buried somewhere in the vicinity of Georgetown, S. C.

Due to the contagious nature of the disease, victims of yellow fever were oftentimes hurriedly buried, and so those who delved into the records of the past had little hope of ever discovering the grave.

It was learned, however, that Capt. Daniel Elkins, of Nantucket and New York, was a part owner in the *Savannah*, and had been one of Moses Rogers' closest friends. The Nantucketer had fallen victim to the dread yellow fever epidemic the same year as Capt. Rogers, and had been buried in St. David's Churchyard, Cheraw, S. C. Both men had participated in a boat-building venture on the Great Pee Dee River. And so J. N. Stricklin, editor of the Cheraw Chronicle, made a search for Capt. Elkins' grave. Upon locating it he was able to discover the almost hidden grave of Moses Rogers close by.

And, this year, another important bit of the story has come to light. In checking the records of Elkins' career, I was able to learn of a closer link between Nantucket and the *Savannah*.

Realizing that the first performance of the *Savannah* was of the utmost importance to the merchants and shipmasters interested in trans-oceanic steamers, Capt. Daniel Elkins was able to persuade the other owners to entrust the trial trip of the vessel—from New York to Savannah—to Capt. Robert Inot, a Nantucket shipmaster who had made a reputation for himself in voyages to Europe and the West Indies.

Robert Inot was a remarkable man, with a remarkable career. He was born in Nantucket on the 3rd of July, 1764, son of Joseph Inot and Elizabeth Gardner Inot. In 1784 he married Judith Folger, daughter of Paul Folger.

Inot sailed on the *Clermont* during the first extraordinary voyage of Fulton's steamboat up the Hudson in 1807. He served on board the famous American privateer *General Armstrong*, under Captain John Barnard, also a Nantucketer, during that craft's first exploits in the War of 1812.

And so it was Robert Inot who took the *Savannah* on her trial voyage from New York to Savannah in 1819. He gave her succeeding commander, Capt. Rogers, confidence in the vessel's ability as a sea boat under both sail and steam. The test had a great deal to do with the steamer's subsequent performance while crossing the Atlantic.

Capt. Inot returned to Nantucket a short time afterward, to take command of the whaleship *Samuel*, in which he made one voyage. He gave up whaling to resume his career as a merchant captain, and, like Elkins and Rogers, met death prematurely of yellow fever, succumbing in Tampico, Mexico, Nov. 12, 1825. His body was brought home in a barrel of pickle and interred in the Old North Burying Ground on his native island.

Following the observance of the First National Maritime Day in 1933, I wrote to President Roosevelt, acquainting him of the facts of Nantucket's connection with the *Savannah* through Captains Elkins and Inot. A reply came from the Executive Secretary, the late Louis McHenry Howe. He extended the President's thanks for the information and graciously acceded to the request that the local Sons of the Revolution Chapter be delegated to place a flag on Capt. Inot's grave upon each anniversary of National Maritime Day.

JUNE 4, 1938.

FIRST ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

Inquirer and Mirror, August, 1888.

Some time ago I read in your paper an article about our ancient steam marine, which gave the history of the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic. It was stated that she sailed from Savannah in 1819. The interest that Nantucket had in that historic event was not mentioned. I am a "living witness" of the building of the "*Savannah*." She was built in New York in 1817, a full-rigged ship, with side-wheels, a little over 800 tons, sailed in a ballast from New York to Savannah, took in a load of cotton, and sailed for Liverpool. The captain of that steamer boarded at my mother's house in New York, and hailed from Nantucket. His name was Robert Inot. Some of the oldest men on the island will recall him well—a short, thick, pock-marked man. Every Wednesday and Saturday he would call me and say, "Come, Tommy, I want you to pilot me around the city this afternoon." I was always glad enough to go with him; sure of a good time and well-filled pockets. I also saw the first steamboat steam up the North River, in 1807—the "*Clermont*," built by Fulton.

During the year 1814, I saw Mr. Fulton very often. This came about from the necessity for guarding the warship "*Fulton*," which he was building for the government. The English fleet in Long Island sound had sent their barges up through Hell Gate in the night and burned Adam and Noah Brown's ship house, and the ship that was in the house, as well as the one that was on the stocks outside of the house. This they did, thinking they were burning the ship that Fulton was building. But that was all the while lying quietly alongside the wharf at the foot of Fulton street, New York. After that, guards were put around the ship, day and night. My uncle was one of the day guards and I used to take his dinner to him, and almost every day I saw Robert Fulton there.

Thos. A. Gardner.

July 30, 1888.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Editor:—

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THOS. A. GARDNER.

JULY 30, 1888.

Mary Starbuck—the First Suffragette

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.

While the earnest efforts of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Clarence Mackay and other women of prominence for woman's suffrage are engaging the public mind of the present day, it is interesting to note that nearly two hundred and fifty years ago the same movement was started on the island of Nantucket by a daughter of Tristram Coffyn (as he always signed his name) and Dionis Stevens, of Brixton, England.

He, with his wife, five small children, his widowed mother, and two unmarried sisters, emigrated to America in 1642, and became the founder of the family line in the United States, from whom all persons of the name of Coffin in this country are descended.

They lived alternately at several places in the Colony of Massachusetts until 1659, when he came to Nantucket, then under the jurisdiction of New York, and made arrangements for the purchase of the island by a company he organized at Salisbury. He returned to Nantucket with his family in 1660, where he lived until his death.

Tristram Coffyn was of the landed gentry in England, and conformably with his father's will was to be provided for "according to his degree and calling." His family papers make everything clear, save the reason why he left all his comfortable estates in old England to embark with his wife and family for New England.

All of Tristram Coffyn's children distinguished themselves in some good fashion as they took their places in the world of men and women; but it remained for Mary, the seventh child, to distinguish herself as a suffragist.

She was born at Haverhill, in 1645, married at the age of seventeen Nathaniel Starbuck, and died at Nantucket in November, 1717. Their eldest child, Mary Starbuck, born in 1663, was the first white child born on the island.

Mary Coffin Starbuck developed into an extraordinary woman, participating in the practical duties and responsibilities of public gatherings and town meetings, on which occasions her words were always listened to with marked respect.

The genius of whatever attaches to the Equal Rights for Woman movement of the present day, in every true and proper sense, she anticipated by two centuries, and reduced them to practice without neglecting her domestic relations. She was consulted upon all matters of public importance, because her judgment was superior, and was universally acknowledged to be a great woman.

It was not that her husband, Nathaniel Starbuck, was a man of inferior mold, that she gained such prominence, for he was a man of good ability; but because of her prominent qualifications that she acquired so good a reputation, whereby her husband's qualifications were apparently lessened.

In the language of John Richardson, an early preacher, "The islanders esteemed her as a judge among them for little of moment was done without her." At the town meetings she was accustomed to attend she took an active part in the debates, usually beginning her address with "My husband thinks so and so," or "My husband and I having considered the subject, think so and so." From every source of information, as also from tradition, there is abundant evidence that she was possessed of sound judgment, clear understanding, and an elegant way of expressing herself, that was natural to her.

In 1701, at the age of fifty-six, she became interested in the religious faith of the Quakers and took the spiritual concerns of the whole island under her special superintendence. She held meetings at her own house, which are often alluded to by visiting Friends who have written concerning the island's early religious history; wrote the quarterly epistles, and preached in a most eloquent manner, and withal was as distinguished in her domestic economy as she was a celebrated preacher.

Of this department, John Richardson, who preached at her house, wrote: "The order of her house was such in all the parts thereof as I had not seen the like before. The large and bright rubbed room was set with suitable seats or chairs for a meeting, so that I did not see anything wanting according to place, but something to stand on, for I was not free to set my foot upon the fine cane chair, lest I should break or soil it."

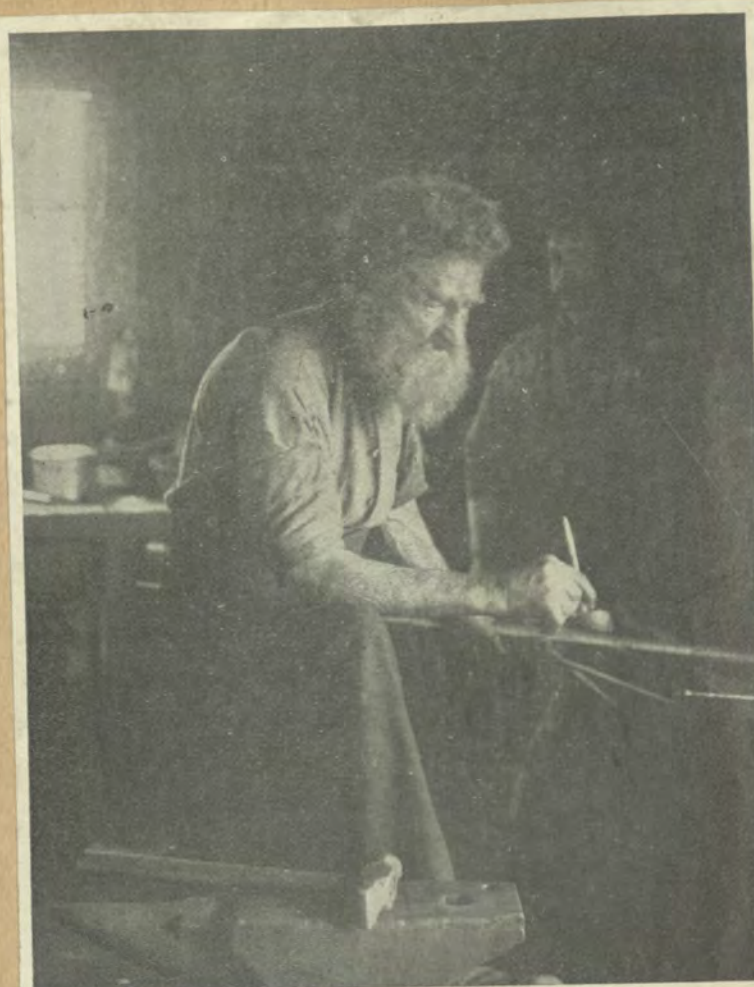
A most delightful and valuable volume could be written upon the works and ways of this wonderful early settler in Nantucket, and the manner in which she reared and devoted herself to her ten children should convince those who may doubt that the home need not necessarily be neglected by women whose interest and brains seem to warrant their taking part in the public welfare.

[Editorial Note.—The above was sent us by a correspondent in Newburyport, who failed to state in what medium it appeared, that we might give proper credit for the same. The author was "Margaret Townsend."]

APRIL 26, 1913

Personal

Miss Grace Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Gardner of Nantucket, is having a round of success over in Europe as leading lady in "The New Coachman." Referring to Miss Gardner's remarkable success on the stage, a critic in one of the Danish newspapers pays her the following tribute: "She is the most delightful little Gibson girl one can imagine, and then she has the carriage of a perfect lady into the bargain and dresses with taste. That is at least what a lady said who sat next to me yesterday. And ladies are not generally apt to praise each other."



THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

Head of Steamboat Wharf, corner Easy Street
Nantucket Island, Mass.

"UNCLE GEORGE" WINSLOW

As the Village Blacksmith, "Uncle George" Winslow was one of Nantucket's eccentric characters, but a man highly esteemed by all.

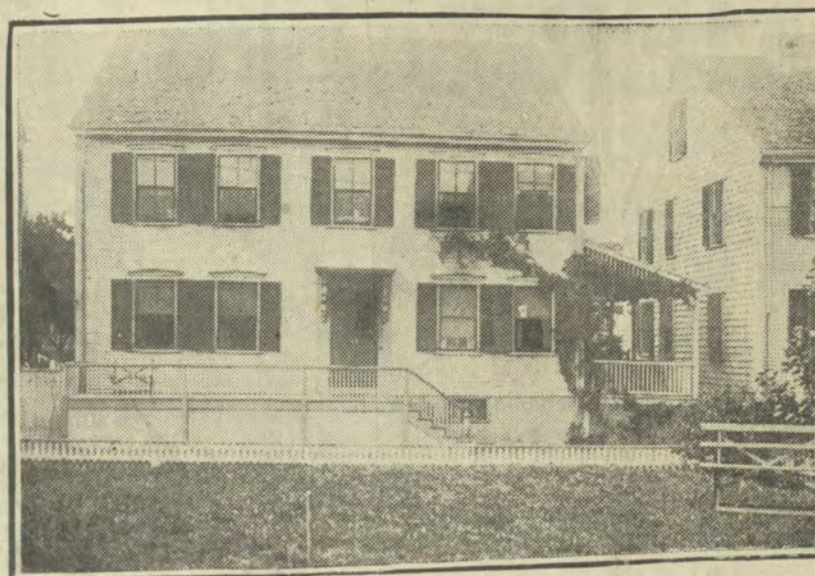
He learned the trade at the period when the whaling industry was in its prime, and went to California during the gold rush of '49, making tools in exchange for gold. Upon his return to Nantucket he had the little shop erected and established himself in business, following the occupation until increasing years compelled him to retire. His little shop has now been converted into a lunch-room and still carries the title of "The Blacksmith Shop."

"Uncle George" for many years repaired the paddle-wheels on the island steamers and always responded to a call, day or night.

As a side issue to his blacksmithing, he bought sharks that were brought in by the cat-boat fleet (which was quite extensive in those days) and he "tried out" the oil in the yard at the rear of his shop. When the wind was in the eastward everybody in town knew that "Uncle George" was trying out the shark livers with a brisk fire burning beneath his big pots.

He passed away in 1898 at the age of eighty-five.

May 22, 1909



Home of Captain Swain at Nantucket; Fuji Mountain, Which Often Served as a Landmark for Captain Swain in Japan, and Captain Swain of the Japanese Naval and Merchant Marine, on Bridge of the Kasuga Maru.

Returns to Nantucket as Japanese Commodore After a Half Century.

From the Boston Sunday Post, July 14, 1912.

For many years the captain of steamers sailing under the Japanese flag, for almost a score of years the commodore of an entire fleet, and an active participant in the war with Russia, Captain Richard Swain has returned to his boyhood home at Nantucket after an absence of 53 years.

Throughout the present summer he will remain as a visitor on the little island that he left at the age of 19 to follow the sea and to begin a life of adventure that has included experiences with hurricanes and typhoons and with war in the waters of the far east.

Then, though he has just passed the allotted three score years and ten, and might well retire to a life of ease at his native Nantucket, Captain Swain plans to return to Japan just as soon as the November elections are over. He will then act in an advisory capacity to the great mercantile fleet of which he has been commodore so long.

"I was just a boy of 19," said Captain Swain to a Sunday Post reporter at Nantucket last week, "when I had an opportunity to join the fleet of the Pacific Mail as an under officer.

Cape Cod folks, and particularly Nantucket people, have a natural leaning toward the sea, and even as a boy I had picked up enough knowledge of the water to be able to fill the post offered me, in spite of the fact that the Pacific Ocean was strange to me.

For eight years I worked for the Pacific Mail, gradually working up to the position of captain. The run was between San Francisco and Japan, and in this way I became acquainted with the Japanese steamship people and got an opportunity to go with them.

Then the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha line gave me a chance to take command of one of their smaller boats, and my Japanese career might be fairly said to have begun. The run was between Japan and China, and though I have plied to American and Australian ports since that time, I learned to like the run to Chinese ports so well that when I became commodore of their fleet I chose that route and left to the younger men the longer runs that kept one away from home for weeks at a time.

For a great many years, of course, I did not have a choice in the matter of where I went to, but in another particular I did have the say—in the matter of English speaking officers under me.

The result of that policy has been the introduction of many Americans and Englishmen in the service, and the creation of one more bond, even though a small one, between Americans and the Japanese.

My reason for insisting upon English speaking officers was primarily a selfish one. In Japan there are several kinds of languages, the court Japanese used by educated people and then a number of other dialects.

If one does not speak correct Japanese one had better speak none, and very early I decided that I would prefer to speak my native tongue and avoid the possibility of humiliation by lapsing into incorrect Japanese.

Life as the captain of a Japanese mercantile vessel ran on rather uneventfully. In their turn came storms, hurricanes and typhoons, such as the sailors on any other vessel are subject to. There never was a time when I was in any desperate danger of losing my ship, though there were times when I was anxious.

But when the war with Russia broke out there came more excitement than all the years before had provided. Japanese ships are subsidized, and in time of war are impressed into service as transports and the like, as were the Harvard and Yale during the Spanish-American war.

The ships of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha became transports, and the captain of each retained his command and for the time being became an officer of the Japanese navy. Retaining their control over their vessels, they nevertheless were obliged to share responsibility with a genuine naval officer placed aboard.

Of course we indulged in no fighting. Neither did we get a chance to see any, but an incident occurred which I think is worthy of mention and which illustrates the Japanese point of view and the absolute difference of it from the American standpoint.

There stood beside me on the bridge a Japanese naval officer, educated, cultured and in every respect the equal of an unsuperstitious, clear-headed American.

A battle was imminent and weather that was favorable for the Japanese forces was blowing up. With the utmost soberness the Japanese officer spoke up and declared that it must have been provided by the Emperor, who to the Japanese is a divinity not to be mentioned except as such and then only on rare occasions.

This educated man, as efficient a naval officer as any of the average, was obsessed with the common superstition that the Emperor was something more than human and could command the forces of nature.

The world in general has always wondered why it was that little Japan was able to defeat Russia, and in the general wonder lost sight of the important fact that at every stage of the conflict Japan maintained a perfect intelligent system, while the Russians in innumerable cases did not even know where their troops were, nor what their ships were doing.

And no small part of the eventual victory has to be laid at the door of the soldier of common origin, the man of a family low in station, who is glad to die in order that his name, and consequently that of his family, may be inscribed on the scroll that adorns the temple in which once a year the Emperor worships.

According to Japanese custom, the flag carried by each regiment is loaned to it by the Emperor, and is only a temporary possession. The names of such members of that regiment as die in battle are carved on a roll of honor which is put in one of the temples in Yokohama, and once each year the Emperor makes a pilgrimage and pays tribute to this roll of honor.

The willingness of the ordinary Japanese family to sacrifice a member to the empire is in no small part due to the extraordinary reverence in which the Emperor is held. In their eyes he is absolutely divine, not to be mentioned in conversation, and possessed of superhuman qualities.

Various jingo forces in the United States have tried to create the impression that Japan was seeking war with us. Japan in the past has been misunderstood. Many have thought that she is intent on war and conquest, to the neglect of her internal improvements and home development.

That is a mistake. Japan is anxious to pursue a peaceful course among the nations, particularly so with America, with whom she has

been so long and closely connected. As England stands to Europe, so Japan stands to Asia. With China she stands not only as a friendly nation, but also as a trader, for 40 per cent. of Japan's foreign trade is with China.

It stands to reason that Japan would not wish to destroy her very best market. It is to her interest that China should prosper, should move forward without hindrance along the lines of her new republican government.

The common impression, however, that Japan is financially unable to undertake a war, is wrong when it is considered that money goes much farther there than in this country. The cost of a Japanese warship is much the same as here, but the cost of her upkeep is vastly less. The Japanese sailor is paid but \$1 a month, and soldiers get about three cents a day.

The conscription method is in use, and the school boy is so thoroughly trained in tactics that his last year in school counts as one year of army service, and but two additional years are required of him.

Without the slightest desire to bring war down upon themselves, the Japanese are going ahead on the theory that only in possessing strength can they hold peace, either with the United States or any other world power.

The tariff is quite as much of a political issue in Japan as it is here. The empire has always gone on a highly protected basis, and the high cost of living, low, indeed, in comparison with the same thing here, is paramount.

Taxes are high in part because of the money needed to support the army and the navy, but it is apportioned in an entirely different way. The tax in Japan is on incomes, net incomes. That is to say, if you own a house and are not making any money from it, you are not taxed at all, but you are taxed on any commercial venture which may be making money for you.

The political parties of Japan, instead of being Republican and Democratic, are Liberal and Conservative, the former being in favor of expansion and the latter standing for retrenchment. As nearly as there is an issue in the country it is that of the tariff, which is fully as high as in this country.

A large part of the revenue of Japan comes here from the sugar and tobacco monopoly, and the Liberals are making a determined fight to abolish this and create revenue in some other way.

The big secret of Japan's strength lies in her system of ship subsidy, which the United States certainly ought to adopt. Where she has in the neighborhood of 20 ships running to all the American ports on the Pacific coast, there are but five vessels of the same class flying the American flag that are operating on the Pacific. The Manchuria, Mongolia, Siberia and Korea of the Pacific Mail, and the Minnesota of the Hill line, are the only ones to fly the American flag.

In still another way do the Japanese excel the entire world, and that is in the matter of safe ships. Japan has never been willing to accept the Lloyd specifications in building vessels, and today turns out a ship that is more nearly unsinkable than anything afloat.

The secret is simply in stronger bulkheads. The Titanic never would have sunk had her bulkheads been of sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of the water after she had struck. No boat of Japanese construction would ever have gone to the bottom as she did, simply because in the Japanese vessels there is used a thickness of steel which is able to withstand almost any pressure it may be expected to meet.

It is high time that the nations of the world, which have mercantile or any other kind of fleets, should get together and arrange for a standard in construction. This standard, I believe, should be along the Japanese line.

The Japanese boilers, for one thing, are heavier and thicker, and the bulkheads are so strong as to withstand almost any kind of pressure, while those on other ships are only up to the requirements laid down by the British Board of Trade."

Captain Swain believes himself to be the first person in the United States to unfurl here the new flags of the Republic of China. His proudest possession is a set of these, including the national banner with five colors.

The original Chinese flag was of yellow, with a green dragon in the corner. The first new flag adopted, and which Captain Swain carefully guards, is a small blue one, with a small white star in the corner in place of the dragon. The second flag adopted, soon after the first had become generally known, is also blue and with a white star, but with the star points increased to the sacred number of nine.

In turn there came the flag with a red body and black nine-pointed star, each point having a yellow "pearl" at the tip, the entire 18 to symbolize the 18 divisions of the new republic.

The next development was a flag with a red field, a blue corner and a white imitation of the sun, star-shaped again. This banner has been maintained as the civil flag of the new republic.

The flag which Captain Swain prizes, however, as the first to be introduced in this country, is a plain, five barred banner, each bar of a different color.

On top there is a red stripe to commemorate the original rule of Han, 4693 years ago. Next comes the yellow stripe of the Manchus. Then follows the blue stripe, put into pacify the Mongolians, who threatened to set up a separate empire. Since there are some 14,000,000 Mohammedans in China, a white stripe is added for their benefit, and at the bottom is the black of the inhabitants of Thibet, who also proposed to form an empire of their own.

Captain Swain intends to remain in his birthplace, Nantucket, until he has had a chance to cast his first ballot of any kind. Once the November election is past he intends to return to Yokohama, where he makes his home, and remain as an advisor to the steamship line of which for so many years he has been commodore, and in that capacity done so much to cement friendly feeling between Japan and the United States.

Ben Franklin's Uncle Reported Cape Cod Sea Monster.

From the Boston Sunday Globe.

Nantucket got the jump on Cape Cod and other New England seashore communities by sending out its sea serpent story the very first week in August. It occasioned a few raised eyebrows, but seems to have gone over very well. The Vineyard jeered at it somewhat and raised some mastodon bones, but the Cape was too busy with summer people to be on proper watch for sea serpents.

In the past, however, Cape Cod has had its fair share of sea monsters. One of the earliest was reported by no less than Benjamin Franklin, uncle of the later to be famous Benjamin Franklin, of many great accomplishments. Prof. Henry C. Kittredge in one of his recent books dug out Franklin's description of a sea serpent that appeared in Provincetown Harbor more than two centuries ago: The dispatch went as follows:

"Boston, Sept. 28, 1719—On the 17 Instant there appear'd in Cape Cod harbour a strange creature, His head like a Lyons, with very large teeth, Ears hanging down, a large Beard, a long beard with curling hair on his head, his Body about 16 feet long, a round buttock, with a short Tayle of a yellowish color. The Whale boats gave him chase, he was very fierce and gnashed his teeth with great rage when he rose out of the water he always faced the boats in that angry manner, the Harpaniers struck at him, but in vaine, for after 5 hours chase, he took to the sea again. None of the people ever saw his like befor."

Most of Cape Cod's sea serpents seem to have been spawned in waters around Provincetown. The most authenticated of the monsters was the famed one observed by Prof. George Washington Ready. With an unique touch of genius, Prof. Ready had his photograph taken against one of the old backdrops of a seashore scene. Crouching with arms raised and a look of amazement in his eyes, he was a sight. The photograph was circulated under the caption of "Prof. Ready Seeing Sea Serpent." It was really quite impressive.

Aug. 28, 1937
Partial

CAPT. JOY'S DEATH.—We learn letters received from the widow of William P. Joy and from his brother, B. Whitford Joy, first officer of ship Nicholas, that the cause of Capt. Joy's death was Asiatic cholera, and not from heart disease as had been supposed. It appears that the day previous to his death he had visited places in Hong Kong, company with his wife and a number of shipmasters in port, among which was the cemetery, where he paused at an open grave, remarking that he supposed someone would fill it. At 6 P. M., he went on board his ship, and at 6 P. M., the following day his corpse was lowered into the identical open grave he had peered into. He was the youngest shipmaster in the port, and commanded the largest ship, and the entire shipping put their flags at half-mast in respect to his memory.

Aug. 22, 1885

Captain Hall--the Lone Navigator.

As the lone navigator of the 93-ton schooner Angler, with only his black cat Tom for company, is the rather unenviable occupation of Captain J. Parker Hall. Not only is he both captain and crew, but Captain Hall can boast that he never received an order in his 25 years' experience on the sea. He began his seafaring life at the age of 13 years, was the owner and commander of a sprit-sail boat at the age of 15, was the commander of a mail and passenger sloop from Cedar Keys to the Florida coast, a voyage of 50 miles in the Gulf of Mexico, at the age of 19, and since that time has been in command of the schooners R. P. King and Addie J., sloops Rosewood, Flying Mist, Somerset and Joseph G. Hamlin. His present command, the Angler, was once given over to the wreckers, but Captain Hall purchased her, and she is now freighting between Calais, Me., and the New Jersey coal ports, carrying most of the freight to the island of Nantucket.

The imagination can picture what the life of this lone navigator must be. And yet, Captain Hall is no surly man; he sails alone as a matter of choice, and not because he can find no one to go with him. He is a pleasant faced man of 40 years, neat in appearance and with friends in every port. Any one is welcome aboard his craft, and the visitor who goes there looking for that general slovenly appearance which cynics associate with the living quarters of the sea bachelor, will be pleasantly surprised. The whole exterior view of the schooner presents a taut, snug appearance, and the outside does not belie the captain's quarters aft. A few well chosen pictures are hung upon the cabin walls with considerable taste. A lamp and a small collection of books, are upon the cabin table, which is adorned with a clean, bright-colored cloth. A rocking chair which rocks on an even, painted floor, and the water pitcher and glass in the rack on the wall complete the general furniture of the captain's living quarters--his reception hall, as it were. At the starboard side is the captain's library and sleeping room. Perhaps the visitor expects to find an unkept bed, surely he would suspect that there was no bedspread. But he is surprised again to find a bedspread with spotless linen and not a wrinkle in its smooth whiteness. A chest of drawers made as a part of the bed are filled with changes of clothing for the captain as well as for the bed. A sea chest contains the overflow. On racks behind the chest are harbor charts of nearly every New England port visited by Captain Hall. At the other end of the captain's room is a solid desk, a souvenir of the captain's own handiwork. At the bottom are spaces filled with books, while at the top there are shelves adorned with trinkets, such as sea fans, shells and Indian baskets picked up in various ports. The front of the desk opens and there is a writing board, and displayed inside is every material for composing the most fastidious letter. You can even have your choice of business letter paper or the most approved paper for social correspondence. Add to this picture of the captain's quarters a few of those essentials found in any well kept home, and you have no exaggerated view of the scenes amid which the captain lives. Do not forget to inspect the crockery closet and the few other niches in which are hidden the

utensils of daily existence. You also might inquire if the revolver in its holster at the foot of the bed has any history, and perhaps the captain might tell you. It once figured in an exciting episode, so exciting in fact, that the captain isn't relating it for general perusal. The captain and his quarters were pictured in a recent book which told a story of smugglers. Both have all those strong elegancies usually associated with a crew of prosperous smugglers.

These are certainly very pleasant surroundings for the captain, but he can only enjoy them when in port. The captain when going on a several days' sail is no stickler for six, seven or eight hours' sleep each night. In good weather and on a voyage of more than 24 hours, the captain keeps the schooner running day and night. There's no one to relieve at the wheel, and the captain takes his meals from the top of the wheelbox in exigencies like these. He loses a few nights' sleep occasionally, but this is soon made up in the next port. It isn't lonesome at night for the captain has his cat to keep him company. When the captain sleeps the cat sleeps also, but when there is need of a watchful eye the cat is up on deck with the captain.

The feline Tom is not unworthy of a little biography himself. The cat was born on the schooner R. P. King, and comes of a long line of sea ancestry, of which Tom is no discredit. He not only looks after the captain on board, but accompanies his master on his trips ashore, sometimes when he is not wanted. Once in Boston the captain went ashore to make some purchases in the retail district, when at the head of the wharf Tom made his appearance. He hid behind a barrel when he saw the captain viewed his presence with a stern countenance. Then, when the captain went on, the cat came out of hiding and cautiously trailed his master. By the practice of a little diplomacy he inveigled himself into the captain's good graces and journeyed to several Boston stores in the company of his master. The captain had no small task in keeping his cat and the loose dogs apart, not so much for the cat's safety as for the welfare of the dogs, for Tom is equipped with double paws, and is amply able to take care of himself.

Once the captain anchored in the harbor some ways from the wharf, and when he rowed ashore he left Tom in rather a rebellious spirit. The cat viewed the departing captain with dismay, but the situation had no terrors for Tom, and he forthwith climbed down the schooner's anchor chain and jumping into the water started for the shore. He arrived in time to be assisted to dry land by the captain.

Captain Hall has a quaint philosophy about sailing a 93 ton schooner without assistance. "Any one can do it if he only thought so," said the captain. "A schooner is only a cat boat on a larger scale. A catboat, being smaller, works more quickly, and a schooner is slower. The trouble is, people nowadays don't think they can do anything. As for being lonesome, you wouldn't take a man with you for company, would you? I've got a cat, and he don't give me any sass."

The home port of the Angler is Duxbury. In that town the captain has a father with hosts of cousins, aunts and uncles, the usual complement of every New Englander. He has

an Aunt Caroline who, because she found her husband smoked, drove him out of the house, saying she wouldn't have a man who did such dreadful things. This is by way of illustrating Captain Hall's pleasant anecdotes of his relatives. Captain Hall's father is George H. Hall, formerly keeper of the lights on the extremity of Gurnets Point at the north side of the entrance to Plymouth harbor. It was when his father was keeper of the lights and ran the hotel on the point, which is nearly an island, that Captain Hall at the age of thirteen began his seafaring life. He used to carry passengers in a catboat from the Plymouth wharves to the hotel and back. Then at the age of fifteen the captain owned and sailed a spritsail boat. The old boat, now thirty years old, is knocking around Nantucket, and is still owned by Captain Hall. At nineteen years of age Captain Hall found himself in command of a mail and passenger sloop on a fifty-mile trip on the gulf side of Florida. Then he came into command successively of the previous mentioned vessels. Of all the vessels which Captain Hall has commanded he has been very successful. Once he dragged ashore in a gale with four anchors out, and one other, the forty-ton schooner Addie J. sunk under him. This happened during the first part of May, 1893. On this trip Captain Hall was accompanied by his brother, Frank C. Hall, now keeper of the Southwest lighthouse in New Haven harbor, and B. A. Lewis of Provincetown. The schooner was anchored eighteen miles off the Maine shore, ten miles off Monhegan island. Captain Hall, who had been asleep, was awakened about 8 o'clock in the evening. He grabbed his best pair of trousers with \$20 in one of the pockets and came on deck. There was just time to cut the stern boat from the davits, and the men got away only a few minutes before the schooner went down, caused by some accident unknown to the captain. It was a chilly night for so late in the season. The men headed for Monhegan island, but the sea kept them too far off, and they landed at 12.30 o'clock in the morning on the easterly side of Burnt island, between Monhegan island and the mainland.

Captain Hall's present command, the Angler, was built at Smithtown, on Long Island, in 1852. She is 81 feet long, and was built for the Galveston trade in winter and the coal trade in summer. When three or four years old she was sold to Wareham people, who used her in carrying nails to New York and taking cargoes of iron on her return voyages. She was practically worn out in the Wareham trade, but was later sold to Captain Paul Gibbs of this city, who fitted her up as a coaster. Captain Gibbs owned the schooner until he built the Golden Ball, when he sold the Angler to a Captain Brush of Brooklyn. Captain Brush got her badly crushed in the ice in New Haven harbor. The starboard side was broken in, and she was sunk and abandoned in the harbor. Everything of value was stripped from her, and she was left for the worms.

Captain Hall in the year 1898 found himself in New Haven with the R. P. King. He was hired by the government to anchor in the harbor where is now the outermost point of the breakwater, to serve as a lightship. There he was stationed during the memorable storm of the year 1898. It was too much for the captain's roving spirit, and hearing of the Angler, he inspected her. He gave \$50 for

the wreck and people laughed at him. In the spring there came a very low tide, so low that most of the water ran out of the schooner through a large hole four to five feet below the water line at the bow. Captain Hall patched these with boards and canvas. At high tide the schooner floated and Captain Hall pulled her onto the beach. It cost the captain a few hours' labor to do what those who had laughed at him had said would cost \$400. Captain Hall spent \$1,400 in fixing up the schooner, and since then the Angler has never had a mishap. Captain Hall wanted to rename her the Courageous, but the coastwise laws would not permit it.

Captain Hall has not been blinded by this commercial age, but waxes enthusiastic about the coast scenery of Maine. It is too much of a sameness around this coast, says the captain. Captain Hall made a trip up the Hudson not many summers ago, and it is of this trip that the captain has many pleasant memories. "To see the scenery along the Hudson," he says, "you don't want to go in a steamer; you should sail up and drift down in a sailing vessel. Then you get the full beauty of that region."

The captain went into Nantucket with a cargo of coal early last winter, and the ice kept him a prisoner there until well into the spring. "Nantucket is not such a bad place," says the captain. "I attended all the bean suppers in the churches, and went to all the dances. Nantucket is all right when you get on the inside track. Tom licked every individual cat on the island. Then they all got together one night before we left and gave him an awful trouncing. Tom didn't lose a meal on account of it, though!"

Go aboard the Angler today and you will find her fitted with tackle as heavy as carried on any coaster of her size. She carries as good a suit of Upsom sails as any coaster can boast. The last two voyages of the Angler have been from Marion to Newport with cargoes of wood. On the first trip Captain Hall loaded 60 cords of wood, 25 cords beneath the deck and a deck load of 35 cords. Captain Hall has made New Bedford a stopping port, but seldom stops here longer than over night or to wait for a gale to blow over. Wherever you find the captain you'll find a welcome. If you happen to be an Englishman, you'll be pleased to find the English Union Jack hung in the cabin. The Jack's a good thing to have when the captain is near some Canadian port. It's a friendly color to sail in under and purchase some things that can be had cheaper in Canada than in the state of Maine.—N. B. Standard.

APRIL 30, 1904.

Captain Slocum and the Spray Visit Nantucket.

Fresh from a trip up the coast from the West Indies, where she has been on a winter's cruise, the world famous sloop *Spray* sailed across the sound to Nantucket on Monday, and is now berthed at Steamboat wharf—the object of great curiosity. But it is not the *Spray* alone which is of interest, for her venturesome owner and skipper, Capt. Joshua Slocum, is rightly looked upon as one of the world's most remarkable men—a veritable human encyclopedia—interesting as a story teller and doubly interesting as the man who accomplished the feat of sailing around the world alone in this little 36-ft boat a few years ago. It certainly was a remarkable exploit that this interesting deep sea captain so successfully carried out, and everybody who can should visit the *Spray* and have a chat with her gallant skipper while she is at Nantucket.

Captain Slocum is always glad to receive visitors, and he never tires of talking with his guests. The *Spray* is not a luxuriously fitted craft, by any means; but she is extremely interesting, nevertheless, and the captain has curios and relics galore with which he entertains his friends. The scrap book in which he keeps his correspondence is one of the most interesting exhibits on board, as it contains letters from famous personages in all parts of the world bearing on his famous trip of 46,000 miles alone on the *Spray*, the details of which are most graphically told in his book entitled "Sailing Alone Around the World," which was published by the Century Company a few years ago.

A deep sea sailor ever since he first trod the deck of a ship, Captain Slocum in 1885 commanded the *Northern Light*, one of the largest and finest ships afloat, and became one of the most remarkable navigators of his day. Years afterwards he formed the determination to sail around the world alone in a boat built after his own idea. A native of Nova Scotia, he became a naturalized citizen of the United States and is a true Yankee in every sense of the word. Shrewd but decidedly clever in his dealings with the world, he has achieved for himself a place held by no other man alive.

His own hands fashioned the *Spray* at Fairhaven and after a year's tedious labor he turned out a craft which suited him and in which he sailed around the world. The *Spray* is only 36 feet 9 inches long and 14 feet 2 inches wide. She is decked all over, with raised hatches to give head room fore and aft. For ballast Captain Slocum filled her up with cement, and for canvas he first rigged her up as a sloop and afterwards as a yawl. When he had everything aboard his craft just as he wanted it, he stocked up with provisions and sailed away on his lonely voyage, as contented as he was when master of a full-rigged ship.

The experiences which Captain Slocum so interestingly relates of his lonely trip across the Atlantic, of being chased by Moorish pirates off the African coast; of the perilous passage "around the Horn," successfully encountering the dangers of storm and sea through the Straits of Magellan; of being seventy-two days on the open ocean with never a soul to speak to, not a single ship to be sighted, and no company but the elements—such are the exploits with which he entertains his friends. His visits to the Samoan islands, to Australia, to South Africa, and to countless other islands and countries which

lay in the path of the *Spray*, all furnish material for many interesting yarns, for as the little craft ploughed her way back up the coast to Boston after an absence of two years and two months she was still as tight as a cup, although decidedly weather beaten in outward appearance.

Captain Slocum is truly a remarkable man, and when asked if he cares to make another trip around the world in his little craft, says, "No, I don't; for what is the use of trying to do over again something which you have already done as well as you could." Still, he has in view another long voyage in the future; that is, if the Panama canal is finished before the *Spray* and her hardy skipper can no longer sail together. He would like to sail his little craft through the canal into the Pacific ocean "just for a little pleasure cruise," and his friends are hoping he may be able to carry out his desire.

The *Spray* is Captain Slocum's home, although he hails from Tisbury on the Vineyard, and anyone who is interested in remarkable men and remarkable boats will receive a royal welcome on board the *Spray*, if they care to stop for a chat while the skipper remains at Nantucket.

In the book in which he so interestingly describes his marvellous voyage, Captain Slocum has contributed a gem to the literature of today, copies of which have long ago found their way into every public library in the land, and those who have not already done so, will surely want to read the tale after a chat with the skipper.

At the request of our most prominent summer residents, Captain Slocum will deliver a lecture on his remarkable voyage, in the Athletic Club hall on Monday evening next. The lecture will be accompanied by a series of fine illustrations on the stereopticon.

AUGUST 3 1907

"Sailing Around the World in the Spray."

Captain Joshua Slocum had good reason to feel gratified at the reception accorded him in the Athletic Club hall, Monday evening, where a select audience gathered to hear the entertaining lecture on his remarkable voyage in the *Spray*, and he feels that Nantucket, her residents and summer visitors, have certainly given him the glad hand. Captain Slocum has made many friends during his brief visit here, and it was fitting that George Carlisle, who recently completed a tour of the world, should be the man to introduce the gallant skipper on this occasion. Mr. Carlisle's remarks were an interesting prelude to an interesting lecture, and he paid Captain Slocum a high compliment as a sailor and navigator.

The captain greeted his audience in a happy vein, and proved himself just as much at home in a lecture hall as on the deck of the *Spray*. He illustrated his talk with a series of photos on the stereopticon lantern, and for an hour and a half told about his remarkable voyage in such an interesting manner, with frequent dashes of wit and humor, that the audience could not restrain its enthusiasm, and the applause was very complimentary. His experiences on the long lonely voyage of 46,000 miles, of the dangers which the *Spray* so successfully encountered in passing through the Straits of Magellan, and of the cus-

toms and lives of the natives on the numerous islands which he visited, much of which Captain Slocum related in detail, made the lecture not only interesting but very instructive.

One point upon which the captain dwelt in particular was the entire harmony which existed on the *Spray* during her long voyage. There was no mutiny of any sort, no fault found with the cook, the crew always obeyed the skipper's orders to the letter, and perfect peace and contentment remained aboard from the start to the finish of the cruise.

At Melbourne the *Spray* was obliged to pay a fee at the custom house according to her tonnage, despite her skipper's claim that she was "merely a pleasure yacht." Captain Slocum retaliated, however, by covering his craft with canvas and charging sixpence admission. The picture of the boat which he threw upon the screen as she lay in Melbourne harbor, fitted up as a "curiosity shop," clearly demonstrated how Captain Slocum's Yankee shrewdness and ingenuity stood him in good stead on this occasion.

One of the most serious accidents which befell the *Spray* was on the homeward trip across the Atlantic. Captain Slocum had accepted a gift of a goat from a friend at one of the ports he stopped at, and was finally persuaded to take the "horned dog" with him for company. One day the goat got into the cabin without the skipper's knowledge and ate up the only chart of the West Indies which he had on board. The captain referred to the seven days during which the goat was with him as the worst of the entire voyage, and it was with a feeling of relief that the animal was marooned on the first island which came in the path of the *Spray*.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Captain Slocum was given an unanimous vote of thanks by his audience, not excepting three cheers and a tiger, led by a lusty college youth.

When the *Spray* sailed away Tuesday she had on board a gift from one of Nantucket's old whaling masters which Captain Slocum prizes most highly. Judge Thaddeus C. Defriez, appreciating the full worth of Captain Slocum as a sailor and navigator, has presented the skipper of the *Spray* with the sextant which he used when master of the ships *Richard Mitchell* and *Sacramento* in 1852 and 1858—a valuable instrument—which was also used by Judge Defriez's uncle, Capt. Thaddeus Coffin, on ships *Fabius* and *Franklin*, on Pacific ocean voyages made between the years 1830 and 1840. Captain Slocum said he appreciates the gift fully as much as he does the books owned by Robert Louis Stevenson, which were presented him by the widow of the noted writer while the *Spray* was on her remarkable voyage, and Captain Defriez's note accompanying the gift has been filed in the *Spray*'s scrap-book, which contains letters from hundreds of prominent persons scattered all over the world.

Aug. 10, 1907

FIRST ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

Inquirer and Mirror, August, 1888.

Some time ago I read in your paper an article about our ancient steam marine, which gave the history of the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic. It was stated that she sailed from Savannah in 1819. The interest that Nantucket had in that historic event was not mentioned. I am a "living witness" of the building of the "*Savannah*." She was built in New York in 1817, a full-rigged ship, with side-wheels, a little over 800 tons, sailed in a ballast from New York to Savannah, took in a load of cotton, and sailed for Liverpool. The captain of that steamer boarded at my mother's house in New York, and hailed from Nantucket. His name was Robert Inot. Some of the oldest men on the island will recall him well—a short, thick, pock-marked man. Every Wednesday and Saturday he would call me and say, "Come, Tommy, I want you to pilot me around the city this afternoon." I was always glad enough to go with him; sure of a good time and well-filled pockets. I also saw the first steamboat steam up the North River, in 1807—the "*Clermont*," built by Fulton.

During the year 1814, I saw Mr. Fulton very often. This came about from the necessity for guarding the warship "*Fulton*," which he was building for the government. The English fleet in Long Island sound had sent their barges up through Hell Gate in the night and burned Adam and Noah Brown's ship house, and the ship that was in the house, as well as the one that was on the stocks outside of the house. This they did, thinking they were burning the ship that Fulton was building. But that was all the while lying quietly alongside the wharf at the foot of Fulton street, New York. After that, guards were put around the ship, day and night. My uncle was one of the day guards and I used to take his dinner to him, and almost every day I saw Robert Fulton there.

Thos. A. Gardner.

July 30, 1888.

A Voyage 'Round Cape Horn on a Square-Rigger in the '90's.

By Richard V. Gray.

It used to be a commonplace saying in the era of sailing ships, "who would not sell a farm to go to sea?" In the light of Ruskin's description of a ship, as "one of the loveliest things man ever made, and one of the noblest," perhaps one might be pardoned for interpreting this interrogative sentence to mean that such an exchange might prove advantageous.

But, unfortunately, reality has a way of disabusing one's mind, and the men who go down to the sea in ships are no exception to that fact, and would seem to have justification for their skepticism, as you may agree with later.

However, those of us of seafaring lore, and indeed, I venture to say, almost everybody who has seen, in life or picture, a full-rigged ship, all sails set, heeling over to a good stiff breeze at about 10 to 15 knots, will agree that Ruskin's eulogy was not overstated.

It is a far day from the 8000 years during which Egyptian ship-building ideas were adopted and improved on by the Greeks and Romans, and down through the years of Western and Northern European and American shipbuilding.

Wood construction of sailing vessels gradually gave way to iron and steel, as did the type of vessel found to be more readily adaptable for trade, speed and safety. A more recent example of this is the American schooner, where man's ambitions became over-emphasized, and this type of vessel's usefulness was of comparatively short duration.

From the 1700's on, the most useful form of deep-sea commercial sailing craft would seem to have been that of the barque and the ship, the barque differentiating from the ship in being square-rigged on all but the last mast, the mizzen or jigger.

Those vessels, rigged to three, four and even five masts, though the latter were barques, ranged all the way from 250 to 500 tons, plied the seas world-wide, with Norwegian, German, British and American ownership predominating.

Those were the days when hardy seafaring men were born, and from cabin boy to captain, followed the tradition of the sea from generation to generation. A hard, difficult life, these men of nationalistic seafaring temperament, learned to combat, to utilize and confine, for their own ends, the forces of sea and air in the propulsion of sailing vessels, and, with their life-long study and knowledge of the heavens and their portents can truly be portrayed as those who went down to the sea in ships.

With the years, however, the intercourse between nations became more realistic. America's natural resources were being rapidly developed and its population growing. European immigration to the New World was becoming very active and trade and competition were expanding rapidly. Transportation between the Old and New World was called upon to meet these changing conditions, and, about 1840, the first steam-propelled vessels began to cross the Atlantic.

The sailing ships appeared to be giving way to more rapid forms of transportation, and it was not long before steamships crossing the Atlantic began to dominate that trade.

While ocean-sailing craft were still preferred for long hauls to the distant parts of the world, for reasons of economy, where time was not so essential, the gradual development of the steamer had been their death-blow. Norwegian and German sources continued to use them but, after 1910, they rapidly have become extinct.

Now, with this preamble, let's look at the subject of this talk; i. e., a narration of my own experience on one of these ships. It is unfortunately necessary (but I would ask your indulgence, should the personal pronoun be introduced more often than is desirable).

Born at Govan, a suburb of Glasgow, Scotland, my way to school—1 1-2 hours' journey to Glasgow—in later years, took me by foot and ferry through various docks, where I would gaze at foreign vessels loading and discharging cargo. You can imagine how this stirred my imagination. I can remember well on at least one occasion forgetting my destination, and playing hockey for the day amongst the delights of a sea-faring life.

Some years later and, as the result of a severe chest cold, my brother-in-law, Dr. Gilmour, after examining me, said, in his gruff Scotch manner: "Send him on a voyage."

This prescription, the subject of this talk, being duly filled, he calmly told me, three years later, that had I not gone on that voyage when I did, I would not be here now.

I will skip over my subsequent 3-months' stay at a farm on the Isle of Arran, waiting till the ship *Hyderabad*, recently launched, was completed. My other brother-in-law, Captain Dickie, had made the arrangements. Then, my dutiful big brother, Bill, took me in hand, and later deposited me on the poop-deck of this vessel at Swansea, Wales.

She had just completed loading a cargo of coal, had been severely decorated in the process. My marine enthusiasm went "plump;" it was not improved when, without any further delay, my brother handed me ten sovereigns, admonished me to behave myself, and promptly took himself ashore, leaving me standing amid the coal dust, pretty well disillusioned.

I was later on, however, to realize that this was my initial introduction to life, and, as it turned out, was my start in looking after my own destiny in the years ahead.

The *Hyderabad*, a steel, three-masted ship of 2100 tons, built in 1892, had a length of 276 feet and a beam of 42 feet. On this, her first voyage, under her captain, she carried a crew of 3 mates, bosun, two carpenters, steward, cook, 3 apprentices, 2 ordinary seamen and 15 able seamen (A. B.'s). The carpenter worked the donkey engine, when necessary.

I found my own quarters very comfortable. My cabin, under the chart-house on the port side, had two bunks, wash basin and sufficient room for my trunk and belongings. Next to it, aft, was the steward's pantry, ad-

joining the large captain's cabin and dining saloon.

I omitted to mention that the captain's two daughters were going on this trip, two pleasant girls around my own age. Their cabin was on the port side of the dining saloon, while the "Old Man" had his quarters on the starboard side—a long sitting-room and bedroom, with a large adjoining bath. In the dining saloon was an open fireplace, an additional attraction in this well-fitted-out cabin.

It was only a couple of days when—the crew having washed down everything and put things in ship-shape order—a tug appeared and warped us out of the dock, taking us in tow out into St. George's Channel. By afternoon, with all hands singing to the pull of the halyards and braces, the tug cast off and her crew waved us farewell on our voyage to 'Frisco, via Cape Horn.

The date is September 3rd, 1893. It is still a vivid remembrance to me, as I sat in the chart-house, of the *supposed* gentle rise and fall of the vessel as she shook hands for the first time with the Atlantic ocean; of my gripping the seat, as it seemed to sink down a hundred feet, then threatened to propel me up through the roof. I did not get sick, however, nor have I been since.

Fair weather and good winds accompanied us down through the Bay of Biscay. The ship, though a little stiff, showed good sailing possibilities, and the quality of her build and her up-to-date appointments, were approved by all hands.

Like the summer visitor to Nantucket, who wonders what the residents find to do all winter, you might possibly feel the same way about the crew on a sailing ship, as for month after month she ploys along, often for weeks on end seeing nothing but the horizon.

Well, strict discipline is, of course, essential and on the observance of watch hours, duties and meals the bosun and third mate, as head of the respective watches, see to it that every man is busy all the time.

Finishing the 4 to 8 a. m. watch, the decks are washed down and after breakfast the outline of work is made. Some men are to be found aloft at some adjustment job, others attending to rigging repairs, while the carpenters give their attention to caulking decks, when needed, and a scrutiny of all appurtenances under their care.

At the end of the 8 a. m. to 12 m. watch, all hands bring their mugs to the pump, at the base of the main-mast where the steward serves out their daily allowance of lime juice.

Then they go to the galley and get their ration of salt beef, etc., and not a very appetizing quantity, I assure you. Tea, coffee, hard-tack, form the basis for breakfast and supper, with whatever the cook and steward may find it best to provide additional. So, "who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"

The able seamen receive wages of \$1 a month and have the opportunity of purchasing whatever they need from the slop-chest—be it clothes or tobacco—but no drink is allowed on board, unless on the captain's order. A glass of grog might be given each man during or after working through heavy, stormy weather. At such times, taking in and trimming sail, with heavy seas keeping the decks full of water, the men are often exhausted, and find little time to even

take off their oil skins, always alert to the possible cry "All hands on deck!" at any time.

Down to the equator we had fine weather. I had, from almost the first day, developed a terrific appetite and helped myself at the hard-tack bin in the steward's pantry. I literally kept my pockets full all the time. The hard biscuits tasted awfully good to me.

Becoming familiar with all the ship's details, and likewise with all the members of the crew, I attached myself to the 2d mate's watch, and, for the rest of the voyage, participated in most of the work, and religiously bound myself to the four hours "off" and four hours "on" schedule of the watch. I enjoyed it, and after a time would automatically jump or waken as the eight bells' signal called us on deck.

I liked the 2d Mate and we became fast friends. During the night watches I would join him on the windward side of the poop deck, where we would pace back and forth for the four hours. Sometimes there would be changes of wind, etc., and standing beside him as he shouted orders to the helmsman and crew for adjustment of course or sails, I picked up considerable knowledge in ship management.

He was always explaining and giving me points on the why and wherefor of the handling and conduct of ships. It was a continuous story, and how I did eat it up. Like an intensive course of daily instruction, with practical illustrations taking place before me, I was indeed a preferred and eager student.

When taking in sails, or going aloft for some purpose, I intentionally refrained from going higher than the lower topsail yard, but I did enjoy being allowed to start taking my trick at the wheel. At first I was with another seaman or the 2nd mate beside me, giving me points to assure correct reading of the compass, its relation to the course and re-action of the ship's sails, and wind. At night, it was fun to steer by a star, or by keeping the leach of a sail just fairly full.

The weather, being pretty hot in the tropics, I had one of the crew make me a canvas hammock. This I slung under the bridge of the stand-ard compass, it being an idea in those days that, if one exposed himself to the light of the moon, one would get moon-struck.

One day, in the latitude of Africa, a bird was observed sitting on the end of the yard. It was quite small and of a yellowish color, and to see such a thing, almost in the middle of the Atlantic, caused some excitement. It only alighted for a couple of minutes and flew off, nor did we see it again.

To everybody on a sailing ship, the experience of lying in a dead calm, or "the Doldrums," as they are called, is neither pleasant nor comfortable. With the sea like glass, and the tar in the deck seams melting, the listless hang of the sails seem to add to the breathless atmosphere.

One evening I came upon one of the crew standing quietly by himself. He was a real old man, weather-beaten from a life-long voyage on the seas, of Swedish nationality, I think. His face denoted one who had lived a life,

patient and uncomplaining, serene and happy. As I stopped behind him and listened there he was, in a low, sing-song tone communing with nature and whispering, with a movement of his hands, his wish for wind.

"Come along, windie, come along, windie, come along," he was saying, just like a mother crooning to her sleeping infant.

It was a very impressive sight to me, young as I was, and I almost reverently moved quietly away.

During these hot and listless days, it was most interesting to see swimming around us one or two sharks, with their guide, the pilot fish, about a foot in front or above their snouts. The water was like glass, as the shark, very clearly seen, swam slowly after its pilot, about 6 feet under the surface. One day, (and every time the crew had an opportunity), a heavy, galvanized hook, baited with salt pork and attached to a strong line, was thrown over the side.

The first shark, probably because he was old and wary, swam around the bait and sheered off, but another showed more interest and, turning on its back, grabbed the bait. Instantly, the water was in a turmoil, as fish and captor fought for supremacy. Lashing and struggling furiously, this one we caught was about ten feet long.

He was hauled aboard. Once on deck the shark made little movement, and after ten minutes a long butcher's knife was brought by the cook and, with one movement, the shark was ripped open. Examination of the contents of the stomach was then made, but nothing of interest was found.

It had three rows of triangular serrated teeth in the vicious looking under-slung jaws. Its skin, as you rubbed it, was just like heavy emery paper and tough and hard.

The shark, after examination, was then separated from the hook and flung overboard. Its feeble attempts to swim were soon ended, and the water was agitated as nearly a dozen sharks pounced on it and devoured it. Thus ended the destruction of this mortal enemy of the sailor.

We usually went about in bare feet in the warm latitudes, but, for me, I had to learn by experience how to avoid trouble. One day, walking rapidly along the deck, an upraised splinter ripped into almost half the length of my foot. Another time, going into the cook's galley to talk to him, I stepped over the combing and landed on a pile of almost red-hot cinders which the cook had just swept from his stove.

Such incidents, resulting from my own thoughtlessness, were extremely corrective and I was fortunate to have no serious trouble. The comfort of bare feet had its disadvantages, unfortunately. My feet got very flat and broad, and I had the dickens of a time, when we got to Frisco, hobbling ashore, to get a larger pair of shoes.

"Speaking" to other ships was always welcome, and so unlike what radio does today. Immediately a ship is sighted, each vessel runs up her house flags, if within the usual distance. Then follow flags from either, to denote either a request for assistance, food, or medical supplies, or, that all is well, and asks to be reported so.

The reading of these flags is called off and their meaning translated from a code book, just like a cable in code is translated today. When the ships arrive in port, be it one month or more later, in the next day's daily paper, in the shipping column, there is usually to be found "ship reports having sighted ship ——— in latitude ——— longitude ——— all well."

We had interesting "talks" of this kind on the voyage, and they were always welcome, as being the only touch we had with the outside world for weeks or months on end.

My adventurous spirit got me in more jams sometimes than were good for me. My experiences aloft were many, and I shudder to think of the chances I took. One incident stands out in my memory very clearly. I had been in the habit, during the dog watches, of going forward to the apprentices' house to have a game of cards. We had been playing one night and, thinking it was time to get aft to my quarters, I opened the door.

It was quite dark, the wind had freshened and she was shipping quite a little water over the deck. Visualizing the various impediments, capstans, etc., to be avoided to get aft in the dark, I made one dash, when the ship was on an even keel—reached the poop ladder and scrambled up it.

Just as I reached the poop-deck, however, a sea struck her and the spray washed me clear down to the lee railings. I blessed those railings, else I was a goner, over the side. Nobody had seen me, and I made my way to the chart-house and down to my cabin. Speaking of water, an inch of water on deck, moving with the roll of the ship, will take the feet from under you, and you are liable to get a bad bruise when you collide with something.

As we got farther south, the air became colder. I still was able to fish off the jib boom for albacore and watch the porpoises as they played around the bow of the ship, but not for long. The heavy weather canvas was brought up from below and the change from light weather to storm sails was made.

Down through the "roaring forties" and everything was made snug for the heavy weather awaiting us. That beautiful sight, the "Southern Cross," was now appearing each night, but the weather was getting argumentative and oil-skins and sea boots were now the order of the day.

We still had, however, the company of those feathered friends of the sailor, "Mother Carey's chickens." These are small birds, not unlike and about the size of a sparrow, but woe betide any one should they even attempt by line and bent pin to catch one.

Different, however, is it with the Albatross, that beautiful white king of the southern wastes. A light line and hook, baited with "sailors' delight"—salt junk—is trailed about 100 yards astern, and in no time his majesty swoops down, and then the fun begins.

With wings outspread, and his webbed feet resisting violently against the surface of the waves, he is gradually pulled in and grabbed, before he can injure anybody. His life is

short. On the deck and unable to rise, he is given a wide berth, as his powerful lunges may break a man's leg. I was given the breast alone. Beautiful white plumage it was, and I spent many days in trying to cure the skin with carbolic acid. When I got home, however, and presented it to my sister I am afraid my curative prowess was not appreciated, as, white or no, it was consigned to the garbage can. Evidently its aroma exceeded its beauty.

It was not long now 'til, from the 50-50 latitudes, we found ourselves battling to get 'round the Horn. In this desolate region, continuous gales blow from the west for six months, the remainder of the year from the east, but with sometimes better weather and less wind.

To get to the Pacific, we had it in our teeth, as this was now November. Close-hauled and beating all the time under lower-reefed topsails, a jib and possibly a staysail, when feasible, you cannot imagine a more tumultuous scene.

Under water all the time, heavy combers crashing over the deck, 'til the bulwark ports seemed hardly sufficient to let the water out, the ship diving and rolling in sweeping high seas and howling gale, day after day; the sky always a dull leaden hue and the cold bitter. Truly it seemed the most desolate and God-forsaken place in the world.

As I look back, I was too young, I suppose, to fully realize the seriousness of all of the dangers. It was fun to me to try and navigate around, never letting go of one safeguard, 'til I saw an opportunity to grip another.

I do remember once, however, that I intentionally let go of the rail in the saloon, as the ship took a terrific roll, and sat down on the deck. I went bang to the other side, literally standing on the other side-wall. I thought the ship had turned turtle for a moment, but no, she righted herself and did it many times afterwards.

It was about this time that one day, as all hands were taking in the main upper-topsail, an apprentice and the 3rd mate were found to be missing. A search found them hiding in the paint locker, under the bow. They were badly frightened but deserved the contempt showered on them by the rest of the crew.

As day after day followed, with no let up, structural damage began to appear. Many loose rivets were found washing around on the deck and the bulwark ports were not functioning too well. The parral, holding the fore-main-yard, broke and the yard came crashing to the deck, narrowly missing a seaman at the corner of the fo'c's'le.

During these days, Capt. Scott seldom took off his clothes, snatching what sleep he could on a couch. My sense of the ridiculous, even in those times, was difficult to control. One day, during an unusually heavy roll of the ship, I heard a crash and there was the "Old Man" on the floor. He was a heavy man, around sixty, and his fall off the couch, plus his injured dignity and my laughter, did not seem to improve the situation. He was not hurt physically, however.

One day, the Captain and his mates held a conference. The picture was bad. We had been drifting southwardly all the time; now icebergs had been sighted. In addition, to the structural damage to the ship, the crew were becoming exhausted, living in their soaking oil skins all the time, with little rest or sleep, and many of them were unable to work from salt water sores.

The previous day, the crew, taking shelter in the mate's saloon, had refused to go on deck, when the lower-topsail had, with a report like a cannon, just disappeared. In view of this critical situation it was decided to wear ship, and run for the Falkland Islands for repairs.

The decision was hailed by all hands. This difficult and dangerous operation in the heavy seas was accomplished safely and with the gale behind us we finally made Port Stanley, in the Falklands, in about ten days.

Our troubles were not over yet, however. Awaiting the arrival of a small launch, to help us get through a narrow entrance into the harbor, what did we do but find ourselves aground. At the next high tide, however, with the help of a kedge anchor and our donkey engine, we floated and got into the harbour and anchored safely.

The Falklands are composed of two separate islands in the eastern of which is Port Stanley, the capital. The islands are sparsely populated, mostly by English-speaking people, who tend sheep, although the Falkland Island Company, in reality a large smithy, gives work to a few people. This smithy undertakes repairs on ships in refuge, like ourselves, if the work is not too extensive or difficult.

In the not too exciting four months that we were being repaired, a few other ships crawled in, disabled. One in particular was a mess and very dirty. She had run short of provisions and lime juice, as a result of which six men had already died of scurvy and three more succumbed while under a doctor's care at Port Stanley. She was a mean ship, but "who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"

I found little to do ashore—a few visits with these simple and lonely folk and to the few stores. The people were all very poor, but I think we were able to add to their simple pleasures and they always enjoyed seeing us. A British governor was stationed at Port Stanley, and twice a month a mail boat from Montevideo brought letters and mail and other needs.

Christmas was a quiet, happy time, when we were there, the people's simple enjoyments being quite pathetic. All the time we were there, we lived off mutton, mutton and more mutton. Three or four carcasses would be brought aboard at one time and the crew reveled in the fresh meat, but even they got tired of it before we left. One thing I do remember—I had parted with nearly all the 10 sovereigns my brother had given me, and I hadn't reached Frisco yet!

It was in March that, repairs being completed, we made ready to try to get 'round the Horn again. Before leaving the Falklands, however, let

me digress for a moment and turn the calendar ahead twenty years, when I was in business in Mexico City.

From 1911 to 1918, during the Mexican Revolution, we, of the British colony in Mexico City, had rented a large house, with many rooms, equipped and furnished with lots of beds and foodstuffs. This was to be used as a house of refuge, should local conditions become too dangerous and necessitate its use by members of the Colony.

One day in Sept. 1914, the Embassy informed us that a British squadron under Admiral Craddock had put in at Vera Cruz and that, as he would be in the city that night, we were invited to meet him. He could present the cups some of our members had won at the rifle range. I forgot to mention that a number of us drilled at our refuge house and at week-ends, went out to the firing range for practice.

Admiral Craddock did come and he brought with him a Marine, together with a rapid-fire gun, which was installed in one of the windows of our house. The Admiral we found to be a hearty and jolly man of about sixty, and in the course of the evening, after the presentation, he became just one of us and we had a most enjoyable evening.

The next day, however, we were informed that the Admiral had left hastily for Vera Cruz, to join his squadron, and had sailed immediately. Of course, World War I was on, but his hasty departure puzzled us. Three months later and what is now history became clear to us.

Suddenly advised by the British Admiralty that a German squadron, under Admiral Graf Spee, was operating in the Southern Pacific, Admiral Craddock had been ordered to go after him. Craddock had done so, meeting up with them off the Coast of Chile, where, Nov. 1st, 1914, he had attacked. But three British cruisers, silhouetted against the western, evening sun, had been sunk and all hands lost.

Immediately, the British Admiralty had ordered two dreadnaughts and a few cruisers to proceed to Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, under forced draft, and there await the return of the Germans, as they came 'round into the Atlantic. It was not long before Admiral Spee did just that thing and when, in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands, the historic battle took place on December 8, 1914. The British warships, hidden in Port Stanley harbour and behind high ground, took the German ships unawares and sank every one of them, though they rescued such drowning men as they were able to reach. It was a splendid revenge, but Admiral Craddock's death was a great blow to all of us, who had so recently enjoyed his company and his hearty personality. You can imagine my own personal reaction to this whole affair as I read of the engagements in territory I had known so well, twenty years before.

As our four months' holiday at Port Stanley came to an end we felt great regret at leaving these good people, who had contributed to our welfare as best they could, and had made us feel a part of their lives.

However, getting back into the old routine of our home, anchors were raised, sails unfurled and waving farewell, the little launch towed us out through the harbour entrance and we resumed our voyage.

A break in our crew, however, had taken place. The 3rd mate, and the apprentice, before referred to, had stayed behind in Port Stanley, asserting that, as they were sure we would never get 'round the Horn, they were not going to risk it. We acquired a senior apprentice from another ship, however, and he acted as 3rd mate for the remainder of the voyage.

When we reached the Horn again it was the time of the year for easterly winds and, while it was stormy and wild, the winds were with us and we got around without further trouble. This was really three times we had gone back and forth at the Horn, and when finally, on our way home, we again went 'round it, we practically had gone around it four times on one voyage.

As we began the long trail up through the Southern and Northern Pacific to San Francisco, the ship acted well, and her repairs seemed satisfactory. The days passed, with more or less routine operations, except that one instance of insubordination had to be dealt with.

Two of the crew, refusing to obey some incident of work, and becoming abusive to the officer of the watch, the captain was called. On further refusal to do what they were ordered to do, hand-cuffs were promptly clapped on them and they were put down in the lazarette.

After a day of bread and water they changed their attitudes, and being logged (which is the expression for writing the incident in the log-book) they were released and went back to work, sadder but wiser men. It was an interesting example of more reasonable methods to assure obedience rather than the extreme and often brutal punishment employed in years past against the defenseless men on the part of overbearing officers.

Watching the chart each day as we neared our destination, I was eager to see the various activities, which would occur when we sighted "land," and got ready to enter port. Everyone scanned the horizon each day, and one afternoon, what looked like haze, but shortly was made out as a steamer, came into view. In a short time, the tug *Sea Lion* came alongside. It was strange to see her, as to all appearances we were still at sea, and no land was in sight. We were going along with a good breeze at about 8 knots, and as the tug steamed alongside us, there ensued the amusing sallies between the tug captain and our own.

"Give us your rope, captain," the tug skipper would yell.

"How much?" was our answer.

The conversation was not unlike that of "Tug-Boat Annie" in the Saturday Evening Post, though less provocative.

The two captains jockeyed back and forth, the longer the better for us, as we were gradually lessening the distance to be towed. When the tug's offer was finally accepted, the price

was much less, as there was no other ship in sight. The tug had to make a deal before another tug might appear.

Now in charge of the tug, the crew began clewing up our various sails, the anchor and chains were adjusted, and before long, land appearing, we were all ready to arrive at our destination.

The entrance through the high cliffs of the Golden Gate gave me a great thrill, and when we later dropped anchor in the harbour, almost off Market Street, the view of the lighted city was a wonderful sight. It was Sunday night, I remember, and no traffic was visible.

The next morning I was up early, and there was the great harbour, stretching as far as one's eye could see, and with a breadth of nearly nine miles. The position where we were at anchor is today a man-made island stepping-stone for the Bay Bridge, stretching from Frisco to Oakland on the other side of the harbour.

A tug appeared soon and took us along-side a wharf, where our cargo of coal was discharged. Then we left for dry-dock, to see if any damage had resulted from our grounding at Port Stanley. When we climbed down to the bottom of the dock, the ship herself looked like a long box.

There on the strake, near the keel, in the center, was a great indentation, into which one could put his whole fist. We blessed the good steel plate which had not given way as, had the sharp rock pierced the plate at Port Stanley, the ship would probably have been there yet, a total loss. Heavens! To think we had been sailing for over two months with that almost fractured plate on our bottom!

After being repaired and towed out of the dry-dock, her agents informed us that the freight market was too low to accept a return cargo at that time. So we were towed farther up the harbor and anchored. The ship was there dismantled, for what possibly might be a long stay.

One of the first things our crew had done, as is always the case when a ship arrives, was to obtain leave. With all the money they could get from the captain, they made for the grog-shops, etc., and most of them never returned.

This is an always economical incident for the owners, and with the officers, apprentices, cook and steward, and a few sailors, the ship was laid up for an indeterminate stay.

My curiosity and interest in seeing my first American city gave me endless joy. I roamed far and near—Golden Gate Park, China-town, the Botanical Gardens, Market Street, with its broad, steep avenue of cable trolleys to and from the ferry terminal, the shops, the people and their interesting personalities and accents.

But most appealing to me were the amazingly large peaches, the great bunches of grapes, and other fruits. Oh, boy! didn't I have a time! I was never hungry. I had fortunately the advantage of visiting, with the captain and his daughters, many homes of friends of his. To a boy like me, the cordiality and kindnesses of these friends, their homes and methods of doing things, made a lasting impression.

A Voyage 'Round Cape Horn on a Square-Rigger in the '90's.

By Richard V. Gray.

[The following narrative is the conclusion of Mr. Gray's interesting experience of a voyage from Liverpool, 'round the Horn to San Francisco and return, in 1893, when he was a youth in his early 'teens.]

Evenings, the apprentices and I would go ashore, our curiosity leading us in many directions. There were the music halls ("Ta-ra-ra-boom de ay" was one of the hits at that time), theatres and night life, etc. The whole lit-up spectacle gave me a somewhat sobering knowledge of what the world was doing in a less sedate atmosphere than in Scotland.

My original ten sovereigns having long since gone, I had arranged with Capt. Scott to supply me with currency, as I needed it. A dollar went farther in those days, but the big silver dollars seemed to melt away pretty rapidly. Whatever the bill was that was presented my brother at the end of the voyage, I never did know. A few years afterwards, my brother did remark one day: "Dick, whatever did you do with all the money you spent?" My answer was very general, and nothing more was said.

My explorations with the apprentices had been frequent, and I guess I must have paid for all hands. I do not recollect that I purchased any keepsakes to take home. I did, however, invest in a ready-made suit and some shoes. I took a great fancy to a musical instrument. It was flat, had metal strings, was plucked with a plectrum, while the notes were played on a fretted finger-board by the left hand. Something on the order of the zither. I forget its name, but it gave me lots of pleasure for several years.

All this good time, however, had to come to an end. One day our agents informed Capt. Scott that they had chartered the *Hyderabad* for a grain cargo to Liverpool. In a few days, a tug came alongside to take us in tow for Port Costa, the grain-loading section, located away up in the wooded section of an adjacent river.

There, in this hot and humid country, I made the acquaintance of the American mosquito, often to the detriment of my nose and eyelids, especially asleep at night.

About fifty yards away was a train ferry slip. It was a great sight to me to watch the ferry, as it transported across the river the Southern Pacific trains, or cars, on their way to Oakland.

During the week or two that we lay at Port Costa, a favorite sport at night was to lower a bag into the water, having a handful of grain at the bottom. In the morning, when we raised it, it would be full of fish, somewhat like a cod. As we were advised, however, that they were not edible, they were thrown away, but they looked so fine, it seemed a great waste to me.

A few of us, one night, thought we would go and investigate a large peach orchard about a mile away. We found it to be very extensive, and surrounded by a high wire netting fence.

We managed to get in, but before we could secure any peaches the loud baying of dogs was heard from afar, and we took to our heels, arriving back at the ship about 1 a. m.

When the ship was loaded, we were towed back to 'Frisco harbour, and there the matter of getting a new crew took place. Shore-front firms, whose business it is to supply new crews, secure the men from saloons, etc., row them out to the ship in various conditions of insensibility, and dump them on board. "Shanghaiing" was the term used in those days for this procedure.

As I watched the operation, the term seemed to suit the results. The next morning, a survey was made of these flotsam and jetsam specimens of seafaring life. In spite of hangovers, they were put to work, conditioning the ship, bending sails, etc., and in a few days we were all ready to set out on our return voyage to Liverpool.

Having received the shipping papers and the mail, etc., from our agents, a tug came alongside one morning and took us in hand. It was a beautiful morning as the tug *Sea Lion* towed us down the harbour and out through the Golden Gate entrance.

The wind was very light, and as we passed the city I waved goodbye to a happy four months amongst these hospitable people. With the crew aloft unfurling sails, the passage through the "Gate" ($\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile wide) was very impressive, its high sides picturesque, heavily-timbered, and with seals sporting themselves at the entrance.

Once clear of the land, the tug cast off, but the wind was failing and after another hour, making no headway, we signalled for another tug, which towed us some ten miles further out, where we picked up a breeze sufficient to send us on our way.

We had very favorable and steady winds for the next week. The new crew, after taking stock and acquainting themselves with the ship and with each other, settled down to the routine jobs. They seemed an able lot, except for one old chap, who could hardly carry a full bucket of water.

It was fun to listen to the "tall" stories of some, the wonderful ships they had been in, the quick passages they had made, etc. For sailor-men, like many laymen, have a form of inferiority complex and the Lord knows, with their hard lives, they can hardly be blamed for trying to make their existence seem more attractive.

There are usually one or more men in the crew who have a more exaggerated ego. We had one smart "alex". He was attractive-looking, but he started out dispensing the information that he had a mate's ticket in his trunk, and also that he had great pugilistic ability and dared anyone to try a battle with him. He strutted around and seemed to have nearly all the crew scared to tackle him. On his trick at the wheel, he would march aft in dancing pumps.

One day, a little Welshman, stocky and sturdy, became enraged at some of this chap's taunts and challenged him. The fight came off in the evening, and lo and behold our Lothario got the most awful beating, and like a deflated balloon had to live down the scorn of his ship-mates for the rest of the voyage.

In the tropical regions, south of the Equator, it was noticed that there were some insects or other jumping on the deck. Further investigation revealed that a load of sand, which had been put on board at Frisco for holystoning the decks, had developed a fine crop of fleas. While it was amusing to watch them jumping on the deck it was not nearly so funny when we found them securely ensconced in the inner seams of our pants, nor were one's nightly explorations therein either agreeable or diverting.

Getting farther south, it was my great desire to get a sight of Pitcairn Island. Before reaching that latitude, however, one morning as I came on deck for the 4 a. m. watch, I heard a peculiar sound, a sort of muffled booming. I asked the 2d mate what it was. Before he could give me an answer there was a yell from the look-out on the fo'castle head: "Breakers ahead!"

Luckily, all hands were on deck, and swift orders were given to the man at the wheel, "Starboard your helm," while the crew dashed to the braces and swung the yards and sails in the proper direction. All was confusion for a moment.

As the ship payed off on the other tack, daylight broke quite quickly, as is usual in those latitudes, and there about two miles away, was what looked like a huge pile of sand with only one palm tree, as far as I could see. It was a very narrow shave, and as the "old man" later said to me: "If we had struck that island, there would have been nothing left of us in a short time."

This incident put us on a more westerly course, to avoid a number of these small islands in this vicinity, with the result that we passed Pitcairn too far west to even see it.

I am not going to tire you with a repetition of the daily happenings on board. Stormy weather, calms, and the crew's chores on deck and aloft; the caulking of the deck seams; sail-makers repairing as they sat cross-legged on the deck, deftly using their steel needles.

I mentioned previously the matter of the quality of the crew's grub, but the following incident will illustrate this more fully. One day after their dinner had been ladeled into their pans and taken back to the fo'castle, the crew were seen to emerge, carrying their tins with the contents exposed.

They came marching aft in a body, and called on the captain to witness what had been served them as food. Protesting vigorously, they all turned and contemptuously threw the contents of the tins overboard. It was quite dramatic. The matter was rectified, but it was very evident that some of the barrels put on board at 'Frisco had contained products absolutely unfit for consumption.

As the ship approached Cape Horn again, the weather was boisterous, as before. But with the wind behind us, conditions were not so adverse and we got around the Horn and in the South Atlantic with no casualties.

This time I witnessed another ship, about 4 miles away, battling, as we had before, to reach the Pacific. One minute you would see the top of her masts, as she lifted on the high seas, and then nothing, until she again reappeared on the next high sea. I never

did see her hull. It was a graphic illustration of what a ship looks like, and goes through, in those dangerous waters.

Adverse winds in the South Atlantic did not augur well for our making a quick passage, nor for the winning of bets made with two other ships, which had left 'Frisco at the same time we did.

While it is not absolutely correct to say there is never a dull moment on board ship, there is always some incident which, like our experience with the island in the Pacific, would almost made one believe it to be so.

One night, about 9 o'clock, we were going along fairly close-hauled, under a good breeze. It was slightly hazy. Suddenly, another ship appeared, not more than 100 yards off our port bow, going like the dickens. At the angle she crossed our bow, (she had no lights) we had little more than a glimpse of her in the hazy darkness before she disappeared off to starboard.

With no warning, she came and went, before we had time to do anything. Those of us who saw her, got a terrific scare. I will always carry that picture in my mind. The "Phantom Dutchman," beautiful, yet, but paralyzing for the moment, in what might have turned out to be another mystery of the sea.

As we got farther north, we found the northeast trade winds strong, and just what we wanted. Through the Sargasso Sea, with its interesting weed-growth, we made good progress on our western slant, but it was on our beat to the northeast that I had my finest exhibition of a full-rigged ship driving into it.

For a week, we had been trying to make the most of these favorable winds, but one night the picture was supreme. I was walking forward—about 5 a. m.—and stopped to view the scene. With every sail we could put on her, tight as a drum, the ship was travelling at a great speed, heeling over, until her lee gunwale was barely two feet above the water.

I stood there practically enveloped in canvas, above and around, with no apparent exit.

But it scared me, as I saw the rushing waters alongside and heard all around and above *crack, crack, crack*—with the terrific strain put on the halyards and the pressure and tense movement of yards and sails and masts.

I spoke to some of the crew about it. They were all watching and hoping that nothing would give way, as also was the captain. He never took his eyes off aloft and the crew was ready to jump to orders at any moment. Yes, this was carrying on with a vengeance. It was an exciting experience for me, audacious, and yet a triumphant exhibition of man's mastery of the elements.

It was not long before we were all looking out for the sight of the land. We had been about 140 days, so far, on the trip home, and everybody was looking forward to the end of what had been a long and arduous voyage. In fact, what had been expected to be a nine months' voyage was now almost eighteen months, and we were not home yet.

This was rather forcibly illustrated one day. We were about 200 miles off the southwest coast of Ireland, when it began to blow heavily from the

west. The next morning, it diminished but about mid-day it began again, this time with almost gale force.

We changed our course quickly, so as not to be caught on a lee shore, and beat out to sea again. It was well we did so. For a solid week this condition kept up, each day the gale winds dying down, but in a few hours roaring again.

To make it worse, our cargo of grain had shifted, and many of the crew were down below, trying to correct our bad list. Lying over, at quite a bad angle, one of our life-boats was lifted right out of its chaulks, smashed, and washed away. We later learned that quite a few vessels had gone down in this storm.

Evidently satisfied that he had given up a hearty reminder for the last time, Old Boreas let up, and we finally were able to crawl, like a wounded crab, around Ireland and into St. George's Channel.

At this point, I would like to refer to an incident which occurred when, a few nights before we arrived, I was talking on deck with some of the crew.

"Sonny," one of them said to me, "when we saw you coming aboard at Swansea, we hoped that a coffin was on board, and now, look at you!"

Yes, I had grown strong and husky, thanks to my brother-in-law, Dr. Gilmour, who really had saved my life, but it was a startling shock to hear that I had presented such an appearance of serious illness when I started out on the voyage.

It was not many hours more until a tug came alongside and towed us into Liverpool, where we came to anchor, almost opposite the landing steps.

The next day—March 1st, 1895—as I and my belongings were being rowed ashore, I stood and looked back

Yes, there, lopsided, rusty, but still fit for more battles, was the *Hyderabad*, to which, (though I had no idea of it then) I was to owe the foundation, by a very practical experience, for my future marine business life.

MAY 27, 1950.

OBITUARY.

By telegram Tuesday evening, we learn of the death of Captain John Niven, at Thorntown, Indiana, at 11 a. m., 12 inst. Capt. Niven was well known to this community as an affable agreeable gentleman and many of our older residents will severely feel his loss. He was master of the Earl of Eglington, which was stranded on our island in 1846. And whenever convenient his pleasure has been to revisit Nantucket, where among a large circle of friends he was ever welcome. Many years since Capt. Niven settled in Indiana, where after filling many positions of usefulness with great ability, he has passed away leaving a good record for manliness and integrity. To his estimable wife and children who were with him at his decease, the sympathy of his numerous friends here is extended and a feeling of sorrow prevails the community as we reflect that here we shall see him no more. C.

The death of Capt. John Niven at Thorntown, Indiana vividly recalls to the minds of many of our older readers the loss of the Earl of Eglington forty-six years ago, of which the following account copied from the "Lists of Wrecks" compiled by the writer some years ago may be read with interest:

March 14, ship Earl of Eglington, Capt. John Niven, of Greenock, Scotland, from Liverpool to Boston, with a cargo of 300 tons of salt, 100 tons of coal, 50 bales of dry goods and 50 cases of copper, struck on the South Shoal; let go her anchors and drifted shoreward until 2 o'clock next morning, (Sunday,) when she struck on the "Old Man." As she began to leak badly, Capt. Niven beached her near Nobidear Pond at 8 a. m., with six feet of water in her hold. The sea immediately made a clean breach over her. At this juncture, two boats, each containing four men, put off from the ship. One of them upset when near the undertow, and two of the occupants were drowned. The other two were rescued by parties from the shore, who rushed into the surf, at the risk of their lives, and seized them as the boat went over. The other boat upset on coming round the ship's stern, and all the occupants were lost. A large number of people soon arrived from town, and by means of pantomimic efforts, the people on board were induced to launch an oar, with a line attached. This came in shore as far as the first rollers, when, by means of a blue-fish dawl, skilfully thrown over the floating oar, it was hauled ashore. A larger rope was then attached to this, and a piece of paper containing instructions was carefully wrapped up in rope yarns, to keep it dry and fastened on. This was then hauled on board the vessel, the directions noted, and in pursuance with them, a heavy rope cable made fast to the timber heads on the fore-castle, hauled taut, and made fast to a stake in the beach. A sort of sling, capable of holding one man, was then improvised by suspending a pair of hames from a traveling noose attached to the cable, and having a line fast at the ship and shore ends. By this means, the remainder of the crew were safely landed. When the Captain came ashore the noose gave way, and he dropped into the sea, but fortunately he was near the beach, and was rescued by those on shore. For three days the sea raged so high that no boat could approach the wreck. The ship and cargo were a total wreck. She was a staunch vessel of 519 tons burden, and was but eighteen months old.

A Song and a Story.

The Lafayette, Ind., Courier has received from the Acme Publishing House, of Chicago, the words and music of a song that has already become famous. It is entitled "Captain John Niven and I" and is flattered with some local interest. The words are by the prince of humorists and good fellows, Robert J. Burdette, and the music by T. Brown. The title page is happily conceived, and bears well executed portraits of the author and the source of information—the famous old salt of the sea who is of the salt of the earth and as jolly a tar as ever "blawsted his top-lights." Captain John Niven made his home in Lafayette for several years, afterwards moving to Thorntown, where he engaged in banking. He has retired from active business and is leading a quiet and contented life at his suburban place "Chrome Hill,"—a jewel of a home set in a rim of rural emerald. Old name that, and perhaps it is well to explain. Captain Niven is a Scotchman whose very presence is suggestive of the "land of cakes and bonnie dunnies," and his mellifluous brogue is such as to at once turn one's fancy to Bobby Burns and the Highlands and the thousand and one memories that crowd upon each other's heels in the history of that land of patriots and poets, of song and story. Captain Niven's father was a dyer, and it was he who originated and perfected the color known the world over as "chrome." For this, Niven *pere* was knighted, and Niven *fits* proudly perpetuates the mark of distinction—hence his home, with every door open to all comers, is designated "Chrome Hill."

Most of his days were spent upon the seas, and he has been in every quarter of the globe—from Greenland's icy mountains to Emerald's coral strand, from bananas to ice, from h— to breakfast." As commander of a big British ship he voyaged to America, and while engaged in this laudable enterprise he became the unwitting discoverer of Tom Nevers' Head. This is a rocky projection in the vicinity of the island of Nantucket on the Eastern coast, and Captain Niven's first acquaintance with it was when the prow of his good ship went upon it in a storm, pounded itself to pieces and finally went to the bottom of the sea. The captain and part of his crew managed to get to the shore, and since that eventful moment he has been a useful and patriotic subject of the star-spangled banner.

Although far removed from the ocean, he has never lost his taste for the salt air and the mighty deep, and almost every summer he spends a fortnight on the quaint old island of Nantucket and in the neighborhood of Tom Nevers' Head the scene of his first landing in America. It was there he induced Burdette, humorist, poet, preacher and good fellow, to go, and it was there that these two old cronies, the one aged enough to be the other's father, but each quite youthful in mind and heart, swapped stories, fished for sharks and lightened the burdens of the brave little woman whose unspeakable affliction seemed to only strengthen her patience and faith and whose greatest pride was her devoted husband, the kindly humorist and philosopher. Nantucket is the quaintest town on this hemisphere. The ways of the Puritans are still honored there and little do the simple natives care for modern inventions and innovations. It is the only place in the United States where the Towu Crier still survives. When an occasional boat arrives from the mainland the crier learns the news of the world, or such as he may happen to secure, and then with his horn to attract attention, he goes through the streets announcing such matters as he deems to be of public interest. It is the last of a custom that prevailed

before the newspaper era, and Nantucket is probably the only place in the world where it is still observed in its pristine purity. In this strange place, among a goodly but simple-minded folk, Captain Niven and Mr. Burdette seek solace from the strife of the world, and here it was that the famous wit and poet wrote the song that inspired these fragmentary allusions:—

CAPTAIN JOHN NIVEN AND I.

We are two sons of blue salt sea,
Captain John Niven and I;
Fo'castle comrades and shipmates we
Old Captain John and I.
What tales we can tell of the restless deep,
Of storms that blew and calms that sleep,
Of ships that go down and hearts that weep
Under an angry sky.

CHORUS.—

Old Captain John and I,
Old Captain John and I,
We are two sons of the blue salt sea,
Captain John Niven and I.

See! this is the way we've sailed together,
Brave Captain John and I;
He in the face of wind and weather,
Hearing the storm King's cry,
Lifting his voice in the tempest's roar,
While hissing clouds their torrents pour,
And the breakers whiten the gloomy shore
And the lightning reads the sky.

And over our ship no tempest broke,
There was never a sail to furl,
While around our heads the Havana's smoke
Would fragrantly twine and curl,
And noiselessly miles and hours sped on,
Till our watch and the night together are gone,
And we go below with the paling dawn
At peace with the whole wide world.

I've sailed so far with this shipmate of mine,
Holding his good strong hand;
And somehow the weather was always fine
When we stood away from land,
Blow fair, blow foul, but we hold our way
Till the pilot will come to the twilight grey
And we will sail quietly into the bay
I and my Captain grand.

So Near, But Yet So Far . . . The Mayflower II Sailed Past Nantucket to Plymouth



The tiny Mayflower II, replica of the famed vessel which brought the Pilgrims to these shores back in 1620, was the news of the week as she sailed slowly up the coast to Plymouth. As she went forward — and at times, backwards — toward her destination, Nantucket came in for her share of publicity. The Mayflower's course was noted on news broadcasts and in newspaper reports, as the island was used as a reference point for the vessel's progress.

However, very few Nantucketers actually saw the little ship, as she passed far offshore. Like the rest of the United States, the average person on the island depended entirely upon television for glimpses of the Mayflower, although Representative Robert F. Mooney was a member of the welcoming delegation, and three or four other Islanders also attended the ceremonies.

The above picture was taken as the Mayflower II sailed southeast of the Island from a plane piloted by Robert Caddigan, Manager of Nantucket Flying Service. The photo was taken by Mrs. J. G. Halsey, of 92 Main Street, who kindly loaned it to us for publication. Mrs. Halsey made the flight out to the Mayflower as the guest of Mrs. Joseph Roby, owner of the Flying Service. The flight covered more than 500 miles, and took over five hours.

June 15, 1957

July 14, 1892

Jan. 23, 1890

Skipper of Kateri-Tek Fatally Stricken

A 17-year-old youth, serving as a deck hand on the Hyannis to Martha's Vineyard excursion boat, "Kateri-Tek," finding the boat's skipper had dropped dead at the wheel when it was about two miles outside of Oak Bluffs, took over in masterful fashion and brought the boat safely back to its Oak Bluffs' pier.

This unusual occurrence took place Monday afternoon after Capt. Judah E. Nickerson, 82, of Dennisport, master of the "Kateri-Tek," dropped dead at the wheel as he was returning to Hyannis with 75 passengers aboard.

Jeffrey Chicoine, 17, of Parkway Place, Hyannis, a Barnstable High School student, who is working this summer as a deck hand aboard the boat, noticed the vessel was heading in the wrong direction when it was about two miles outside the Oak Bluffs jetties. He rushed to the wheelhouse and found the captain unconscious on the wheelhouse deck. He called the other two members of the crew, John Sanford, a deck hand, and Theodore J. Gelinas, Jr., the ship's engineer, and told them what had happened.

When the "Kateri-Tek" was docked at the Bluffs, Dr. David Rappaport examined the captain and pronounced him dead.

Owner Gelinas took charge of the boat and skippered it back to Hyannis.

Captain Nickerson was a veteran skipper and held an unlimited master's license and a pilot's license. He had served with the Nantucket Express Lines for the past five years and had made many trips to this island. He is survived by his wife, two children, and three grandchildren. Funeral services were held yesterday at Dennisport.



Some of the mackerel seiners that used Nantucket for their port. The old railroad track may be seen in the foreground. Two master may be seen at Killen's Wharf.

March 3, 1961

Aug. 7, 1959



—Bill Haddon Photo

MOTORBOAT PILOT LICENSES are handed to Mrs. Esther Francis of Nantucket by Coast Guard Group Commander Isadore L. Souza. A nurse at Nantucket Cottage Hospital, Mrs. Francis has long been a boating enthusiast. She was near the top in examinations given to 23 residents by the Coast Guard Board of Examiners.

June 9, 1959

MAN AGAINST THE SEA



SLOOP SPRAY is shown under sail in Australian waters with her famed master at the helm. Captain Slocum added jigger mast to Spray in Rio de Janeiro, converting her rig from sloop to yawl and making her more convenient for single-handed sailing. But Spray kept her original designation of sloop in later books and articles.



DOMESTICITY OF this scene showing Captain Slocum in front of the fireplace in his West Tisbury home is rather deceiving; he never spent much time ashore on Vineyard. Spray became his home virtually permanently.

Next Saturday on Poverty Point, Fairhaven, ceremonies will herald the placing of a plaque on the site where Captain Joshua Slocum rebuilt the sloop Spray from truck to keelson, launched her and sailed away to begin the first one-man voyage around the world, a trip he recounted in a book that has become one of the classics of the sea, "Sailing Alone Around the World."

The chief speaker at next Saturday's ceremonies will be Walter Magnes Teller, a Vineyard Summer resident who wrote a moving biography of Captain Slocum, "The Search for Captain Slocum," and edited a new anthology of the captain's works, "The Voyages of Joshua Slocum," published by the Rutgers University Press. Photos from the latter book appear today in the Sunday Standard-Times by special permission of the publisher. The new book includes all of the captain's writings — "Sailing Alone Around the World," "Voyage of the Destroyer," (an iron-clad sold to Brazil whose tour south was supervised by Captain Slocum); "Voyage of the Liberdade," (a combination canoe-sampan Slocum built in Brazil after his ship was wrecked and in which he brought his wife and sons back to the United States) and other writings.

For the captain, his trip to immortality began at a low point in his career. Proud days as master of his own sailing ships were long past . . . as was the day of the sailing ship, itself, a victim of precise schedules measured in the throw of connecting rods and the steam from stout scotch boilers. The Spray, herself, was a derelict he had to rebuild.

He set sail from Boston on April 24, 1895; three years, two months, two days and 46 000 miles later, he dropped anchor at Newport, R. I., his voyage ended. His feat was dimmed by the uproar over the Spanish-American War. Seemingly, the hard-pressed skipper was still hard-pressed. But then he wrote his story, first in serial form for the Century magazine, and then as a book. Sales went well; so did his lectures. His fame grew and so did the admiration accorded him by every seaman, professional and amateur.

But, despite his fame, Captain Slocum was a restless man ashore. He bought a farm at West Tisbury, but never spent much time there. He made several shorter voyages and then, on Nov. 14, 1909, he sailed from Tisbury in the Spray. Neither man nor ship was ever sighted or heard from again. The sea apparently had claimed its own.



AFTER HIS BARK, the Aquidneck, was wrecked in Paranagua Bay, Brazil, Captain Slocum built a weird combination of canoe and junk some 35 feet long, named it the Liberdade and sailed it home with his wife and two sons some 5,500 miles from Brazil to Washington, D. C. He told of trip in his book, "The Voyage of the Liberdade." Family is shown here.



WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, Hettie, Captain Slocum is shown aboard Spray. After his disappearance, Mrs. Slocum married Ulysses E. Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard. She died in 1952.

ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOS ever taken of Spray was this one when she was hauled out in Miami, Fla., in 1908. She disappeared with her master in 1909 after sailing from the Vineyard.

April 12, 1959
N.B.



CAPTAIN SLOCUM is shown in companionway of Spray; originally neat and trim, the craft and her skipper grew old together and there is some basis for belief that on the last voyage ship and master disappeared because Spray disintegrated in heavy storm. Photo was taken along Potomac River in 1907 when Captain Slocum visited a warmly-admiring President Theodore Roosevelt; TR's sons sailed with captain on short voyages on Spray.



Many Dignitaries to See Slocum Rites April 18

An event of international interest will occur at 2 p. m. April 18, when the Town of Fairhaven honors one of its most distinguished citizens-by-adoption, Captain Joshua Slocum, 19th Century mariner and man of letters. Fairhaven citizens, joined by prominent figures of literary importance and friends of Captain Slocum from several States, will dedicate on that date, a plaque to the memory of the mariner and his accomplishments.

Slocum put together on Fairhaven's Poverty Point the 37-foot sloop Spray, which he launched in 1895. In it he became the first person to sail around the world alone. It was from Poverty Point that he sailed, to Poverty Point that he returned three years later, and on this point, near the intersection of Pilgrim Avenue and Cherry Street, that the plaque and its boulder will be located.

\$250 Was Voted

Exact site of the stone was determined by Miss Alice Charry, 90, resident of Kings Daughters Home, Fairhaven, who knew Captain Slocum, went day-sailing with him, and observed him at work on the Spray.

In 1956, at the suggestion of The Standard-Times, Walter Silveira, selectman of Fairhaven, moved that funds be appropriated to honor Slocum. With the approval of the Board of Selectmen and the Finance Board, town-meeting members voted \$250 for a plaque.

Principal speaker at the ceremonies will be Walter Magnes Teller of Lahaska, Pa., faculty member of New York's New School, Guggenheim fellow, Summer resident of Martha's Vineyard and author of the latest Slocum biography. Teller has done much to bring Captain Slocum into his own by writing "The Search for Captain Slocum," a biography both warm and informative, and by compiling "The Voyages of Joshua Slocum," newly-published, containing all of Slocum's writings.

Today, Fairhaven selectmen announced the town Park Board, which has jurisdiction over the plaque site—located a few feet from the grave marker of Pilgrim father John Cooke — has given permission to locate the Slocum monument there.

A large boulder will be moved from New Bedford for supporting the bronze plaque.

Called Thoreau of the Sea

Interest in the Slocum ceremony is widespread. The Slocum Society of Maryland, an organization with international affiliations, is expected to be represented, together with numerous persons in the writing and educational fields increasingly conscious of the old mariner's rising prestige; Captain Joshua already has been termed "a sea-going Thoreau" of American literature.

Among many persons to whom the Fairhaven selectmen will extend invitations is Archibald B. Roosevelt of New York, son of President Theodore Roosevelt. The President invited Slocum to

the White House and thought a great deal of him, particularly after the captain invited his son, Archibald, day-sailing on several occasions.

Several national magazines and all television stations covering the area have been alerted to the planned ceremonies, and have expressed interest. Although plans still are being crystallized, it is hoped to have present persons in addition to Mr. Teller who have written material inspired by Slocum's courage, spirit and rugged individualism.

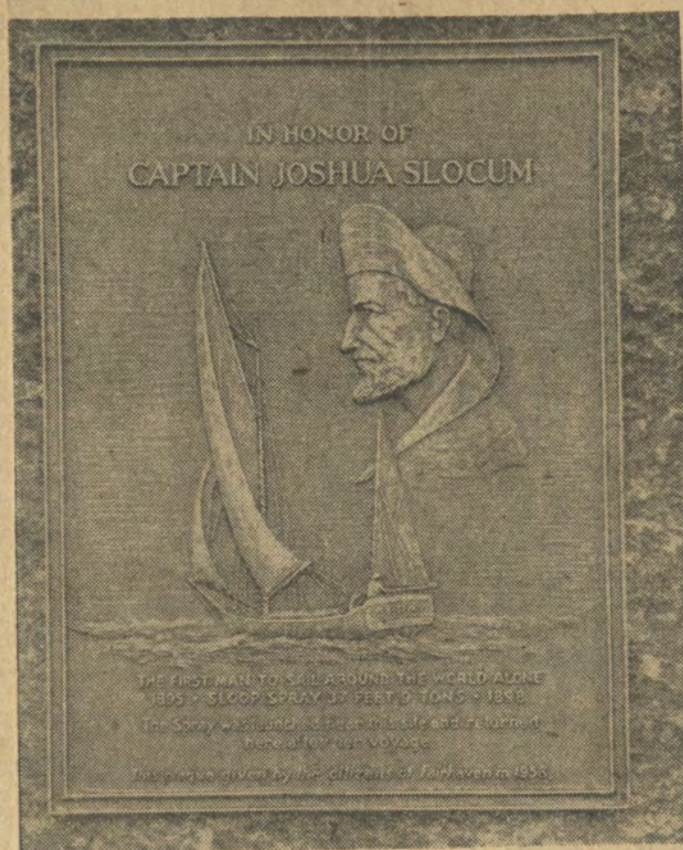
The selectmen announced it was desired to extend invitations to all Southeastern Massachusetts residents who have particular connection with or interest in Captain Slocum, or who may possess unusual information about him. It would be appreciated if any such persons would write to Selectman Walter Silveira, Town Hall, Fairhaven, in order that the list of invitations may be as complete as possible.

Left Nova Scotia

Captain Slocum left a motherless home in Nova Scotia at 14 to cook on a fishing schooner. He sailed for years in square-riggers to most of the world's major ports and skippered many ships himself, including the Northern Light, described at that time—in the '80s—as the "finest American sailing vessel afloat."

His children were born on shipboard over half the world and educated in the after cabins of his commands, which he kept stocked with good books. He also made a voyage to the United States from South America (with his wife and two children) in a home-built sampan when his ship was wrecked, and was commander of a 19th-Century Ericsson destroyer on a stormy trip to Brazil. The Teller anthology includes his accounts of both of these voyages, and others.

Captain Slocum's residence in the latter years of his life was on Martha's Vineyard; he sailed from the island in the Spray in 1908, bound for the Orinoco River, and neither man nor boat ever was heard from again.

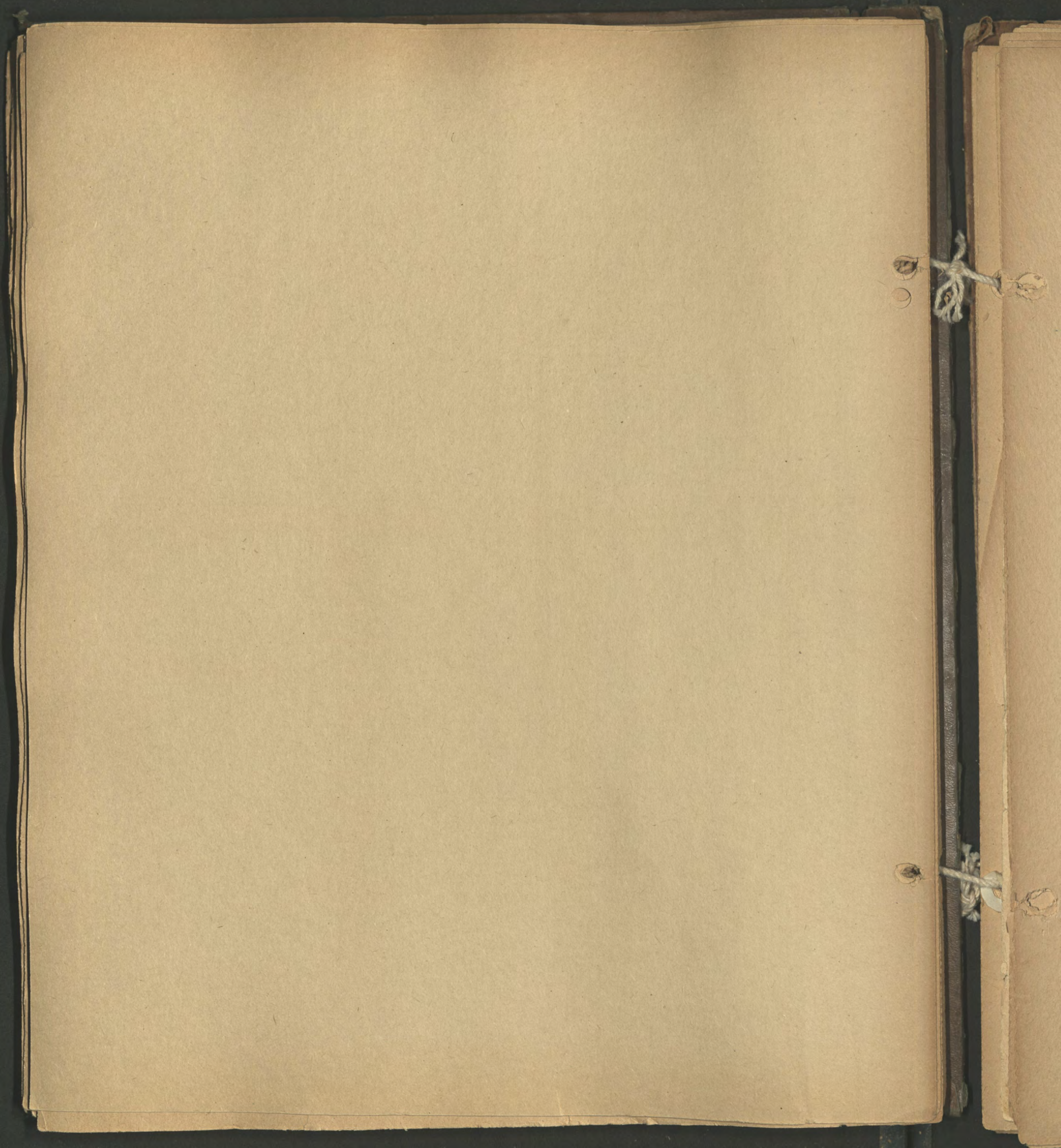


—Standard-Times Staff Photo

THIS BRONZE PLAQUE in memory of Captain Joshua Slocum, the first man to sail around the world alone, was dedicated Saturday at Pilgrim Avenue and Cherry Street, in the Poverty Point section of Fairhaven. Captain Slocum rebuilt and launched the sloop Spray in Fairhaven and in 1895 set out to circumnavigate the world. The plaque, erected with funds voted in town meeting, makes note of the voyage under- likenesses of Slocum and the Spray. It was designed by Philip H. Kelsey, director of Swain School of Design.

Apr 19, 1959

Mar. 12, 1959
N.B.



AUGUST 10, 1918



This picture was taken at low tide last Sunday morning. It shows a large bunch of the blackfish packed together "like sardines". The tails and fins of the big fish are discernible in this photo. Many of the fish were still alive at this time, the men not having reached a vital spot with their spears while working in the darkness.

128 Blackfish Stranded on Nantucket Last Saturday.

Another large school of blackfish has visited Nantucket and it brought more activity at the cliff beach last Sunday than was ever chronicled before. The big fish were stranded late Saturday evening, being driven inshore by two fishing boats returning to port from a day on the flounder grounds, and the school slowly worked shoreward until at dusk they were stranded directly in front of the cliff bathing beach, where the fish whistled and spouted and splashed all night before the tide fell enough for them all to be slaughtered.

To have two schools of blackfish land here in one season—and just a month apart—after a lapse of forty-four years since "the blackfish came" in 1874, was almost sensational for the islanders and their summer visitors. When the other school landed on the 3rd of July last and fifty-nine were captured, the event aroused the interest of everybody and blackfish was the subject for discussion for a week or so.

Few persons expected to ever see another school stranded here, so when the announcement came from the cliff last Saturday evening that another school had been sighted just off the bathing beach about 500 yards from shore, and that two fishing boats were driving them in, there was a grand rush for the beach.

It was then almost nightfall, but the crowd gathered quickly. The sun was just above the western horizon and the brisk east wind was sending the ripples onto the beach. Off in the distance was the school of blackfish, swimming to and fro parallel with the beach, cutting the sur-

face of the water into foam as they rushed back and forth, all following the leader, as is the habit of this peculiar fish. They were a badly frightened bunch, and it was not surprising, for two gasoline boats—the Sadie A. and the Mary Souza—were driving them inshore, while the men on board waved their arms, splashed the water with oars, and yelled and shouted.

People Watched While Blackfish Stranded.

The sight was most interesting to watch and one by one the big fish stranded, threshed their flukes about two or three times, and then commenced to "whistle". Some folks thought the sound was more like the squeal of a pig than a whistle; at any rate, it was a pathetic sound to everybody within hearing, a sound hardly in keeping with the size of the animal emitting the whistle. Within an hour after the first fish struck the beach, a hundred more had followed in his wake, and about three-quarters of the entire school were landed directly in front of the bathing establishment, many of them up against the rocks of the jetty.

In driving the fish inshore, the school became broken, and although it is the habit of the blackfish to keep closely together and follow the "bull" which acts as a leader, some of the big fellows swam off to the westward and could have made their escape had they sense enough. Instead, however, they turned about and before morning joined the main school on the beach and met their fate. It is a peculiar thing about the blackfish that even when a single fish is swimming alone off in deep water and in perfect safety, it will not desert the herd, but will hang around until captured.

The tide was coming in when the school struck the beach at 7.00 o'clock and had the fish known enough they could have made their way off during the next few hours, but instead of heading off-shore when "gallied" (as whalers call it when a whale is frightened) blackfish will almost always head towards the beach and make no attempts to reach deep water again.

A Needless and Useless Slaughter.

The whole affair proved to be a needless and useless slaughter and tons of good marketable meat, to say nothing of more tons of blubber and valuable "melons", actually went to waste, for after the fish were slaughtered the men did not know what to do with them and had no way to dispose of them. Had there been any try-works on Nantucket now, it would have been an easy matter to have tried out the blubber and head oil and then disposed of the carcasses, but as there was no outfit available, the men responsible for the big catch had a "white elephant" on their hands in the shape of some hundred or so blackfish which they could not sell.

The beach was badly messed up during the twenty-four hours which followed the stranding of the fish and the town authorities quickly saw that in order to prevent a public nuisance resulting the blackfish must be removed without delay.

Buyers Were Not Buying.

By Sunday afternoon the men all wished that they had left the blackfish alone and driven them off-shore instead of onto the beach, for they could find no way to dispose of their "fare". Two oil experts came down from New Bedford that afternoon and, taking a view of the big mass of blubber and flesh lying on the beach, neither felt inclined to make a bid. With no way to try out the oil here and with the statement that the purchase of the July blackfish had proved a losing venture as a warning, the Nantucketers did not find selling blackfish very good business. Mr. Kelly, who represented Nye's Oil Works, at once made up his mind that he would have nothing whatever to do with blackfish this time.

John W. Peak, who is an expert on blackfish head oil, would like the "melons", but he did not want the rest of the fish. When he left New Bedford that morning he had practically completed arrangements for one of the whaling schooners to come down with her outfit and try out the oil on her decks, but at the last moment the authorities refused to let the tug be used outside of Buzzards Bay, so that scheme fell through. And Mr. Peak, like Mr. Kelley, decided that there was at least \$2,000 worth of oil lying there on the shore, if there were but some means on Nantucket of handling it.

The next morning, however, an offer of \$100 was made for the "melons" with the understanding that the men would be well repaid for their work in towing the carcasses out to sea. Helpers wanted \$10 a day to assist in cutting up the fish, however, which was prohibitive, and negotiations of all kinds speedily ended.

Towed Out to Sea and Set Adrift.

Realizing that they were really "up against it" and instead of reaping a few hundreds or a thousand dollars or so for their labors in driving the fish ashore and slaughtering them, Captain Burchell and his mates came to the conclusion that it was their job to haul the carcasses off the beach and set them adrift—a veritable waste of Nature's creatures slaughtered without profit to man.

It was an all-day's job, but at nightfall Monday the beach was cleared again. The bodies of the blackfish were then drifting a mile or so off-shore, and the tide was flooding the bathing beach that evening, washing away the blood and refuse that had been left and cleansing and purifying the place again. When the hour for bathing came Tuesday morning there was practically nothing left on the beach as a reminder of the scenes enacted there during the last two days.

Many of the carcasses, however, drifted with the tide and were carried inside of the harbor, some going ashore on Coatue. Others washed ashore at Coskata and Great point, and it is feared some of the bodies, unless disposed of promptly, will become a nuisance. Wednesday morning, George E. Coffin, of Tuckernuck, who has a whaling outfit up there, assisted by Nelson Dunham, went out in his catboat and took some of the blackfish in tow, intending to try out the oil at Tuckernuck. Owing to the length of time which had elapsed since the blackfish were killed, however, he did not anticipate getting much reward for his trouble.



The scene on the Cliff Bathing Beach, early Sunday morning, August 4th, after the men had put in a night's work slaughtering the blackfish. This picture shows the location of the stranded school in its relation to the bathing beach. The bathing establishment is in the distance.



Some of the largest of the fish were bunched together quite close to the jetty. The man in the centre of the picture is one of the crew of the Mary Souza, which helped drive the fish ashore. He is standing bare-footed upon one of the blackfish, and is watching the men at the left, who are about to cut out a "steak".

Blackfish Are Animals.

Blackfish are interesting, inoffensive animals. They are really small whales and inasmuch as a whale is a mammal, a blackfish should properly be classed as an animal with the whale, rather than as a fish—but it is always referred to as a fish. Although much larger than sharks they are not ferocious and do not prey on large fish; in fact, their food consists mostly of "fry"—that is, minnows and similar small fish. This may account for the fact that they are occasionally found swimming in shoal water and thus get stranded. They have very small teeth for the size of the head, even in the large bulls the teeth protruding hardly more than a quarter of an inch above the gums.

Blackfish are very much like the sperm whale in shape, almost jet black in color and with a shiny smooth skin.

While swimming they usually keep close to the surface, with their big fins and flukes showing, and their big nose occasionally poking a little above the water. They "follow the leader" like a flock of sheep and are, almost without exception, always found in large schools, sometimes amounting to several hundred specimens.

Head Oil Valuable.

The oil from blackfish can be applied to several uses, but in order to handle it successfully and profitably there must be ample equipment for the work. The most valuable portion of the fish is the head, which contains the "melon", from which the valuable oil is refined that is used in watches and clocks.

The "melon" is so-called from its shape, as it resembles a watermelon when carved from the head of the fish. This "melon" lies just in front of the blow-hole and it contains a peculiar oil, different from that in any other part of the fish. When refined and placed on the market this head oil commands a fabulous price, but it takes many months before it is ready for use in watches and clocks, as the refiners have to be very particular and watch their product carefully. In cutting out the melons they take none but the white ones, which indicate that the fish has been properly bled. If, perchance, the melon is red and shows blood, it is condemned and not used.

In conversation with Mr. Peak, Sunday, relative to the head oil, we inquired of what use the "melon" could be to the blackfish, as it is located directly on top of the head. Mr. Peak said that authorities all claimed that the "melon" was actually a reserve supply of nourishment which the blackfish stores up. When "feed" is not very plentiful, the fish draws on the "melon" and when there is an abundance of food the reserve supply is increased and the melon stores up this peculiar oil. Thus, when the blubber on a fish is thin, averaging not much more over an inch in thickness, it is known that the "melon" will not be very large, as the thin blubber shows that the blackfish has not been having very good living lately and has been drawing on his head supply of nourishment. On the contrary, when the blubber is thick, it is known that the "melon" will be large and will yield a large amount of oil.

The body of the blackfish furnishes a variety of uses. The government is able to obtain glycerine therefrom, which is so much desired at the present time, and the refineries are able to secure a very good grade of lubricating oil, also, while the meat has been bringing not less than 10 cents a pound in the city markets.

It is said by those who have been watching the habits of blackfish that schools are apt to come around where others have been, even though the first school was slaughtered. Contrary to the habits of other animals, instead of shunning a place where their fellows have been killed, they seem to be attracted to the vicinity, either by instinct or smell. Over on the Cape schools of blackfish have come ashore several times recently and over there it is always said that if one school lands another is sure to follow within a short time. If there is anything in this belief, Nantucket's experience on July 3d and August 3d this year would seem to give strength to it.



Looking across the backs of some of the big "bulls" and "cows", as the adult fish (or animals) are called. The three men at the right are Capt. Edward Burchell of the motor-boat Sadie A., and two Portuguese fishermen of the Mary Souza. They are viewing the result of the night's slaughter and already pondering over what to do with the big creatures after they captured them.



This picture was taken on the morning of Wednesday, July 3d, 1918, when the first school of the season was stranded on the north beach, about a quarter of a mile west of the bathing beach. This school came ashore during the night and were found there at daylight, whereas the school which were captured on August 3d were driven ashore by fishermen at nightfall. Fifty-nine of the big creatures were captured on July 3. In the school killed this week there were one hundred and twenty-eight.

Made Something Out of Head Oil.

The carcasses of the blackfish which stranded at Nantucket on the third of August did not go entirely to waste. George E. Coffin, of Tuckernuck, and Nelson Dunham, of Nantucket, have made a good thing from "head oil" which they secured by cutting the "melons" from the heads of some fifty or so of the blackfish which they found floating around after the men who drove the school ashore had towed them off the beach.

It is certain that had the men who had the 128 blackfish at their disposal possessed the equipment to work with, or made some deal with someone who had such an equipment, they would have cleared up a snug sum of money, instead of having all their labors for nothing.

Coffin and Dunham went after the head oil only, and after cutting the "melons" from the fish which they found adrift, they did not bother with the carcass oil. But they succeeded in getting hold of some fifty "melons" and took them up to Tuckernuck, where they were "tried out" and about 80 gallons of fine quality oil was secured. As this oil is worth \$4.00 or \$5.00 a gallon, they were well repaid for their trouble.

The oil was shipped to John W. Peak, a New Bedford man who makes a specialty of blackfish head oil, and it is certain that if any more blackfish come to Nantucket, Mr. Peak will be asked to advise the Nantucketers as to the best method of handling the fish. There will be no more driving blackfish ashore and then towing the bodies off without an effort to secure the valuable oil they contain.

1918

Whaling Extraordinary!

THE ISLAND INVADED BY A SCHOOL OF BLACKFISH!

As we no longer fit out ships to vex the seas with our fisheries, the whales come to us; like Mahomet to the mountain—because the mountain would not come to him.

A large school of cetaceous monsters of the species known as "blackfish," having apparently got out of their reckoning, were prowling around here in shoal water on Tuesday and Wednesday; and had we plenty of boats and whaling craft ready for action now, as we had in the old whaling days, there would doubtless have been some good old-fashioned sport, as the veteran whalers were in that state of mind which we suppose the lion to have been in when "bearded in his den." On Wednesday afternoon, the blackfish became so "gallied" that, impelled by their own blind fears, the main body of them ran themselves ashore on the North side of the island, not far from Eel Point. A rear-guard of them still remained sporting in the water for a while; but being still further harassed and driven by a few men in boats, they also made for the shore and stranded themselves, a little farther Westward. The scene, at this time, must have been highly exciting, from the story of those who were there taking part in the

BIG CAPTURE OF BLACKFISH.

Took Place in the Seventies, When Capt. Heman Eldredge, the Nantucket Pilot, Shooed a Big School of Them Ashore. Had Been Seeking an Inbound Vessel in the Fog When He Sighted Them. Related by Simon J. Nevins in Boston Globe.



1874 Blackfish ashore on Eel Point, Nantucket, from an old photograph in possession of Simon J. Nevins.

July 10, 1911

slaughter. The shallows along the beach for a considerable distance were alive with the struggling monsters; and their human enemies, plunging into the whirlpool of "white water," attacked them with long knives, slaughtering them without mercy, and turning the white water into a pool of blood. They pursued their labors on Wednesday evening, until the great victory had been won, and no less than *ninety-one* of the great beasts had yielded their life-blood, and been dragged up, nearly high and dry on the beach.

It is thought the blackfish came here merely as "summer visitors"—prospecting; but the most cruel arguments were employed to induce them to remain permanently. No such incident is known to have occurred before, in the annals of our island.

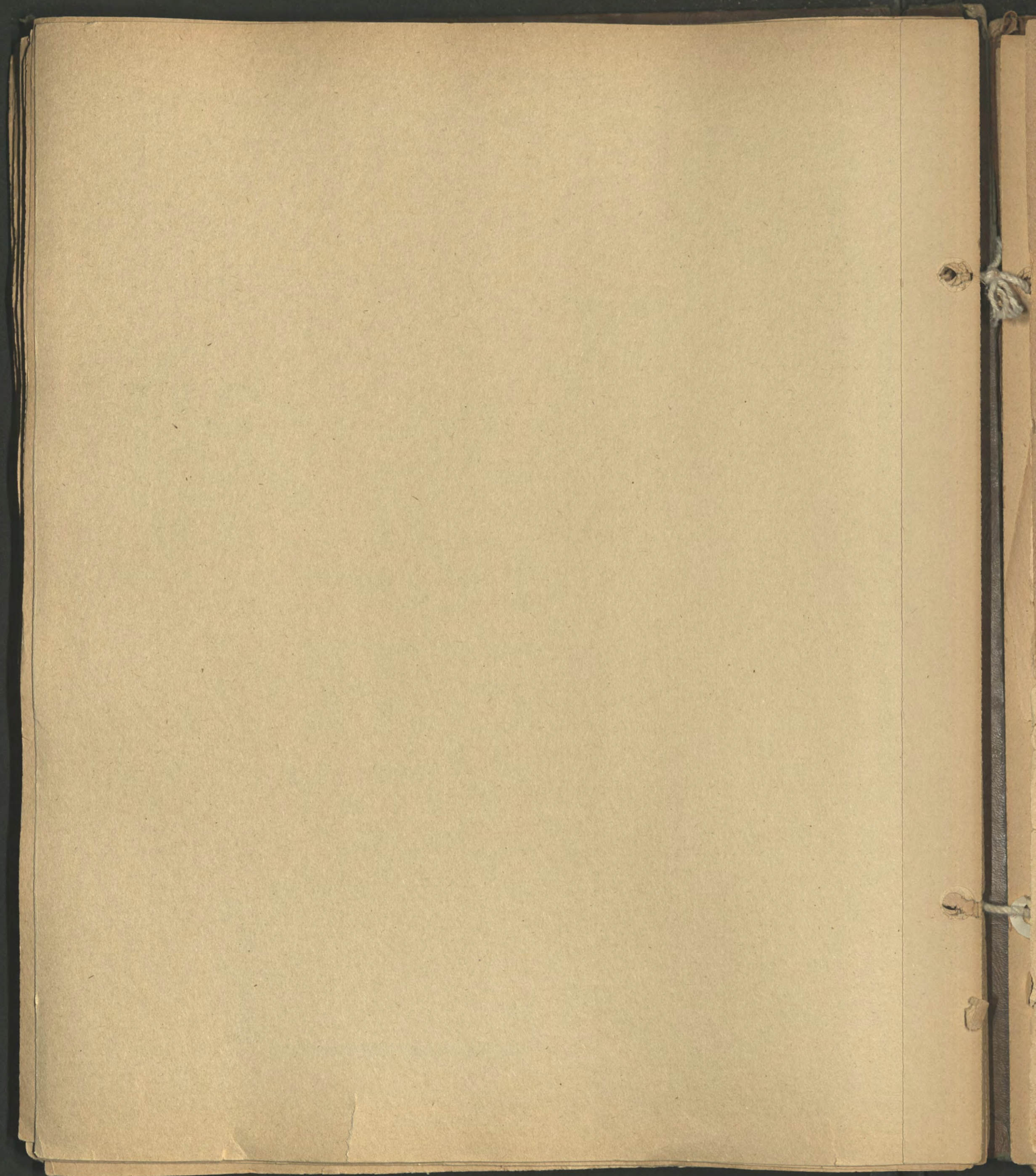
The weather was beautiful on Thursday, and the word being spread in the morning, crowds of people were attracted by curiosity to visit the novel scene. Carriages were at once in requisition, and eager sight-seers were going back and forth all day.

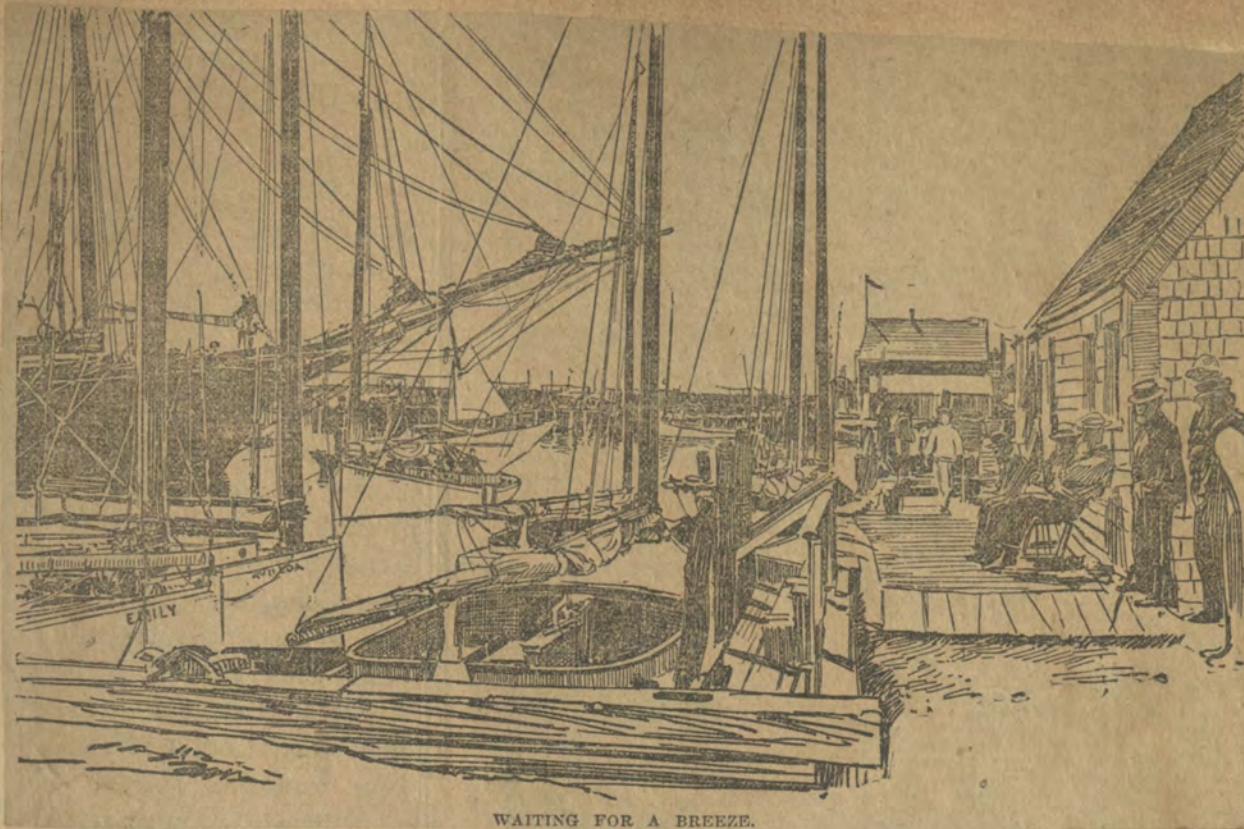
The locality where the whales were stranded and slaughtered was a pleasant one to visit, and though several miles from town, was a favorable place for the work of taking care of and securing the blubber, the water on the beach being as smooth as in a pond. A gang of experienced whalers went to work on Thursday forenoon, stripping off the blubber; and it is estimated that not less than a hundred barrels of oil will be obtained, if the fish prove to be of average fatness. This certainly is a rich prize to be secured in this manner, and will yield a liberal day's wages for the parties who were concerned in the work.

It is rather to be regretted that these whales had not deferred their visit for another month, for the special benefit of the hundreds of expected visitors, to whom the spectacle on the beach, Thursday morning, would have been in the highest degree strange and interesting. Even to old whalers, it was something so out of the line of all their experience, as to be remembered for a life-time; something never seen before, and not likely to be seen again.

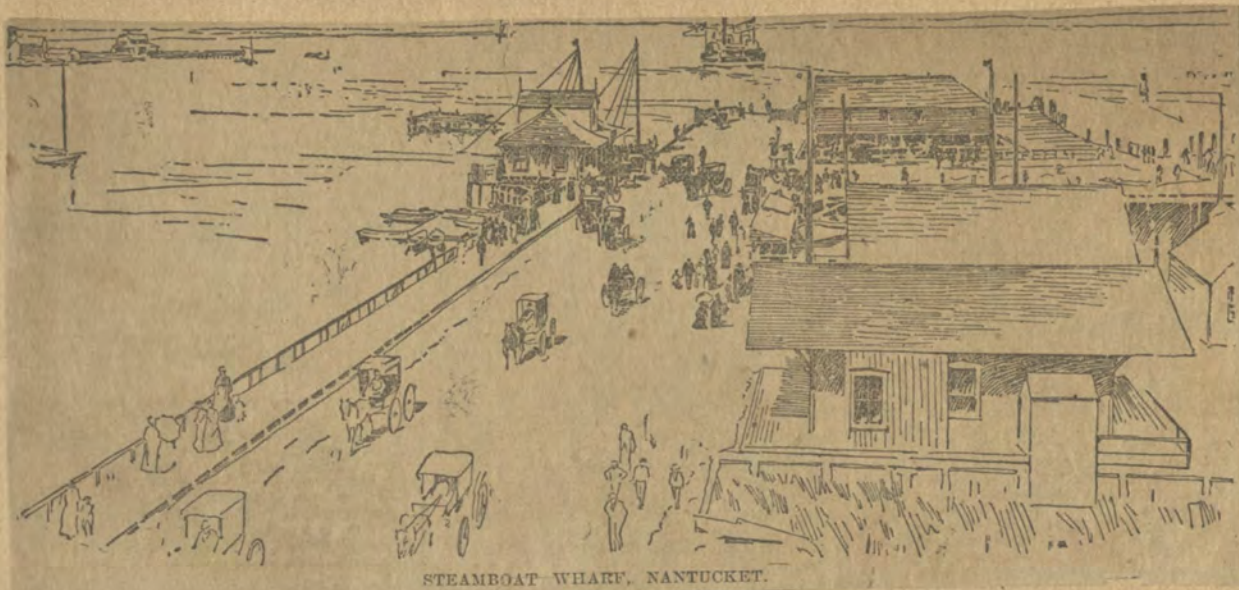
July 4, 1874







WAITING FOR A BREEZE.



STEAMBOAT WHARF, NANTUCKET.



STRAIGHT WHARF, NANTUCKET.

Commercial Wharf.

The annual Meeting of the Proprietors of Commercial Wharf will be held at the residence of Charles C. Crosby, Summer street, on Thursday, February 25th, at 10 a. m., to transact any business which may legally come before it. A full attendance is particularly requested.

CHARLES C. CROSBY,
Wharfinger.

We are glad to learn, that a wharf, extending from Straight to Steamboat wharves, will be built at the expense of the joint Stockholders. Indeed, the work is already commenced, some forty or fifty feet below the old bridge which was destroyed by the fire. It will be a great public convenience.

WHARVES

IGNITED.—Early Tuesday afternoon a huge tank of boiling tar at Mr. H. S. Valentine's concrete works, head of Commercial wharf, took fire and the huge volumes of dense black smoke which rolled heavenward soon attracted a large crowd of spectators to the scene. There were about six barrels of tar in the tank, and all efforts to suppress the flames only seemed to add to their fury, so as there was no danger to be apprehended to other property, the fire was allowed to burn itself out. It was an imposing scene, the lurid flames leaping high in the air with a roaring, sizzling sound while the thick black smoke rolled up in dense clouds and was carried by the east wind directly over the most thickly settled part of the town presenting from a distance the appearance of a gigantic conflagration. In fact parties outside the town and on the outskirts imagined that the entire town was being swept by the fire fiend and hid themselves to the scene of the conflagration with all possible speed. The smoke penetrated all parts of the town and many parties who had clothes drying on the line were obliged to re-wash them. Mr. Valentine's loss will amount to about \$15.

June 2, 1887

Straight Wharf extends as the continuation of Main street; the original wharf constructed in 1723 by Richard Macy and his associates. Nantucket whalemens had begun to make long voyages off-shore, and when Captain Christopher Hussey, in 1716, had captured and killed the first sperm whale ever taken, the islanders concentrated on securing this type of oil—the finest obtainable. Shipments of oil direct to London and France, as well as to Boston, Philadelphia and New York, inaugurated the industry here on a firm basis, and by 1760 Nantucket led the whaling ports.

Stackpole

May 20, 1847



A MIDSUMMER SCENE ON STEAMBOAT WHARF.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER SANKATY IN 1911.

When the ill-fated steamer Sankaty arrived at Nantucket in 1911, the little train of the Nantucket-Seonset Railroad was on the wharf to greet her. A coal-bin at that time located on the end of the dock, with a small freight-shed, and the steamers had their berth on the south side.



Steamer and fishing wharves from Island Service Wharf.

Straight Wharf Being Renovated

Extensive repairs and renovations to Straight Wharf which have been in progress for several weeks will transform the pier into a big asset along the Nantucket's waterfront.

Owner Lawrence Miller plans to move the road at the end of the wharf, east of Yerxa's Boat Shop, from the south side to the north side where a triangular area will be filled in and bulkheaded.

The south side will provide a sheltered basin for small craft.

Turner and Breivogel contracting firm of Falmouth is doing the work.

Sept. 25, 1953

LET'S DIG,

Or Do Anything that Will Hasten the Completion of the Jetty.

The report of Major Livermore, of the corps of engineers, in regard to rivers and harbors, is an interesting document. Concerning the work required for completing the jetties and dredging at Nantucket, the report estimates the cost at \$230,000, and that \$100,000 can be profitably expended during the next fiscal year. The successful completion of this work is a desideratum most anxiously desired. That Nantucket can be made a harbor of refuge, and of great maritime importance to the coasting trade, no one doubts. This is the first report we have seen since the first one by Gen. Warren, that has suggested dredging. Gen. Warren did not expect a tidal scour to make a channel, and proposed dredging after the western jetty had been completed, which he said ought not to be more than two years in construction. The work has now been going on twelve years, during which time there have been many changes of the channel, and the depth of water increased. The small annual appropriations for this meritorious improvement postpones the fruition thereof. We should very much like to see the experiment of dredging performed, and fully believe that if the whole appropriation available for the next fiscal year was expended in dredging, the result would be a permanent deepening of the harbor channel, and the harbor itself made a valuable harbor of refuge.

July 12, 1898

\$250,000 Island Boatyard To Provide First Class

Island Marine Service Revamps South Beach Yard

A few months ago, Nantucket was faced with the prospect of losing its largest boatyard, King's Boatyard, and large boat owners and many residents were worried. They had good reason to be. Good boatyard facilities attract owners with pleasure boats to any resort. Not to have them is to invite this type of substantial Summer visitor to look elsewhere where they can indulge in their favorite pasttime.

King's boatyard has been accommodating these larger boats and smaller ones for many years but its premises on the Nantucket waterfront were and are owned by the Nantucket Gas and Electric Co. Two years ago, the latter served notice on Ernest King, the owner and manager of King's Boatyard, that it needed the premises for its own use and asked that they be vacated. Boat owners interceded and the power company granted a moratorium to Mr. King to give him time to look around for new quarters—a difficult problem both from a financial point of view and the lack of an adequate site along the waterfront.

Robert Deeley became interested in the situation and last August bought the South Beach boatyard from George Jones, which was then for sale. He hired Mr. King as manager, obtained another temporary extension of King's boatyard lease from the power company, and set about to provide Nantucket with a first-class boatyard.

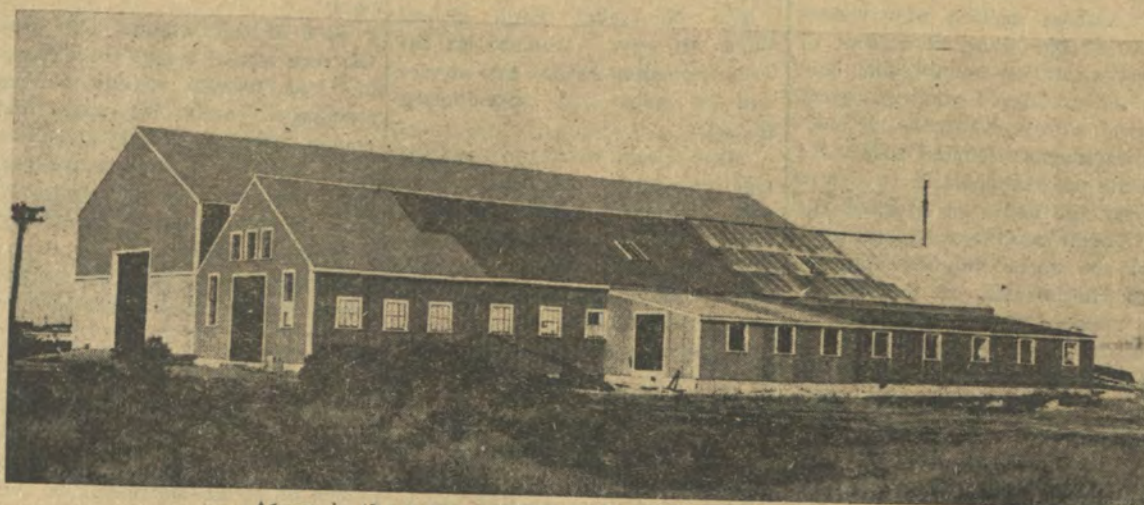
Nearly six months later, the former South Beach boatyard has undergone a great transformation as the Island Marine Service, its new name. A quarter of a million dollars will have been spent by the time that the new boatyard construction is completed.

But already giant strides have been made in that direction. A new 50 by 120-foot shed with a cement, reinforced floor has been completed and is already filled to capacity with 18 of the larger type pleasure craft. Several rows of fluorescent lights and a space heater which can be moved anywhere in the building make overhauling and painting the boats a much easier task. The boats can be brought in easily from the water on the east side through a large heavy screen roll-type door. There is a similar but smaller one on the west side. Next to it, on the south side, is a renovated old storage shed, which has been extended 20 feet, for storage of smaller boats. Alongside the latter, on the south side, is an old spar shed, renovated and splendidly lighted with fluorescent lamps. Formerly on the north side of the old shed, it was removed to its present location on the south side as a wing and holds many masts, all neatly stacked in tiers.

Facilities For Craft



This bird's eye view was taken just after renovation of the old Jones boatyard building and of its renovated wing in the left background and before the construction of the new higher building alongside of it. The shed in the right background has been torn down also and replaced by a 50 by 150 foot storage structure to accommodate 30 smaller sized boats on beach land which will be bulkheaded. In the extreme rear, the land there will be converted into parkway and for outside storage of moorings, cradles and other boat paraphernalia.



Above is the new construction to date at the Island Marine Service yard—a new 50 by 120-foot building, —accommodating 18 of the Island's large Summer pleasure craft, on the left. The old building, also extended in length, and its renovated wing are also shown.

But the work is far from finished. An old shed on the southeast side of these buildings on the beach will be torn down and replaced with another 50-by-100-foot boat storage shed for 30 more of the smaller craft. The beach is being filled in and bulkheaded

for the project.

Adding another modern touch, the yard will install a crane with a 30-foot mast and 50-foot boom, as part of its railway service, to lift craft as heavy as ten tons. The railway will also have a new gasoline driven wench cable instead of chain for quick operation.

To top off the project, two acres east of the yard will be filled and converted into a parkway and outside storage space for moorings and cradles.

When completed, Island Marine Service boatyard will be a first class boatyard, comparing with the best along the Atlantic seaboard.



This is the interior of a renovated building, formerly on the north side of the main building of the old Jones boatyard, which has been removed to the south side as a wing. Lighted throughout by fluorescent lights, it shows masts neatly stacked in tiers.



Smaller Island craft are stored in this half of the new large main building, splendidly lighted by long rows of fluorescent lamps. A large heavy screen roll-type door appears in the rear of the building which leads toward the water side. On the opposite end, there is a similar but smaller door.



This is the "before" picture, showing the old main building and its wings on the left side before they were renovated and their positions changed.

South Beach Boat Yard Sold.

Congdon & Coleman announce the sale of South Beach Boat Yard owned by George W. Jones to Robert E. Deeley.

The Yard is to be under the supervision of Ernest King, who has so ably owned and managed the King Boat Yard.

Plans are being made to expand the capacity for boat storage and the same efficient and courteous service will prevail. New storage buildings will be erected across the road from the present buildings. Mr. Deeley and Mr. King will make a study of boat yards on the mainland and apply their findings so as to make the South Beach Yard a first class and efficient one to give boat owners in Nantucket excellent service. The change in ownership is effective as of August 1st. Mr. King will continue to manage his Yard as well as the South Beach Yard until the first of the year, after which he will devote his complete attention to the South Beach Boat Yard.

The acquisition of the South Beach Boat Yard by Mr. Deeley will relieve the anxiety of Nantucket and summer visitor boat owners who were faced with the problem of finding storage for their crafts when it was announced that the King's Boat Yard would probably be forced to close in the Fall. This will be a great benefit to the Island.

The Yard, operating under the name of the Island Marine Service, will offer storage, repair work, and mechanical maintenance and overhaul.

Aug. 2, 1952

The Red and Green Lights.

Visitors who see the red and green lights in front of some of the Nantucket homes are a bit confused when they face one building and see a green light on their left and then see another place with the green on their right. "Which is right?" they naturally ask. "Should the green or the red light be on your left when you face it?"

The lights in front of the Nesbitt Inn, the Currie residence, Terry's Garage, Whitfield's office, and several places on the point, are in the correct position, with green on the left and red on the right as you face it. The lights on the Ocean House annex and in front of the Gas & Electric office and Sheehan's are wrong.

Facing the bow of a boat, the red light is the port light and green is the starboard light. Thus, with the boat approaching you (bow on) the green light appears on your left and the red on your right. The same thing should apply when you face a building—the left light should be green and the right light red—that is, to be strictly nautical, which would seem to be the reason so many Nantucket buildings bear the colored lights at the entrance.

Capt. George Grant, custodian of the Whaling Museum, often recites the following "Rules of the Road at Sea" in reply to queries from visitors:

* * * * *

Robert Deeley Buys Jones Boat Yard

Sale of the South Beach Boat Yard by George Jones to Robert Deeley was announced today by the real estate firm of Congdon and Coleman through whose office the transaction was made.

Agreement on the sale was reached earlier this week and papers were passed this morning.

Mr. Deeley has employed Ernest King, owner of King's Boat Yard, to manage the South Beach yard which will have Island Marine Service as its new name. Mr. Deeley plans enlargement of the boat yard's storage facilities and intends to retain as year around employees there five men and augment the force by possibly three more. New storage buildings to accommodate more and larger craft will be constructed.

Mr. Deeley's purchase and plans will relieve Island and visitor boat owners who have been in a quandary since Mr. King received notice to vacate the premises where King's Boat Yard is to make room for expansion of facilities for the Nantucket Gas and Electric Co. which owns the property.

The latter has again given Mr. King an extension until January 1, 1952 following announcement that Mr. Deeley had acquired the South Beach yard and would have it managed by Mr. King.

Mr. Deeley and Mr. King will tour mainland boat yards this Fall to obtain suggestions for improvement of the South Beach yard and make the latter, according to the new owner, into a "first-class" facility for Nantucket.

The yard will not only store craft but will also provide a maintenance and overhauling service for boats. Mr. King will begin his duties as manager of the South Beach yard, starting tomorrow, and will also continue in charge of his own yard until January 1.

Aug. 1, 1952

Town Crier
Dec. 25, 1952

Nantucket Boatyard To Busy to Feel Cold



NEW PLANKS ARE being set in place by Joseph Mayo, left, and Robert Sansbury, right, as repairs are made on the yawl Sankaty, owned

by James J. Storrow of Boston, at the Island Marine Service Company. Boat was badly damaged during Hurricane Donna.



THERE'S LOTS OF WORK ahead to get these boats in shape for next season. They are a part of nearly \$1,000,000 worth of yachts and boats

stored at the Island Marine Service Company, Inc., boatyard at Nantucket.

—Haddon Photos

N. B. Dec. 11, 1960

By ARTHUR J. QUINN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Dec. 10—It seems a long time to look ahead to the sight of scores of yachts floating lazily at anchor in Nantucket Harbor, come next Summer. But if you happened to drop around to the Island Marine Service Inc., on Washington Street Extension, and began squeezing your way through almost a million dollars worth of yachts and watching men at work on many of these boats you would think launching time was only a few weeks away.

Operating as a newly formed corporation, headed by Robert Caldwell, president; Edmund Perry, general manager and Attorney Earle Harrigan, as clerk and with Robert E. Deeley as chairman of the board, the Island Marine Service Company, Inc., seems to have suddenly come more alive than in previous years at this time.

Confident of Future

Both Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Perry are men who have confidence in the future of Nantucket and the future of the huge boatyard that is one of the largest in Southeastern Massachusetts. They seem to be convinced that this island can once again take its place as a summertime mecca for yachtsmen from all parts of the world.

Looking back 10 years Mr. Caldwell said today, "One of the biggest assets from a point of economy to the island was 100 or so yachts that used to come into this harbor. The money those people spent here was the main support of many of our businessmen. In

recent years it has dwindled away to almost nothing.

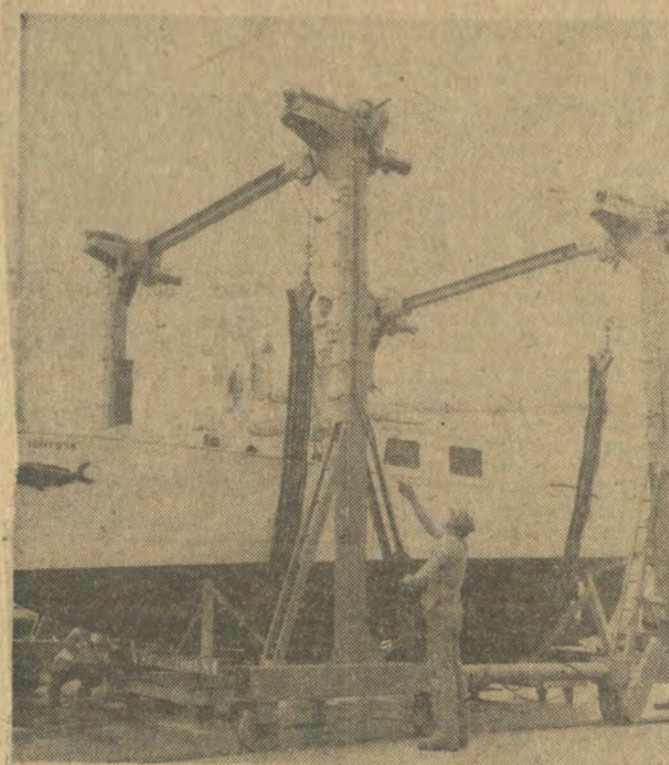
"It has been my contention that if the proper facilities are available, a good marina, which I am hopeful we will have soon, a well-equipped boat yard as well as a boat sales department and a yacht supplies base are available the boat owners will come here. There isn't a finer harbor for yachts and boats of all sizes from a standpoint of protection than we have right here.

"It is with these thoughts in mind that the Island Marine Service Company, is basing its hope for its future success and each member of the corporation has confidence in the future of this island as a major yachting center."

Crane, Storage Sheds

The plant is one of the best equipped boatyards in the Massachusetts area. It is equipped with a 20-ton travel lift crane, has three huge storage sheds, a spar shed and a large workshop.

With nearly a million dollars worth of boats already in the sheds, employees are already working at top speed to have all of them ready for the water by April 30. Nearly every boat that is stored had to have some minor or major work done after it has been

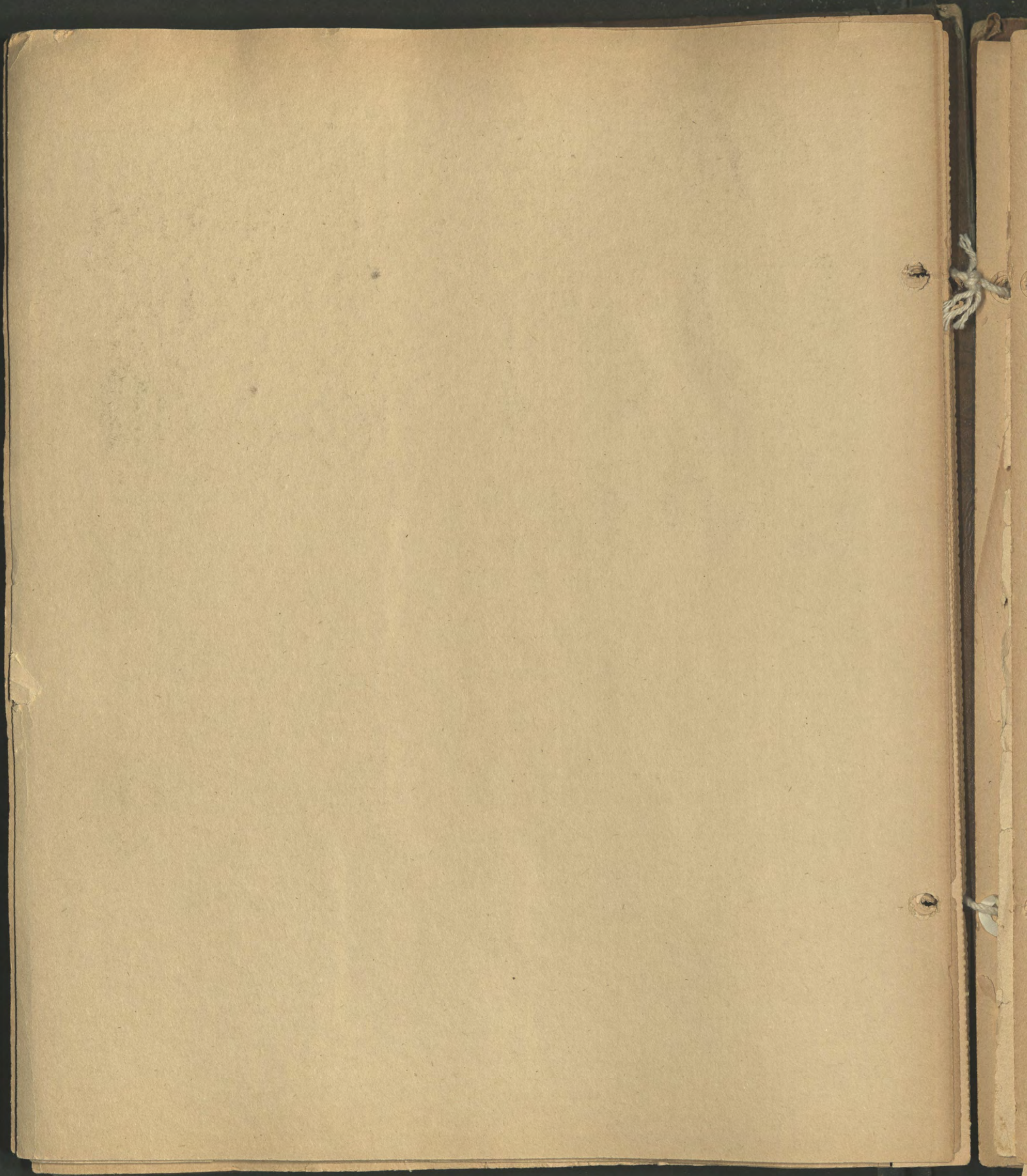


LIFTING YACHTS FROM the water is made easy by the use of this 20-ton travel crane now in use at the Island Marine Service Company, Inc., yacht yard.

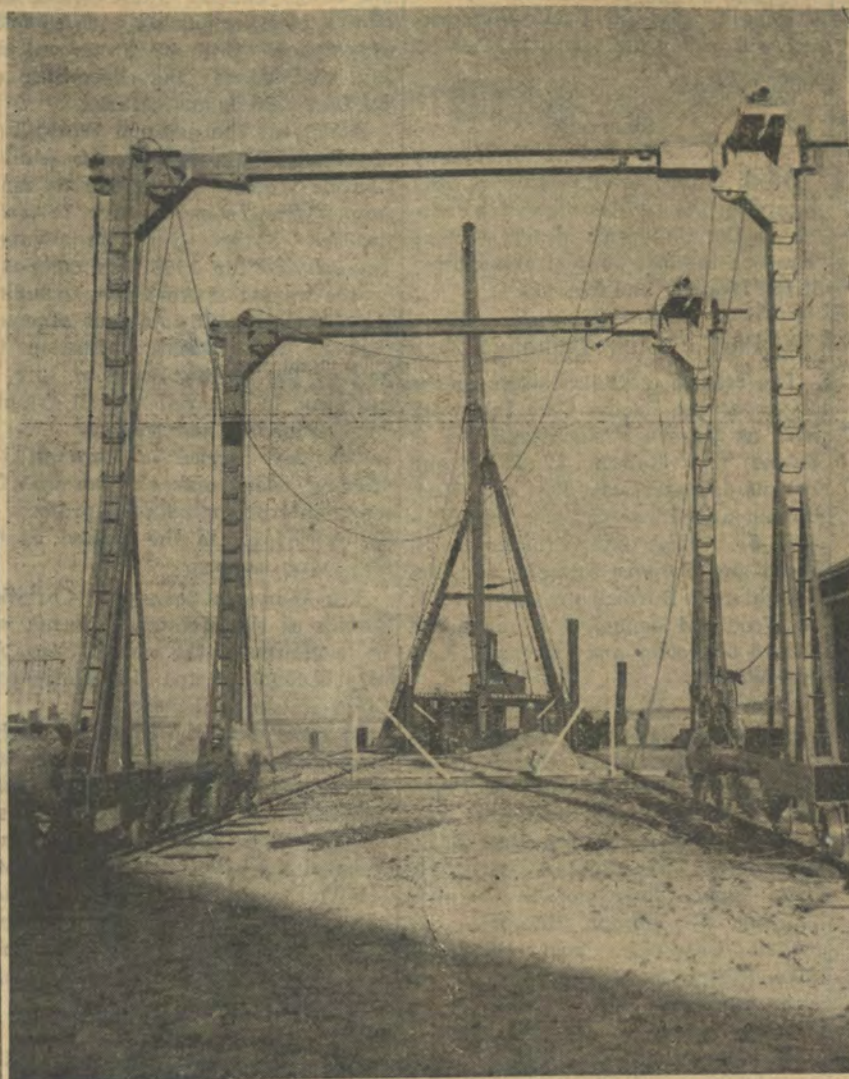
lifted from the water for winter storage.

One of the major jobs employees are now working on is the reconditioning of the yawl Sankaty, owned by James J. Storrow, Boston financier, which was badly damaged when it was blown against a sea wall at Brant Point during Hurricane Donna storm. Another major project at the yard is the reconditioning of the yacht Malahini, owned by Earle A. MacAusland, publisher of Gourmet magazine.

Looking forward to future expansion Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Perry said they are now working on plans for the building of a small marina and basin and the creation of a sales department in which boats, motors and yacht supplies will be available.



New Equipment Installed at Boat Yard.



The imposing piece of equipment pictured above, the most modern version of the time-honored marine railway, has recently been installed at the Island Marine Service boatyard on Lower Washington Street. The boat lift, manufactured by a company in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, is known as a "marine travel lift" and is capable of launching or raising from the water boats up to 50 or 55 feet in length, weighing a maximum of 20 tons.

The lift is self powered, with four electric motors, and runs on tracks which extend out over the water on the two piers which may be seen in the photograph. The piers were installed by the Frank L. Taylor company, using the lighter which was at work when the photo was taken.

Although the lift has not yet been used, Ernest R. King, manager of the boatyard, stated that it will be tested as soon as the electrical work is completed, probably in two weeks. In the spring cement will be laid between the tracks so that boats may be wheeled on dollies between the storage sheds and the lift.

The boat lift was trucked from Wisconsin to the island, where it was assembled by the Island Marine Service employees, who also laid the track when the piers were completed. When it is being used two men will operate the machine, one holding the boat in position and handling the slings, while the other will control the electric motors. Mr. King remarked that one man could probably handle the entire operation if the weather were calm.

Despite the fact that the new lift will speed the process of putting boats into the water and removing them, the old railway at the boatyard will be maintained in the event that it is needed to handle boats of smaller size and weight.

Feb. 15, 1958



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

NANTUCKET SKATING IS GOOD—School children crowd the steamship authority's \$50,000 truck ramp, transformed into a skating rink by flooding. Through the efforts of selectmen, the Rotary Club and Roger Young, Nantucket busi-

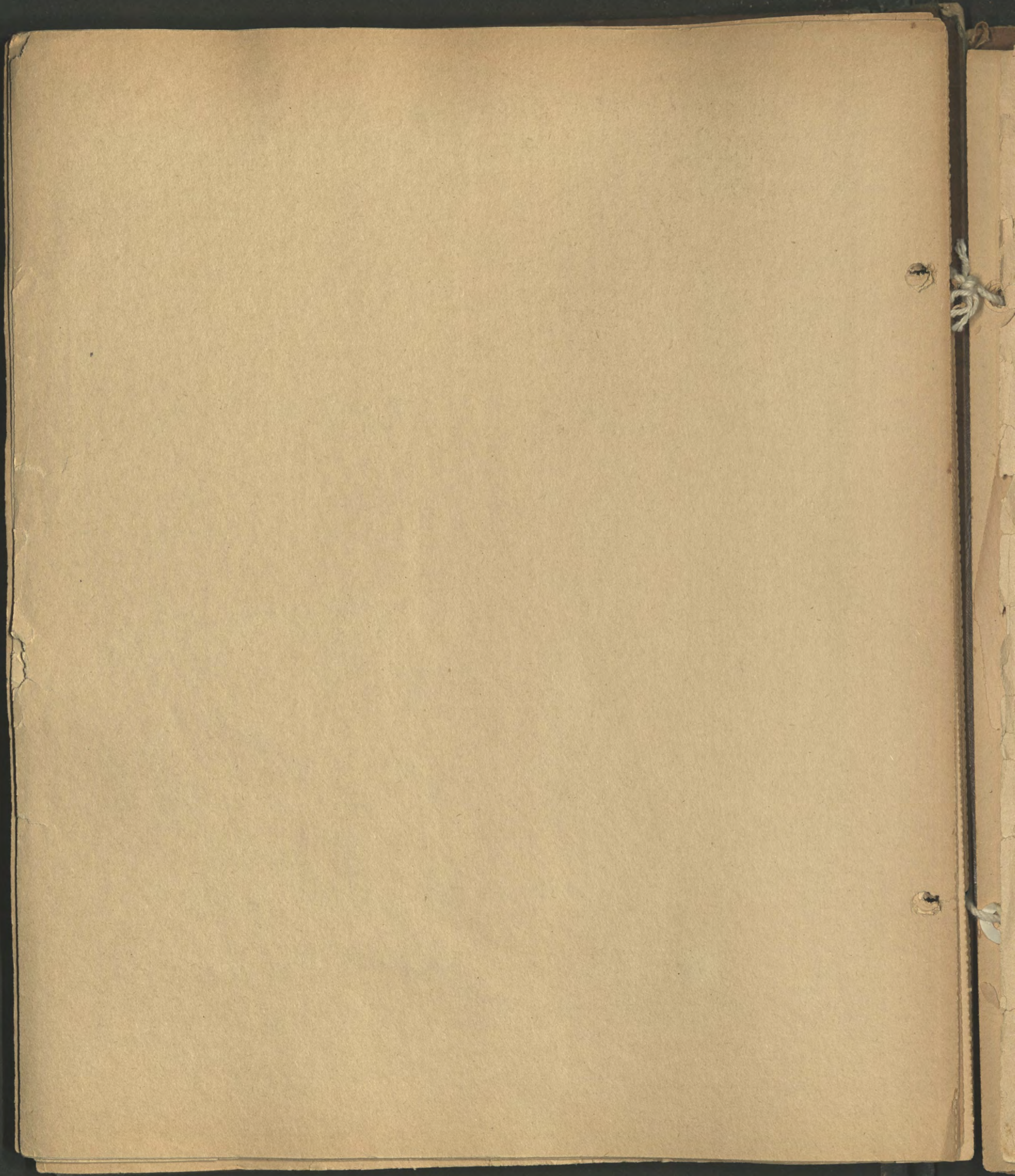
nessman, the boatline gave the town of Nantucket permission to use the ramp for skating. Both ends of the ramp were blocked with earth, and the Nantucket Fire Department flooded the area.

Jan. 13, 1959



Looking toward town from Monomoy over the creek area referred to by the Planning Board as an area for future waterfront development. The Planning Board's proposal was presented to the Selectmen at their Wednesday night meeting.

Jan. 13, 1961



THE OLD WHARVES.—We mourn over the past of Nantucket. The days before the fire were our halcyon times, cry we. And indeed they were, so far as business and shipping are concerned. But we make bold to say that, so far as the mere external appearance of Nantucket is concerned, these are our halcyon days. Excepting the wharves, the town never looked more picturesquely from a distance than it does now, and never was half as trim internally, and well painted and pretty. Let anyone, that is old enough to remember, recall to his memory, the rows of old, unpainted houses, and the treeless streets of 1840. Compare old Main street with the Main street of to-day, old North Water, and Federal and Pleasant streets, with the same shaded thoroughfares now. But as the tourist rounds Brant Point and beholds our water front, it presents anything but an inviting aspect. The old ramshackle wharves are in decided contrast with the neat town. The first favorable impression which he has received from a distance is seriously modified and lowered. A short time since, an esteemed correspondent made a suggestion, that, if carried out, would not only utilize our miserable old wharves, but also make them a delightful adornment to Nantucket. His idea was to repair the Old North Wharf with piles at each side, fill in with loam, sod the surface all the way down, make a broad and handsome path down the center for promenaders, and erect at the end some inexpensive but gay structure with seats beneath, as a shady but breezy resort for our visitors. This promenade could still remain as now the gathering place where sail and row boats could be hired. When hints and indications of such schemes are given by the public beforehand, such suggestions as we are calling the attention of our readers to, are at once robbed of the charge of being utopian. Burdett's little wharf already gives hint of a want. Covered with a canvas shelter, filled with chairs and occupied every pleasant day with ladies and gentlemen, whiling away an hour or two in the open air, watching the busy scene in our harbor when the sail boats are out, it is a sufficient indication that Old North Wharf, if put to the use we suggest, would be a popular place of resort to our visitors, and an additional attraction for our town, as well as an ornament to our water front. It would not be long, too, before some enterprising person would find it to his interest to put tables beneath the pavilion at which he could supply the idlers with ice cream and other refreshments. The Straight wharf is already a neat structure. The Old Colony Company will doubtless improve the New North at an early day,—or ought to do so. Then with the green promenade and pavilion between, with its fleet of boats, the water front would give a delightful impression to the tourist as he shoots in to the dock, for the South and Commercial would be comparatively out of sight.

Joseph S. Barney, Esq., has just completed a new and well-laid walk in front of his building at the head of Steamboat wharf. This will be greatly appreciated by many who travel to and from the steamboat, and completes a line of good walks extending from the wharf up into the town.



"A QUIET MORNING AT THE WHARF"



Steamer Petrel at her berth on Commercial Wharf with a large fare of mackerel.



OLD SOUTH WHARF

Contributed to the prosperity of whaling days and now serves the modern era.

A friend has placed in our possession a record of a wharf meeting held at Nantucket in 1739, to adopt rates of wharfage, &c.—It is a very ancient looking document, and reads as follows:—

NANTUCKET, March 11: 1739 40. At a meeting at ye town house by ye Proprietors of Both wharves, Legally warned. Voted that John Macy be moderator for Said Meeting. Voted that all Vessels that Lye at said Wharves that are Sixty Tons Shall Pay one shilling & 3d per Day, and that all Vessels that Lye at said Wharves that are Seventy tons and upwards, shall Pay one shilling and Sixpence per day, and that all Vessels that are from forty tons to Sixty Lying at said Wharves Shall Pay one Shilling per Day, and that Every Hundred of Whalebone Landed on said Wharves Shall Pay Sixpence per Hundred, and that all wood that is Landed on said Wharves shall Pay twelve Pence per Cord, and that oyl that is Landed or tak of from said Wharves shall Pay three pence per Barrell.

Voted that ye old Wharfe shall be Rebuilt as far out as it fell Down ye Last fall Past, and be well Repaired Likewise.

Voted that Silvanus Hussey, John Macy, and Sam'l Coffin shall be the under takeers to Rebuild and Repair ye old Wharfe.

Voted that all Vessels of Sixty tons and upwards shall pay fifty Shillings for Lying a winter at said Wharves, and that all Vessels of Seventy tons and upwards shall pay three Pounds for Lying a Winter at said Wharves.

Nov. 29, 1859

We learn from the Mirror of Saturday last, that the wharf formerly used by Mr. Henry A. Kelley, and lying between the Commercial and South wharves, has been purchased by Messrs. Whitney & Gardner, to be used a coal wharf. They have for the past two or three weeks, been digging a channel to enable their loaded vessels to come up and discharge their coal upon the wharf. A railway track will be laid on the wharf, and a coal shed built to cover the coal and keep it dry, thus enabling them to furnish their customers, at all times, with dry coal. A large scale will be built to weigh the coal upon as it is landed from the vessel, and another at the upper end of the yard to weigh it as it is delivered to customers.

Nov. 27, 1859



STRAIGHT WHARF AS IT WAS IN 1870.

Showing the "T" which was on the north side and the end of the wharf extending much farther out than it is at present. This picture was taken before coal sheds were erected there and when the wharf was used by "wood coasters" and "apple merchants."

Commercial Wharf.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Commercial wharf, held February 26, 1902, it was voted to incorporate the wharf. The first meeting to build this wharf was held January 12th, 1831.

The following persons were the original proprietors: Gilbert Coffin, Simeon Starbuck, Levi Starbuck, Christopher Wyer, Joseph Starbuck, William B. Coffin, Jared Coffin, Matthew Crosby, Henry Swift, Charles G. Coffin, Henry Coffin, Abial Coffin, Phillip H. Folger, James Athearn.

The cost of this wharf was \$38,000, being built on spiles, and completed in 1835. In 1850 the present one was built of stone, at a cost of \$60,000. The following dividends were paid for a period of thirteen years:

1835—Dividend No. 1.....	\$2,403 93
1836— " " 2.....	3,608 83
1837— " " 3.....	2,833 86
1838— " " 4.....	2,907 96
1839— " " 5.....	2,527 99
1840— " " 6.....	1,919 29
1841— " " 7.....	2,104 60
1842-3—Passed dividends to repair wharf damaged by the great storm of 1841.	
1844—Dividend No. 8.....	2,366 91
1845-6—Passed Dividends.	
1847—Dividend No. 9.....	3,149 51

\$23,822 88

From 1848 onward the dividends appear to have been of limited amounts and passed.

March 8, 1902

Down on the Wharves.

Their General Appearance—A Look at the Yachts, Pleasure Boats and Their Skippers—Vessels in Port during the Week.

THE WHARVES.

What were once good and substantial wharves, covered with oil, teeming with business and lined with ships, &c., now present an extremely different appearance. Our old town, then in the height of her prosperity, could well afford to keep them in order. But with the decline of the whaling business came the decline of the wharves. But little care was given them. They have gradually given way to the action of wind and water, until they now present a most dilapidated appearance. We start from the Steamboat or New North wharf. The lower end has gone, and nothing remains but a few spiles to denote that a wharf ever was there. The north side is entirely gone, with the exception of the piles of stone and sand of which the centre of the structure was built. A railing has been erected along the road leading to the steamboat landing to prevent any accidents to teams. The south side is necessarily kept in better repair, being used by the Steamboat Company, and will pass muster.

Next south comes the Old North wharf—or what was once a wharf. It seems ridiculous to apply the name of wharf to it. A pile of sand and stones, hardly a spile left standing. We can hardly believe when looking at it, that it was formerly lined with whalers, fitting and discharging. Time works wonders. It is used mostly by our boatmen, who moor their crafts in the dock and reach them in smaller boats. Mr. B. R. Burdett has a small quay built near the head for the accommodation of passengers to the Cliff bathing houses. Near the end he keeps his row boats, which are to let.

Our best wharf (and it is a good one) is the Straight. Here is where the New York, Boston and New Bedford packets lie when in port. It is at this time undergoing thorough repairs. It is the centre of the five wharves. On either side are cords of wood piled up, belonging to Capt. William Skinner and Messrs. E. W. Perry & Co. The latter firm have a large coal yard on the northerly side, at which the schooner Eagle has the past week been discharging. The steamer River Queen is lying here, receiving a fine coat of paint and other repairs, preparatory to her summer's work. The sloop Superior arrived here last Monday night with 1000 pounds of bluefish, which were taken in nets at Tuckernuck. They were put on ice for the New London market. At the junction of the Straight and Cross wharves lies the Mabel, a fine yacht, belonging to Boston parties. It seems necessary that we keep one wharf in repair, and this, from its convenient location, is the chosen one.

What is left of the Old South wharf is used by Capt. William T. Swain as a lumber yard. Like the Old North there is little of wharf-like appearance left. But there seems to be a prospect of a few repairs being made by the above-named gentleman. Anything of repair kind, however small, seems acceptable.

The South or Commercial wharf is next and last. Like all the rest it was used formerly for whalers; more recently it was the berth of our fishing fleet. The harbor end was of wood, but has gone under. The main body was the most substantial of any of the wharves, being made of huge granite blocks, and still remains good, though the centre has been guttered out, making it unfit for use. It would require but a small amount to put and keep it in thorough repair; but as there is no use for it, very little attempt is made toward repairing it.

Our wharves are among the things that were, with but an apparently slim chance of being rebuilt. But let us hope that our island may continue to grow in favor as a watering place. This will in time necessitate the building of new piers. Let us live in hopes and work with a will for the accomplishment of this purpose.—There are already those in town who are doing all in their power to turn the tide of travel hitherward. Let us do all we can to aid them.

YACHTS, PLEASURE BOATS, &C.

We give below a list of the yachts and their skippers, also the smaller boats which are to let for pleasure sailing. Though they are probably well known to our townspeople there are many away to whom it may be interesting:

Rev. Mr. Hepworth's yacht Nettie, schooner rigged, is the largest in port. She has been hauled up at the Straight wharf during the past winter and is under the care of Mr. John Pratt. She has lately been scraped, re-painted and fitted up. She will probably leave here for a cruise the last of the present or the first of next month. She now lies in the stream off the end of the Straight wharf.

Next comes Capt. B. R. Burdett's cat-rigged boat, Dauntless, which plies between the Old North wharf and Cliff bathing houses; commencing this year on the 5th of July, she will run from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. Ten cents each way is the charge. After the latter hour the captain is ready to take parties to any desired point.

SCHOONER BOATS.

Lizzie and Helen, Capt. Alexander B. Dunham; Naiad Queen, Capt. Watson Burgess; Rainbow, Capt. Lewis B. Imbert.

SLOOP BOATS.

White Cloud, Capt. John M. Winslow;

Flor del Mar, Captains, Obed Swain and Joseph Winslow; Undine, Capt. Samuel Winslow; Flora Temple, Capt. William Jernegan; Thorn, Capt. David Bunker; Salus, (Ocean house yacht), Capt. Thomas M. Brown sailing master.

CAT-RIGGED.

Ellouise, Capt. Alden H. Adams; Dawning Light, Capt. John Freeman; "W. R.," Capt. Reuben C. Kenney; Favorite, Capt. George H. Veeder; Arthur Weston, Capt. H. Nickerson; Oriole, Capt. Timothy Dunham.

The above-named yachts are all fitted up in first-class style, skilfully managed, and carry all the paraphernalia for sharking, bluefishing or scupping. Parties will be taken to any desired point in the vicinity of the island. The boats with their skippers can be hired for the small sum of \$8.00 per day. By the hour, \$1.00. Under these skippers' care one may feel perfectly at ease. It is seldom, if ever, that any accident from carelessness occurs among our fleet.

TO LET.

The fine cat-rigged boat Blue Light, Moss Wood, Fearless and Rocket are to be let by Capt. B. R. Burdett on application at his office on Old North wharf. The gentleman also has seven first-class row-boats.

Capt. E. H. Fisher has to let the sloop-rigged boat "O. B." and the cat-rigged boat Union. The captain's office is at the billiard hall on Water street.

The prices are very moderate, and are as follows: Sailboats, \$2.50 per day; 35 cents by the hour. If taken for a week or more a discount is made. Row boats, 15 cents per hour. We believe these prices will compare favorably with those of any watering place on the coast.

There are many fine private boats at our wharves, among which are the yacht Mabel, belonging to Boston parties, and the new boat of Mr. Hadwen Swain.

IN PORT.

Saturday last the River Queen made her trip to and from Woods Hole. Monday the sloop Superior, Crocker, from New London came in to load bluefish for the New London market, and has been filled and departed. Schooners Eagle, Atkins, and Fanny Hammer, Brooks, both from Philadelphia. The former had a cargo of coal for E. W. Perry & Co., and the latter a cargo for Capt. Joseph McCleave. The River Queen made her trip to and from Woods Hole. On Tuesday the schooner E. Waterman, Hinkley, from Rondout, arrived with a cargo of coal for the Steamboat Company. Schooner W. O. Nettleton, Brown, left for Boston. Steamer River Queen made her last trip on this day, the Island Home taking her place and running every day, regularly, for the week. The former took quite a number of passengers, many being en route to witness the centennial ceremonies at Boston. Schooner Oliver Cromwell arrived at the bar Tuesday evening and came in Wednesday morning. She is to be fitted for a mackerel cruise. The U. S. steamer Verbena arrived at the Straight wharf Wednesday afternoon. She was to take the watch off to South Shoal, also the relief boat. The lightboat is to be taken to New Bedford for repairs. Capt. J. P. Nye is to take charge of the relief boat while on the station. Sloop Tawtemeo left for New Bedford.

The sloops Amoy and Mary L. Harding came in the early part of the week from the shoals.

We trust that in making our report we have been successful in obtaining the name of every boat, and if any have been omitted it was purely unintentional.

June 8, 1875

HISTORIC STRAIGHT WHARF

When the reconstruction of historic Straight Wharf was begun in the 1940's, machines dredging the harbor dragged up from the mud many reminders of the pier's rich history. Old anchors, original log cribbing laid down in the 18th century, oddly shaped bottles and whaling implements, all relics covering the history of this oldest of Nantucket's five wharves, gave up from the sea 220 years of the past.

Straight Wharf was built in 1723 as the result of the growth in the whaling industry. When Captain Christopher Hussey in 1712 cruising near the Island in search of the "right" whale fell into a school of sperm whales and harpooned one, Nantucket's whaling swelled from a beach industry into a global enterprise. The "try" works on the shore, where the blubber of the right whale was sliced, were no longer adequate. Nantucket whalers ventured further out to sea searching the depths for the valuable sperm whale. Oil was shipped to London and France as well as Boston, Philadelphia and New York, expanding the business well beyond its simple beginnings and inaugurating an industry that made Nantucket the whaling capital of the world.

This was the impetus that built Straight Wharf, not the first which was erected in Nantucket by Joseph Coffin in 1716, but the oldest of the five now standing. In 1723 Richard Macy, grandson of one of the earliest settlers, Thomas Macy, erected Straight Wharf at the foot of Main St. Using careful and laborious crib work construction, the Wharf gradually emerged from the sea. As the weighted logs fastened with wooden pegs in the mud and piling on timbers sank into the silt another layer of logs was put down and rocks added until the sandwiched structure eventually reached above the water. Then pilings were driven around the outline of the expanded layers and Straight Wharf was completed.

The Wharf had 19 owners during its growth period, including six Macys, Silas, Obed, Thomas, Peter, Barzillai and Franklin, Daniel Jones, John Show, William Folger, Peter Chase, Matthew and George Myrick, Kimball Starbuck, Prince, Benjamin IV, Libni, George and Zenas Gardner, who held it in shares. Great was the activity on Straight Wharf during the bustling period when Nantucket's whaling industry reached its zenith. Everything smelled of tar and oil, the air was filled with seamen's chanties and the shouts of the workers. The Wharf was piled high with goods in hogsheads, bales and cases, and great drays filled with casks rumbled up the Wharf to cobblestoned Main Street.

Hundreds of large whaling ships sailed into the Wharf, unloaded their precious cargo and fitted out again from the coopers' shops, the sail lofts, and the blacksmith shops that serviced the vessels between their two and three year voyages into the South Seas. Wealthy Quaker ship owners in their grey broadcloth suits and broad brimmed hats left their counting houses and strolled sedately down Main Street to Straight Wharf to see the holds of their ships disgorge the wealth of the seven seas. Fortunes were unloaded on the pier, magnificent



mansions were built from the profits of this booming industry. The bustling commercialism matched that of London.

One of the busiest buildings and still standing was the Macy Warehouse, now housing the Kenneth Taylor Art Galleries, and owned by three successive sets of brothers, Obed and Sylvanus Macy, Thomas and Peter Macy, and Isaac and Philip Macy. The three generations carried on a business of fitting out whale ships and trading in coastal vessels. Another lively industry on Straight Wharf

YOUR HOSTS AT STRAIGHT WHARF

CAP'N TOBEY'S CHOWDER BAR
For Your Eating Pleasure
RAINBOW FOODS
Balanced Put-Up Lunches

STRAIGHT WHARF PLAYHOUSE
Drama By A Professional Company
FOUR WINDS GIFT SHOP
For Unique Gift Shopping

was a cordage shop, filled with sails, rigging and whaling implements to repair the whaling ships before they began another voyage around the Horn.

Smaller vessels moored among the great whaling ships, for Straight Wharf was large enough to handle more than the whaling industry. Hundreds of wood coasters carrying precious lumber to the Island, apple merchants and fishing vessels with bulging holds unloaded their cargo on the Wharf. Messrs. E. W. Perry and Company had their lumber yards there where the wood coasters deposited long rows of pine and oak, and great piles of lumber. Merchant Edward Perry later bought Straight Wharf from the shareholders and continued it as a freight dock. The ships home from Madagascar and New Guinea, foreign vessels seeking to unload their cargo, swarthy seamen and strange tongues, made Straight Wharf a corner of a cosmopolitan and exotic world. But the fate of Straight Wharf followed that of the declining whaling industry. As kerosene replaced whale oil and the ships grew too large to enter Nantucket Harbor, whaling became history and in 1869 the last whaleship, the Oak sailed from Nantucket.

Privation was the lot of Nantucketers, building ceased, hundreds migrated to richer lands, and Straight Wharf fell into disuse. The dock gradually disintegrated with the end sloping into the water. Writers in 1875 mourned deserted and ramshackle Straight Wharf. When tourism replaced whaling as Nantucket's chief industry at the end of the 19th century, Straight Wharf's busy past was revived as excursionists debarked on the Wharf for a few hours on the Island before returning to the mainland. Thousands of visitors first set foot on Nantucket on the old wharf where once the masts of sailing ships speared the sky. Coal sheds and ice houses replaced cooperages and sail lofts. In that period it was not a respectable place to be, and no proper lady or small child would be seen on Straight Wharf. The Wharf has continued through the 20th century as a port for small steamers and until two years ago a ferry, the Sea Road, plying the waters between Hyannis and Nantucket, carried some of the first cars to the Island.

The Killen Brothers bought the Wharf in 1891 and later Killen and Sons sold it to the Pacific Oil Company. In the early 1940's Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Miller, its present owners, bought the Wharf. When the Nantucket Boat Company began using the pier in 1945 its gradual reconstruction was begun as the harbor was dredged of the sand and sediment that had silted in, and the crumbling structures were replaced.

Several hundred thousand dollars have been spent in the restoration of this historic landmark which played such a vivid part in Nantucket's golden era. Bituminous concrete paving now being laid completes the reconstruction, making Straight Wharf the finest on Nantucket. It's a delightful place to sit and enjoy the view of the harbor, the yachts and small craft who use it for a docking area. Now the landing for the daily excursion boat from Hyannis, the owners envision a marina as the next chapter in Straight Wharf's long and exciting history.



The schooner "Alice S. Wentworth" awaiting a breeze after unloading coke at Cash Coal Company. The year is 1930.

Apr. 17, 1959

KENNETH TAYLOR ART GALLERIES STRAIGHT WHARF AUTO
Art Exhibits For Your Viewing Car Service, Oil & Gas
HYANNIS, NANTUCKET & MARTHA'S VINEYARD
STEAMSHIP LINE & ISLAND SIGHTSEEING TOURS, INC.

SERVICE HARBOR SALES & SERVICE
Boats For Hire & Fishing Trips
SHERBURNE OIL CO.
Fuel Oil and Gasoline

JUNE 13, 1885.

Collector's Notice, TOWN OF NANTUCKET.

The owners and occupants of the following-described real estate, situated in the town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon assessed to them respectively for the years 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883 and 1884, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town by the Assessors, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale at public auction on the Lower Square of Main street in this town, on the thirteenth day of July, 1885, for the payment of said taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

COMMERCIAL WHARF, containing 40,000 feet of surface; the southernmost wharf on the harbor of Nantucket, bounded on the west by Whale street. The amount of taxes are, for 1878, fourteen dollars and forty cents; for 1880, twelve dollars; for 1881, nine dollars and twenty cents; for 1882, ten dollars; for 1883, eight dollars; for 1884, twelve dollars and forty cents. Aggregate, sixty-six dollars.

Historical Straight Wharf, Restored From Delapidated Condition, To Be Ready Soon

Within a few days, Nantucket's historical Straight Wharf will be completely restored from the delapidated condition in which Lawrence Miller found it when he assumed ownership only a few years ago.

Mr. Miller said the restored Wharf, firmly bulkheaded and enlarged to withstand the rigors of the elements, is expected to be ready for service early next week.

For the past several years, the wharf has undergone a series of projects designed to bring it to top efficiency.

Turner and Breivogel, Inc. Fallmouth contractors, drove sturdy oak pilings outlining the planned wharf and dumped in many tons of fill dredged from the surrounding harbor bottom. A "T" extension at the eastern end of the pier was built for the mooring of small craft and hundreds of feet of trench have been dug to carry electric wires, telephone cables and sewer pipes to the end of the wharf where there will be facilities for boat passengers. The 660-foot length of the pier is to be surfaced with sealcoating for the passage of cars. The project is scheduled to be completed in time for the landing of the first boat load of visitors of the season from Hyannis Sunday, Mr. Miller said.

Mr. Miller estimated that the cost of the project would be \$50,000. He said that other projects on the wharf were still in the formulative stage.

Mr. Miller said he eventually hopes to shingle all the commercial building on Straight Wharf to maintain the "Nantucket Look." The metal-sheathed building at the west end of the pier is being shingled in line with that plan.

The building, constructed several years ago by Nantucket summer resident MacMillan Clements, of Norwalk, Conn., was specially designed for experimental production of frozen sea food.

The building, formerly the Patio, will be used to make Captain Toby's "Nantucket quahaug chowder." The chowder produced by The Island Products Co. headed by

Mrs. Robert R. Leske Jr., is quick frozen and shipped to such cities as New York, New Bedford and Baltimore where it has gained in popularity. There will also be a chowder bar in the enlarged structure which will feature such seafood specialties as lobster, steamed clams, little necks and quahogs. The new restaurant is scheduled to open June 1.

Extending from Main Street, Straight Wharf, termed in 1723 "the focal point" of the whaling industry, once stretched into shallow mud flats. Early Nantucketers built the pier by laying a row of rocks. As the weighted logs fastened with wooden pegs on the mud and piling on timbers sank into the mud another layer of logs was put down and rocks added until the sandwiched structure eventually reached above the water. Then pilings were driven around the outline of the exposed layers and the wharf completed.

After the decline of the whaling industry in Nantucket the dock gradually disintegrated, with the end sloping into the water. Sand and sediment filled the harbor around the pier and only the smallest boats were able to moor at its eastern end.

The Nantucket Boat Company began using the wharf in 1945 and gradual reconstruction began. The huge machines which dredged the harbor and poured fill into the enclosure of the wharf dragged up many reminders of the pier's rich past. Old anchors, the original log cribbing laid down in the 18th century, oddly-shaped bottles, rusted steel pipe and a "one-lung" motor from a catboat are among the relics taken from the harbor bottom. Straight Wharf will now accommodate a good-sized vessel, Mr. Miller said.

Island Mourns Death of Herbert H. Coffin.

Herbert Hunter Coffin, Commodore of the Nantucket Wharf Rat Club since 1932, died at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital early Sunday morning, December 18. Mr. Coffin had been in failing health for several years, but until last fall had been able to spend a few hours each day at the meeting place of Wharf Rat Club members, his boating supply shop on Old North Wharf.

Mr. Coffin was born in Nantucket on October 25, 1871, the son of the late Charles G. and Sarah K. (Hunter) Coffin. He was a direct descendant of Tristram Coffin, one of the original settlers of Nantucket. He attended the Nantucket schools and then, from 1891 to 1895, went to New York where he



COMMODORE HERBERT H. COFFIN

was connected with the firm of C. L. Woodbridge. Returning to Nantucket, he entered the party boat business with his brothers, Myron and Fred. With Myron he operated the popular catboat "Lillian", distinguished by the large black "L" on her sail, which ran between Nantucket and Wauwinet. The "Dauntless" was another catboat which he ran, with his brother Fred, making the shorter trip from the harbor around Brant Point to the location of the old Hayden bath house at the beach between the Jetties and Hulbert Avenue. The "Dauntless" carried a large red star near the peak of her mainsail. During the years that these two party boats were in operation, "Herb" Coffin made many acquaintances and contacts which developed into firm and lasting friendships while he was commodore of the Wharf Rat Club.

At the same time that he was active in the party boat business he became associated with the late Eugene Perry and Frank Nickerson in their quahaug business. When Mr. Nickerson died,

Mr. Coffin entered into partnership with Mr. Perry. In 1938, after Mr. Perry's death, he became the sole owner of the business, which he developed into the little shop on Old North Wharf where he sold equipment and clothing for fishermen while the building became the headquarters for the Wharf Rat Club.



THE WHARF RAT CLUB BURGEES

The Wharf Rat Club was started back in 1915 by the late Charles G. Coffin, "Herb" Coffin's father, and the late Austin Strong. Mr. Coffin became the commodore in 1932, after his father's death. The little club, whose membership is limited to 175, numbers among its members sailing and boating enthusiasts from all over the United States. The late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who visited Nantucket on his yacht "Amberjack II" in the summer of 1933, flew the Wharf Rat Club burgee from the yardarm.

Mr. Coffin was twice married, first to the former Elizabeth W. Sandbury, who died in 1915, and later to the former Agnes Bickerstaff, who survives him. He was one of the charter members of Wauwinet Tribe, I. O. R. M., and of Wonomo Council, Degree of Pocahontas. He was also the oldest member of both organizations.

In addition to his wife, Commodore Coffin leaves three children, Lester H. Coffin, of Weehawken, N. J., Mrs. Florence I. Redfearn, of North Dartmouth, Mass., and Thomas Coffin, of Nantucket, three grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. He is also survived by a brother, Orin K. Coffin, a sister, Mrs. Isabelle Gibbs, and a step-sister, Miss Maud Winslow, all of Nantucket.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the Lewis Funeral Home by the members of Wauwinet Tribe, I. O. R. M., assisted by the Reverend George L. Michelson of the First Baptist Church. Honorary pall bearers included Leland Topham, Archibald Cartwright, and Antone Foster, of the Red Men, and Herbert Brown, Harry Gorden, and Richard C. Beer, of the Wharf Rat Club. The pall bearers were Stuart B. Day, Frank Viera, and Clarence Swift, of the Red Men, and Clinton Andrews, George Andrews, and Charles E. Flanagan, of the Wharf Rat Club. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery, where Mr. Michelson and the Red Men conducted a brief ceremony.



AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CATBOAT "DAUNTLESS".

Commodore Herbert H. Coffin.

With his merry blue eyes and rosy face under his favorite old cap, his pipe ever in his hand, his short but imposing figure dressed in a business suit, seated in a khaki canvas chair tilted back on the deck of the Wharf Rat Club while he had one ear on the argument of the moment among those rats sitting around him, the other ear intent on a possible customer entering the street door of his shop, one eye on the harbor and the other on a child fishing off the end of the dock with a string and bent pin, Commodore Herbert Coffin was always the center of a lively and treasured universe of the men and women who are privileged to belong to the world's most unusual club, an organization held together by affection, humor and justice rather than by dues, rules and elected officers.

He was the ruler there as Eros ruled the affections of men in ancient Greece. By his comradeship, sympathy, good humor, non-partisanship, courtousness, sharp wit and good wisdom, his connection with a Nantucket era that has become a tradition and a legend, and his memory for names and faces from all walks of society, Commodore Coffin was the beloved despot of a group he taught to love one another. He could do this by cracking a silver and wooden gavel over their heads, given to him for the purpose but most often, by one or two words at the right moment, he poured balm and healing oil on troubled waters. Even in the idle friendly moments of men is such discipline needed to bind them one to another.

"No reserved seats for the mighty" has brought down the pride and humbled the soul of many a pompous gent (or lady) at the Wharf Rat Club with Herb as the leavener. He kept a huge ship's log in which he wrote the daily events of the club throughout his life. His correspondence with members took him throughout the United States and England and was full of newsy bits of Nantucket for the hungry hearted off-islanders. He had real presence and Austin Strong always claimed Herb would be as much at ease in a ball room as in his shop. He always knew the right thing to say and never hurt anyone with thoughtlessness. He walked, spoke, sat and acted with authority.

The Wharf Rat Club will never die, because Commodore Coffin has proved to it which men enjoy by pleasant company, without any conflict with club politics, rules or grades of officers. And once men have found this secret they will do everything to preserve it even though the man they loved and associated with it is gone to join the others who preceded him, to the old pot-bellied stove, with its pail of ashes beside it, the chairs in various stages of comfortably falling apart around it in the world beyond our ken and to which we shall go, a bit bewildered until we find Herb Coffin there, welcoming us, surrounded by a heavenly company of old friends.

Helen Wilson Sherman

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I was at your island once, when the whole of the Old North Wharf was visible at high water. I have stood on New North Wharf, when looking towards the creeks, my vision was considerably obscured by the forest of masts and rigging between. I think I may safely say that I have seen thirty ships at one time lying at the wharves, either being stripped, under repairs, or fitting for a new voyage. I have seen the wharves lined with coasters, unloading and otherwise disposing of their cargoes of lumber, fish, oil, grain, cattle, fruit, vegetables, hay, fence and coopers' stuff, and merchandise of every description, from nearly every principal port from Maine to Florida. I have seen the streets actually humming with busy life, the Main street of the town lined with well stocked and well patronized stores and shops, and filled with teams transporting merchandise, and lighter carriages of every kind. I have seen three large livery stables, well stocked with material and fully employed with profit to their owners. I have seen more than twenty candle factories, well worked, and cooper shops, rope walks, sail lofts, rig lofts, blacksmiths' shops, block and pump makers' shops, spar yards, paint shops, continually, fully employed, at one and the same time. Those were flush times. I have seen the time when three banks did a good business; when public, primary and private schools of the best class, flourished with teachers, than whom few schools any where now can boast or better.

I was on the island three years since, and how changed was all. I think a portion of Old North Wharf could have been seen at high water when the tides ran low. But the forest between the creeks and New North Wharf had vanished. I could not see a single boy, shinning his way up to a seat in the main t'gallant truck, nor a bare specimen of an embryo whaler preparing to dive into the dock from the stern of a dismantled three-master. No long rows of pine and oak wood, no huge piles of lumber, no full tiers of black, greasy oil casks lined the wharves on either side as in days gone. The hum of the streets had ceased, and in its stead, was the occasional rattle over the clean pavement of the wheels of a doctor's chaise, a beach wagon or a carman's cart. The street line had been straightened, and the square retained only in name, the burnt district all built over, and certainly improved in its appearance. The business had gone, only the town remained. But I was glad to see that, and so have been the ten thousand visitors to the island this summer, and thereat Joe B., the Waltham boy, the boat company and the tavern keepers may rejoice. They've got the two boats, they've got the "sheep headed," and now what, mostly, I think you want, is some roads that are fit to drive on. You don't want a railroad no more than you want the itch, seven years or seven minutes. You want some good macadamized roads, one to Seonset, one to South Shore and thereabouts, one to Polpis, Quidnit and Sankoty, and one out west, round about Mattaket; of course it will cost; everything good for anything costs; city horse railroads cost, but they pay. Our harbor excursion steamboats cost, but they pay. Occasionally a new omnibus on our citizens' line is put on, and it costs, but it pays; so these newly made roads will pay. You need not build them every one next year; build one of them, whichever it may be, the coming fall, winter and spring; it will take that time to build a good one. Call a meeting and talk it over, and see if you hadn't better do it.

I should think that off-islanders would wonder that there is not one good, wide, hard, macadamized road without ruts, outside the town, and hardly more than a half a dozen such within, if as many.

"But some man will say," "Oh bother! the roads are good enough; 'spose they are all ruts and soft sand, these folks that come here expect to find things different from what they have at home. Don't they expect to see a big heap of sand and wade in it about town up to their ankles?" Well, 'spose they do, don't they like the reality better, and are they not pleased to find even the present means of locomotion as good as they are, and would not an improvement add to their enjoyment? A good many think so, and I shouldn't wonder if the majority of your enterprising common sense, up to the times, town's people, would think so, in town meeting assembled. Any how, why not try it? MAXCY.

Boston, Sept. 21, 1874.

Repairs to Steamboat Wharf.

We have from time to time alluded in our columns to certain contemplated repairs to the steamboat wharf, but never until to-day have we been able to state definitely, just what the repairs were to be.

We now learn that the T just below that which has always been the berth of the steamboat will be made new throughout, and the two will be connected by a causeway twenty-five feet in width, thus forming a berth for the second boat, retaining the present one for the unemployed steamer. The coal pen now in use will be removed, and a new one is to be built upon the lower T. The space now occupied as the coal pen will be filled in and graded to the present level of the wharf, and this will afford a spacious driveway and an abundance of room for the convenient landing of passengers and freight, as it is intended that the ingress and egress of passengers will be from the causeway to the T now in use, and the freight will be conducted over the same passage way. The entire north line of the wharf which has become nearly obliterated by the action of the sea will be rebuilt, and a plank wall constructed, extending from the blacksmith shop owned by Mr. George Swain, to the lower end of the contemplated structure, a distance of 720 feet. Earth and stone will be then filled in, to meet the present road, making a driveway to the boats upwards of fifty feet in width. Gas pipe will be carried the whole length of the wharf, by which the landing will be properly lighted, and a supply of gas furnished to the new restaurant, the stable of W. H. H. Smith, and such other buildings as may be erected.

The wharf will be rebuilt in the most thorough manner, the piles, some four hundred in number, to be driven in sections eight feet square, capped with timber 10x12, over which the flooring stock 4x12 will be placed, three feet apart, and then the whole to be covered with planking three inches in thickness. All the stock used will be yellow pine, which is now being loaded at Brunswick, Ga., to be shipped directly here.

The Tawtemeo will arrive to-day with the first consignment of piles, and the work will be commenced on Tuesday next, under the supervision of Mr. E. E. Rider, who has had such an unlimited experience in the construction of wharves and bridges, in the employ of the Old Colony Railroad Company.

Although the times look exceedingly discouraging, and business is everywhere in a deplorable state of depression, still if the wharf is ever to be repaired, we think the Steamboat Company have hit upon the most opportune moment, when stock and labor rule at so much lower rates than they will when business again starts up.

Commercial Wharf Sale Planned

An agreement for sale of Commercial Wharf and building to a group of businessmen from Hyannis was confirmed by Eben Hutchinson, Jr. of Lynnfield Center, the owner, yesterday.

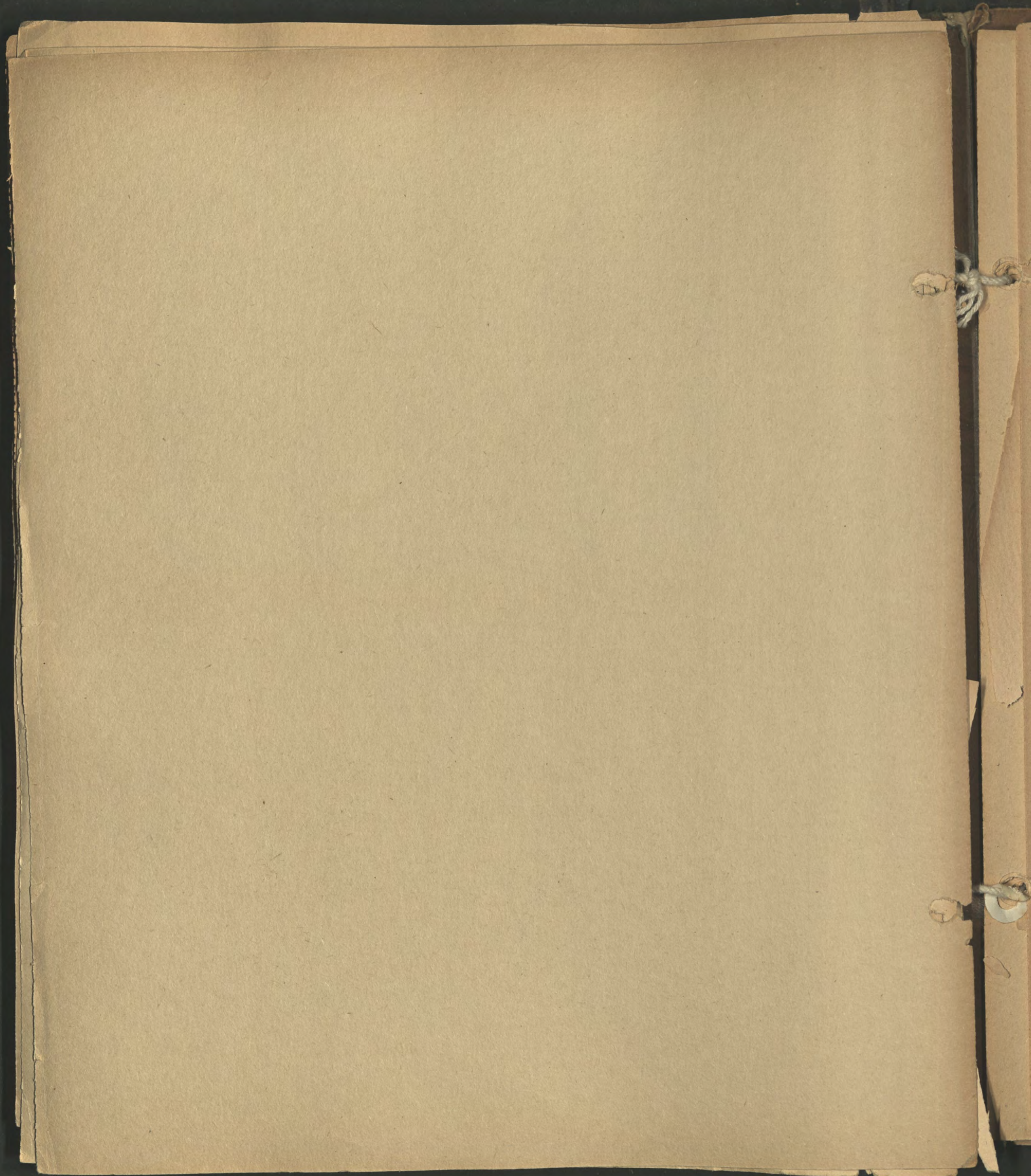
Mr. Hutchinson, who declined to identify the purchasers, said the sale is scheduled to go through in about two weeks. He said lease of the Boathouse building to Christian D. Schell is effective through 1957. Sale price is reported unofficially at \$75,000. Benjamin Baxter of Hyannis who formerly operated a transportation business accompanied the Hyannis group here on an inspection of the property recently.

What the wharf would be used for was not disclosed. At the present time, a Hyannis excursion vessel uses it in the Summer for disembarking and embarking passengers.

May 15, 1957

May 13, 1876

Sept. 26, 1874





THE BEACH ON THE INNER SHORE OF THE HARBOR.



BATHING AT NANTUCKET BEACH.

Boyer Photo



1942



A SECTION OF THE BEACH



APPLETON A MASON
THE POPULAR LIFE GUARD



THE CENTRAL PAVILION

1906

CLEAN SHORE BATHING ROOMS.—It will be seen by advertisement that Mr. Charles E. Hayden will open his bathing rooms to the public on Thursday next, July 1st. These rooms are twenty-one in number, have been fitted up in good style, and will prove a great convenience for those who visit our island for the purpose of indulging in salt water bathing. This place offers as an inducement a clean beach, gradually sloping to any required depth of water, entirely free from stones, and will probably become a place of favorite resort with the sojourners on our island during the Summer. Mr. Hayden will also have a nice arrangement for drying the clothing of the bathers. Having been to considerable expense in fitting up this establishment, we hope he may receive a liberal share of patronage.

June 26, 1869

OCEAN BATHING ROOMS. (CLIFF SHORE.)



THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that this place of popular resort is now open, and will remain open every day for the season. These rooms are located within a short distance of the ocean, and for accommodations are inferior to none on the island.

G. W. BURDICK.

OCEAN BATHING

—AT THE—

Clean Shore Bathing Rooms.



THE subscriber would inform the public that his commodious bathing rooms at the Clean Shore, will be opened TO-DAY for the season. These rooms are well known as a place of public resort during the heated term, and no pains will be spared to keep up the well-established reputation.

Bathers can be accommodated as well at low as at high water.

Persons in feeble health, wishing warm salt water baths, can find rooms neatly fitted up for this purpose, and will receive every attention by the subscriber.

The Bath Rooms will be open Sunday mornings till 9 o'clock.

CHARLES E. HAYDEN.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. A Word in Season.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—On one of the glorious afternoons of this week, I chanced to visit the Bath Rooms on the Clean Shore, recently fitted up for the benefit of strangers and all our "old-town folks," who like the water. These, when completed, and furnished with bathing suits, will be well patronized, I think.

The whole establishment has been designed and completed by Mr. Charles Hayden, of this town, and if perseverance and a determination to cater to the comfort of patrons are honorable virtues, verily Mr. Hayden ought to receive full encouragement and remuneration. Let him advertise his Bath Rooms, give due notice in your columns of the easy access to the beach, the accommodations, the long bridge leading to the outer bathing house itself containing ten comfortable apartments, and his success will be certain. More anon when I have more time to be minute. Let the public patronize him.

A. E. J.

June 19, 1869

For the Cliff Shore Bath Houses.



COMMENCING on July 6th, sloop "DAUNTLESS" will leave her moorings near the foot of Old North wharf, for the

Cliff Shore Bathing Houses,

every morning (Sunday excepted) at 9, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock, and run until 1 o'clock, P. M. Fare, TEN CENTS EACH WAY.

Boat landing near the foot of Old North wharf. Sail boats to let by the day or hour.

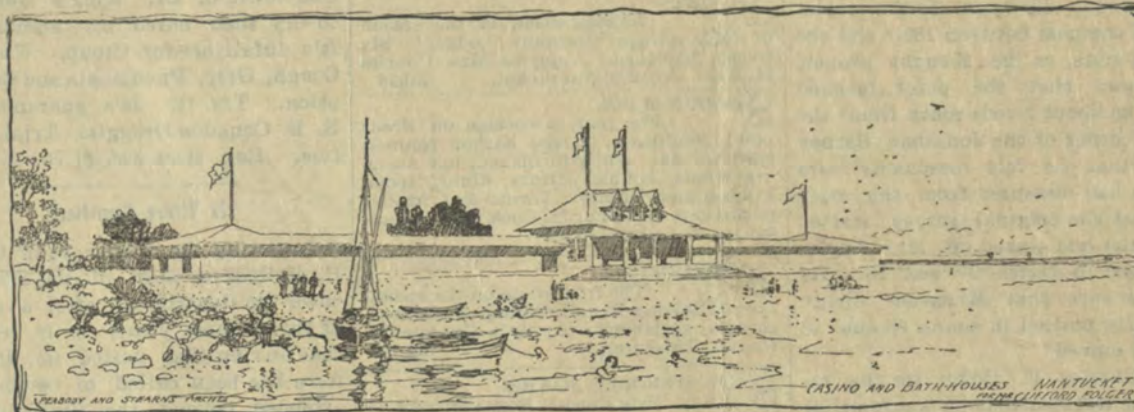
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BARZILLAI R. BURDETT.

1880

NEW BATHING PAVILION.

A Detailed Description of the Structure and Plans of the Lessee for a Fine Public Bathing Place.



The above picture is a perspective view of the casino and bath-houses in process of erection at Cliff bathing beach for Clifford Folger, of South Framingham, and gives a very clear idea of what appearance the beach will take on when this improvement is completed.

It will be noted that the structure consists of a casino, with a wing on either side. It will be located at a point farther west than the previous bathing houses, on the edge of the knoll nearest the water, and will stretch out over the sands about 300 feet.

The casino, or main building, will be two stories, 40x20 feet, with a covered piazza 40x15 feet on the shore front. The lower floor will be given over to an office and counter for the sale of soda, soft drinks, etc., and will be furnished on the seashore order as a waiting room, to which all will be welcome, day or evening, whether

patrons for bathing or not. The second floor will be divided into four apartments to be occupied by the janitor and his family.

In the wings will be located the bath-rooms, to the number of three hundred, placed in double rows, facing a centre aisle, and accessible only through the casino, there being no outside doors. One wing will be for women and the other for men. In each of the sections will be a room with three shower baths, and toilet rooms and lavatories, and all the up-to-date accessories of a modern bathing pavilion.

The structure will be raised sufficiently that those occupying the lounging room of the casino will have full view of the bathers.

Patrons will be offered free the facilities of the pavilion for caring for their own bathing suits, if they elect, or the management will care for them free of expense. Suits will be kept for rental, and everything done to make the place popular, as the word may be used in its proper sense.

Mr. Folger is determined that it shall be conducted in a high class manner, and will do everything that may reasonably be expected to make it a resort where all will be eager to go, and be pleasantly entertained.

Work has already been commenced on the structure by contractor Humes, who is to have it completed by June 15th, and he has imported a force of fifteen carpenters to hustle the work along. The building will be of N. O. pine, finished in the wood, with hard pine floors, and the material has arrived on schooner Marion Belle from New Bedford, and is being rapidly discharged.

As Mr. Folger is to give us such a fine outfit, it is to be hoped the street department may see its way clear to make the approach to the shore right, by constructing a small piece of roadway to connect with North Beach street, as was originally planned at the annual town meeting.

May 14, 1904

BATHING.—Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over; and whether in Summer or Winter that ought to be done with soap, water, and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction to the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of a family physician. Many a man in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; aye, it is done every day.

The best, safest, cheapest and most universally accessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing with soap, warm water and hog's hair brush, is as follows:

As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands neck and breast; then, in the same basin of water put your feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night, when you go to bed, and when ever you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands, as far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which too frequent washings of the skin will always destroy.

That precautions are necessary, in connection with the bath-room, is impressively signified in the death of an American lady of refinement and position, lately, after taking a bath soon after dinner; of Surgeon Hume while alone in a warm bath and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances, all within a year.—Hall's Journal of Health.

May 9, 1857



CLIFF BATHING BEACH, NANTUCKET.



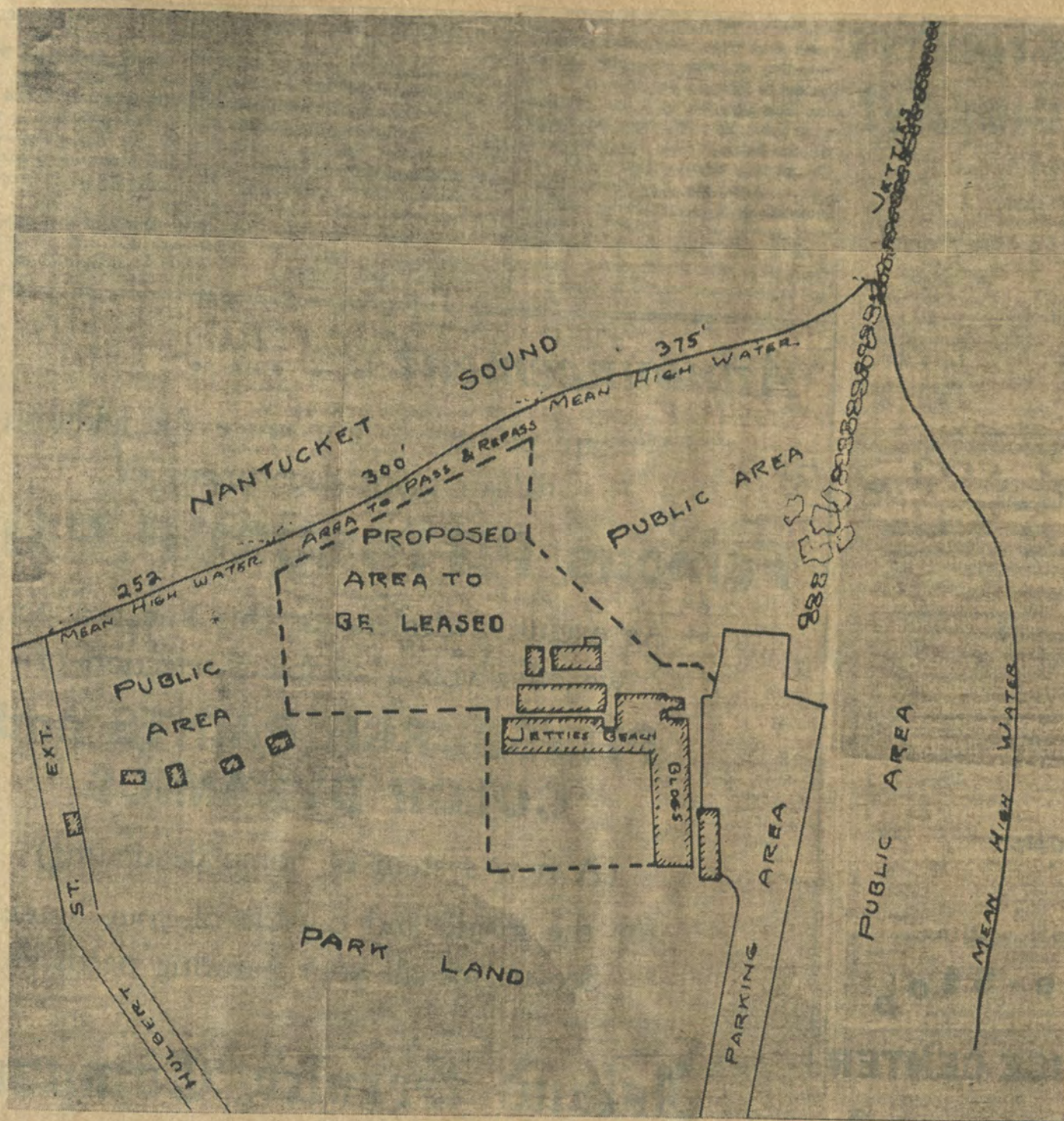
COLORFUL umbrellas line this Nantucket town beach, in lee of breakwater.

NANTUCKET'S "BONE OF CONTENTION" ---- WHO OWNS THE BEACH?



A view of the Cliff Bathing Beach fifteen years ago, showing the section now under controversy. The ten acres taken by the town under the park act of 1903 is a considerable distance east from the land now called the "cliff beach," as shown by the survey on record and the bounds placed, which are east of the concrete road leading down to the beach and apart from the section of land shown in this picture. The town has occupied and leased this land since 1904, however, and it has been the general impression that it was the town's property. Franklin E. Smith claims ownership, however, and at the last annual town meeting he offered to give the town a clear title to the property for \$6,000, but the town felt otherwise inclined, with the result that a long-drawn-out controversy in the courts seems in prospect—that is, unless the town can reach an amicable settlement with Mr. Smith in the meantime, in order that the bathing beach may be conducted the coming season.

A picture of the cliff beach taken in 1890 shows the "White City" buildings standing on the Alley (Burdick) land far to the eastward of the land used as the beach since 1904.



The above plan of the Jetties Beach illustrates the area which would be leased with the present bath house concession if approval of the Town Meeting and Legislature is obtained. The area under discussion is actually far to the west of that presently used by the lessee of the beach, and the public would have the use of a larger area directly to the west of the jetties than at present. A second public beach area would be available to the west, and an area for the public to pass and repass in front of the leased area has been provided in the proposal.

Feb. 22, 1958

Sidney Killen New Lessee Of Jetties Bathing Beach.

The Board of Selectmen met in executive session Tuesday night to discuss and act on the bids which they received for leasing the bathhouses at the Jetties Bathing Beach.

It was announced the next day that the Board had accepted the bid of Sidney H. Killen for \$2,800.

This news caused widespread discussion and speculation among the townspeople as to why the Board passed up a bid of \$4,999 made by William Miko. Another bid received was from Robert Currie, who operated the bathhouses in the past few years, and whose bid was \$3,510.

In regard to Mr. Currie there were many stories circulated that he had withdrawn his bid but, according to Secretary James K. Glidden the Board never officially received any notice of withdrawal from him. They did have word from an authoritative source that he is going to manage the Cliff Side Beach Club this summer.

May 3, 1958

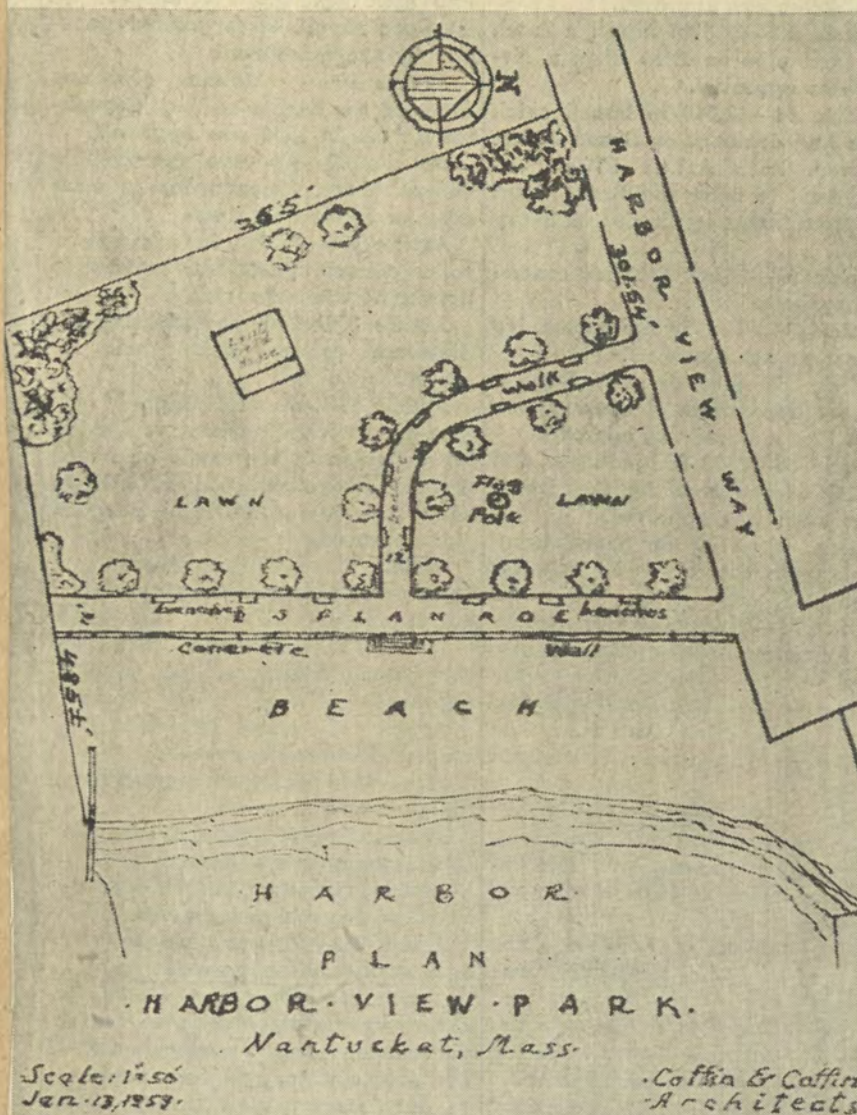
"Camp Holiday" at Jetties Has Been Sold.

It has been announced that "Camp Holiday", the day camp for children which has been operated at the Jetties Beach for the past several years, will be under new management this coming season. Richard Rorstrom, who has operated the camp, has sold his interests to Charles Houghston.

Mr. Houghston, who has been on the island this week making arrangements for the coming season, stated that the name of the camp has been changed to "Camp Sea Island." Mr. Houghston is a teacher of biology and science at Germantown Academy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and is also an athletic coach at the school. He was formerly an instructor at Governor Dummer Academy at South Byfield, Mass.

May 27, 1958

Proposed Park Plan

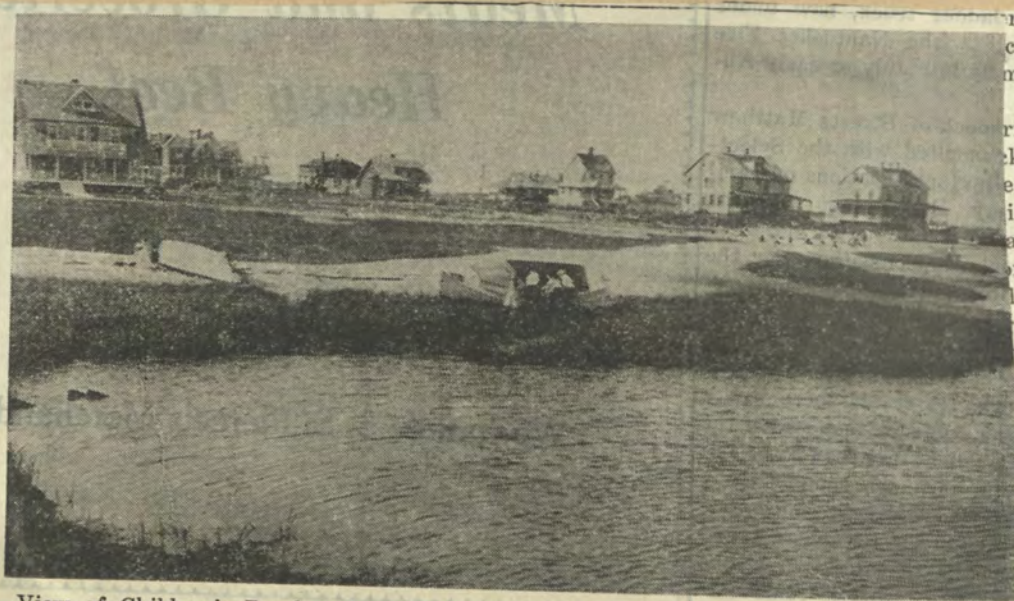


THE ABOVE DRAWING was made from the Land Court Plan of the Harbor View Way and Children's Beach area to illustrate the proposal for a public park under Article 86 of the Annual Town Meeting Warrant. The park would take in the entire length of the beach along Harbor View Way and that abutting the property on the west, and would run toward the harbor to within 75 feet of the normal high water mark. Paved walks would be constructed through the park and along the edge of the beach, where a concrete retaining wall would prevent erosion of the filled land. The plan includes the filling and seeding of the entire park area, and the planting of trees and shrubs along the walks. Benches would be placed at convenient intervals, and the Board has also suggested that a temporary bandstand could be erected in the southeast corner of the park for summer concerts. The first estimate of the cost of the project has been given at \$10,000, although no definite figures have yet been obtained from contractors. The Selectmen have emphasized that the construction of the park will not prohibit use of the beach as in the past, and would provide an attractive and convenient area for our summer visitors within easy walking distance of the center of the town.



THOUSANDS THROG NANTUCKET BEACH
—Nantucket was overrun with weekend visitors over the holiday. This was a typical beach

scene. It shows part of the huge crowd that swarmed to the Jetties Bathing Beach. Not much room left here.



View of Children's Beach, taken in 1917, showing the similarity at that time between this section of the island and the "creek area."

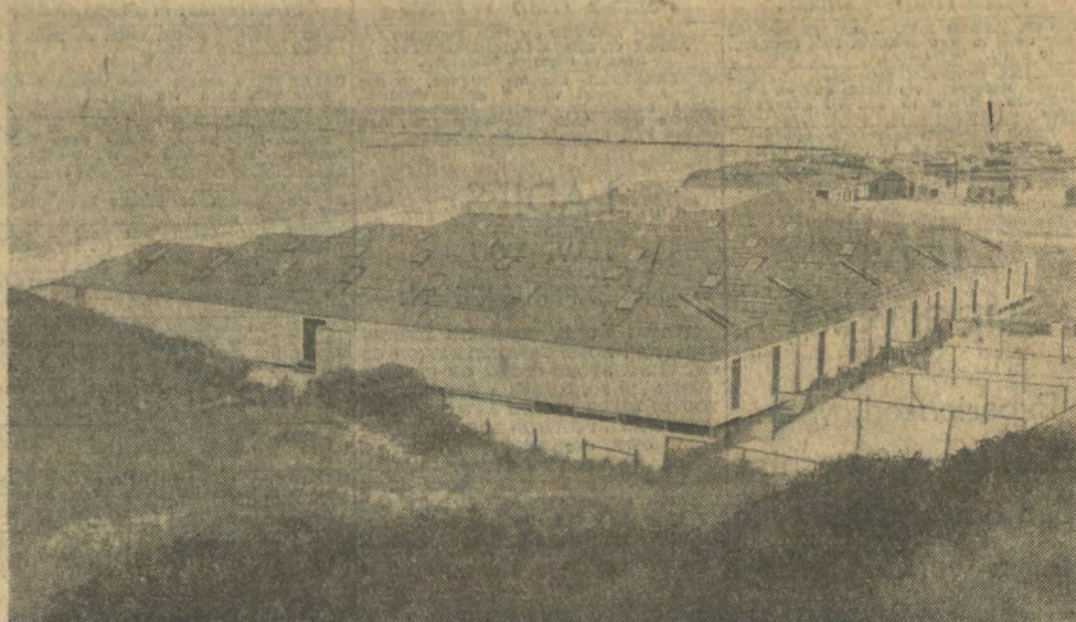
Cliffside Beach Property Sold to Congdon & Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Murray Conrad and their son, Richard F. Conrad, have this week signed an agreement for the sale of the Cliffside Beach property to Messrs. Robert D. Congdon and Henry B. Coleman. It is expected the final arrangements for the sale will be made before the first of the year.

Mr. Congdon and Mr. Coleman, who operate the Congdon and Coleman Real Estate and Insurance agency, plan to operate the Cliffside Beach and its private club along the same lines as they have been run in the past.

Mr. H. Murray Conrad has been actively engaged in the operation of Cliffside Beach for nearly 52 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Conrad and their children are planning to leave Nantucket shortly for Stowe, Vt., where they will operate "The Stowaway," a ski lodge which they are purchasing from the present owner, George Rutledge.



—Bill Haddon Photo

BEACH PROPERTY SOLD—Ownership of Cliffside Beach, a private bathing facility patronized by members of the exclusive Cliffside Beach Club is changing hands. Robert D. Congdon and Henry L. Coleman are negotiating to purchase the property from Mr. and Mrs. Murray Conrad. Agreements for the sale already have been signed. The property is assessed for \$27,000.

Nov. 8, 1957 (N.B.)

Nov. 9, 1957

Congdon And Coleman Buy Cliffside Beach In Largest Real Estate Deal On Island

What is believed to be the largest financial real estate transaction in the history of the Island occurred this week with an announcement that agreement for sale of Cliffside Beach by Mr. and Mrs. H. Murray Conrad to Henry B. Coleman and Robert D. Congdon had been signed.

Final papers transferring ownership, Mr. Coleman said, will be signed about Jan. 1, 1958.

Mr. Coleman and Mr. Congdon who, with Mrs. Congdon, is on a trip to Florida, are partners in the real estate and insurance firm of Congdon and Coleman.

Mr. Coleman said he and Mr. Congdon will operate the beach themselves. He said no one else is involved in the transaction. The sale price was not disclosed but was reliably reported to exceed any amount involved in a real estate transaction in the history of the Island.

Mr. Coleman said the beach will continue in operation as it has in the past—a Beach Club on a membership basis. There are now more than 200 members. Mrs. Herbert Wood, long associated in the operation of the beach, will continue to serve in the same capacity.

Mr. Conrad and his son, Richard, have managed the beach for many years.

The son and his wife, Eloise, long active in community affairs here, have purchased a ski lodge at Stowe, Vt. and will make their permanent home there. The lodge has 24 beds and caters to Vermont visitors in the Summer and skiers in the Winter.

The couple have four children, Richard, 17, a Senior at Fryeburg, Me. Academy who has applied for pre-medical school at the University of Vermont; Mrs. Charles E. Chapman of Snead's Ferry, N. C., Ruby 12 and Peter 8.

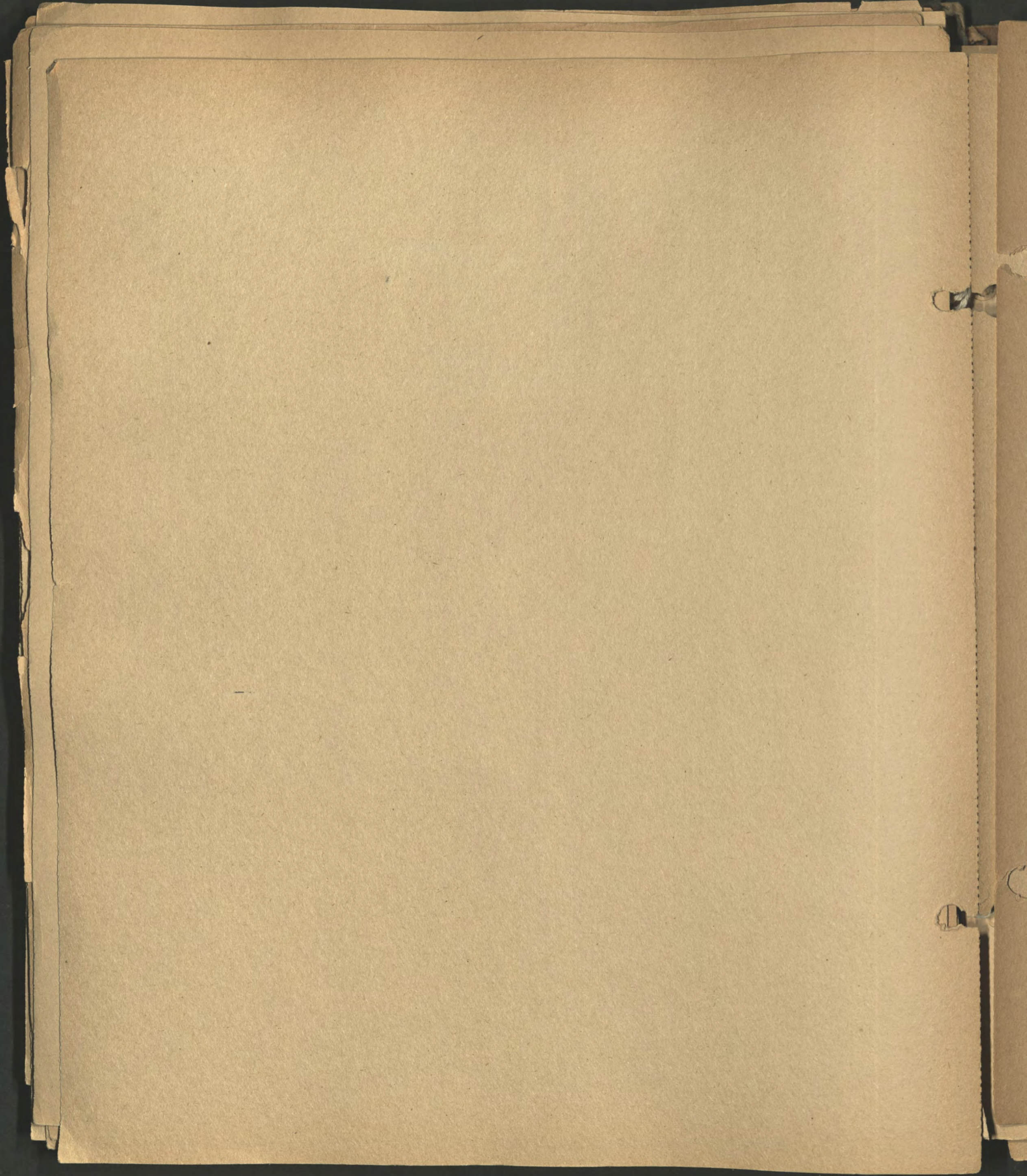
Involved in the beach transaction, Mr. Coleman said, are seven bath houses, a galley and area of beach about 475 feet by 410 feet.



A view of "the fence," looking from Children's Beach toward Steamboat Wharf. This fence is one of the reasons for Town Warrant Article 82.

Feb. 17, 1961

Nov. 8, 1957



BATHING BEACH



THE BATHING BEACH AND "CLIFF"

Town Buys the Bathing Beach.

The property of the late Elijah Alley at the North beach, known as the Cliff bathing beach, was sold at public auction, Wednesday morning by A. M. Myrick, to the town of Nantucket for \$5500. Notwithstanding the heavy storm, there was a large crowd of residents and non-residents present, and the bidding was quite spirited. The first offer was from Herbert G. Worth for \$1000, and the bids rose rapidly until \$4000 was reached, when the contest for purchase was left between Suel C. Winn and Dr. E. B. Coleman, chairman of the selectmen, who represented the town, and to whom the property was sold for \$5500.

The sale of the property does not include the buildings thereon standing and was made under the terms set forth by the commissioners—10 per cent. cash at the time of sale and the balance on delivery of the deed to the town. George W. Burdick, who now occupies the property, was granted permission to remain there until October 1st.

Under the provision of the act recently passed by the legislature, the treasurer and receiver-general of the state of Massachusetts, will upon due notice from the selectmen that the title to the bathing beach property is vested in the town, pay out of the state treasury to the treasurer of Nantucket, a sum of money which will meet the expense the town has incurred in purchasing the property. This sum the town will have to repay to the state in fifteen annual payments, with 4 per cent. interest, which will be made a part of its state tax.

There is general satisfaction over the sale of the property, as public opinion seemed to be that the town would have to incur a much greater expense in acquiring the property, and the fact that it was purchased for \$5500 came as an agreeable surprise to the inhabitants, who now have the assurance that the bathing beach will henceforth remain public property.



THE CLIFF BATHING BEACH IN SUMMER

The question now arises as to what disposition the town had best make of its purchase, and the subject will doubtless be carefully considered at either a special or annual town meeting. One plan which is being strongly advocated is that the property be leased to responsible parties for a term of years, with restrictions which shall bind the lessee to conduct a modern bathing establishment on the premises, and to pay into the town treasury a certain sum of money yearly during the validity of the lease.

Others advocate that the town should erect the bath-houses and pavilions at its own expense, employ a competent superintendent to conduct the same, and receive the entire revenue derived therefrom above the running expenses. Either of the plans is doubtless feasible and would net a good income to the town.

Aug. 8, 1903

Aug. 8, 1903

"The Children's Beach" a Big Asset For Nantucket.

Nantucketers realize full well the value of the little beach at the end of the "thousand-dollar road" on the inner shore of the harbor, as a playground for children. It is usually called "the children's beach" when referred to either publicly or privately, thus distinguishing it from the large beach near the jetty which is the bathing resort for both grown-ups and youngsters.

The children's beach is for the children and their mothers or nurse-maids and adult bathers understand that they are not welcome there. Hundreds of children gather there daily and dig in the sand and paddle in the warm, shallow water to their heart's content. The beach is a valuable asset to the town and the townspeople know it.

Last February at annual town meeting the town appropriated \$500 for the improvement of this beach—to keep it clean, free from rocks or glass, and to make it even more of a children's play-ground than it has been in the past. It was a wise move on the part of the town and the money should be wisely spent.

Nature built the beach. The action of wind and tide put it there. Years ago the shore-line was nothing but a marsh. An open ditch ran down through there, which the North Shore boys found an excellent place in which to drown kittens for the neighborhood at ten cents a litter. That was thirty years and more ago.

In the passing years much of the marsh has been replaced by a nice smooth stretch of sand, accessible by either foot or vehicle, and convenient to the centre of the town. The children enjoy it and their parents appreciate what it means to their little ones.

The intention of the town was to improve and enlarge the beach, the appropriation being for the purpose of assisting Nature in her work. But up to this week nothing was being done there. The Selectmen found that the beach was in the hands of trustees. Whether that meant that the trustees were endowed with all of the powers pertaining to the beach was a question. But at the last annual town meeting the trustees were appointed a special committee on the beach, and now they find \$500 at their disposal. Work has been in progress for several days, with a man, a pair of horses and a scoop moving the sand about.

Those who have watched the building of the beach by sea and wind for many years past, however, are somewhat skeptical regarding the scooping that is in progress. They seem to be of the opinion that instead of taking the sand from the beach itself, in order to cover the marsh, it should have been taken from beyond the beach, at low tide. In the building of the beach, the elements left a passage for the water to flow out into the harbor again after a high tide had encircled the strip of white sand. This passage has now been closed up, but it may work out all right after all, and the beach may continue to enlarge. It should ever remain "the children's beach" at any cost.

Long before this movement for the town to improve the beach came up, William Wallace approached one of the trustees and made a very liberal offer. He owns the land adjoining and, seeing the crowds of little ones enjoying the beach daily through the summer, he realized its value. "I would like to improve that beach for the town," said Mr. Wallace at the time. "And I would be willing to go to the expense of scooping sand up onto the beach from the harbor, so as to make the beach much wider, if the trustees are willing. I am willing to expend as high as \$2,500 in this direction in order to improve this children's play-ground."

That was the offer made at the time. But it was turned down. The trustees apparently were not then active in promoting this section, even when offered such a liberal donation, but now everybody would jump at such an opportunity. In the years that have passed the town as a whole has come to realize what a valuable asset lies on the inner shore of the harbor.

One of Island's Greatest Assets "The Children's Beach".

One of Nantucket's greatest assets is the children's beach on the inner shore of the harbor, where hundreds of little folks romp and paddle every day, usually under the watchful eye of either mothers or nurse-maids. The town employs a young man to be present on the beach in the capacity of life-guard every day during the season, and Karl Pita, who is now holding down the job for the second season, is a young medical student who knows just how to take care of the little ones and guard against any wandering too far from shore.

The life-guard also has as part of his duties the task of keeping the beach free from glass and litter, which in itself is no small job, as bottles are continually washed ashore from yachts, and it is a rather difficult matter to prevent broken glass appearing on the beach. Parties who frequent the beach, however, are at times concerned for fear some of the children may be cut from glass or shells and the life-guard employs a large part of his time in raking up any litter that he comes across, so as to prevent mishap while the little ones are at play.

Now the selectmen have taken steps to follow up his work by instructing the superintendent of streets to have some of his men make periodical visits to the beach, so as to remove the bottles, stones, glass and other litter which may be gathered up from time to time—a movement that the parents of the children will greatly appreciate. An effort is to be made to keep the beach clean and free from rubbish of any nature and there is no doubt but Superintendent Tice and Mr. Pita will co-operate in the movement.

A view of the Cliff Bathing Beach fifteen years ago, showing the section now under controversy. The ten acres taken by the town under the park act of 1903 is a considerable distance east from the land now called the "cliff beach," as shown by the survey on record and the bounds placed, which are east of the concrete road leading down to the beach and apart from the section of land shown in this picture. The town has occupied and leased this land since 1904, however, and it has been the general impression that it was the town's property, Franklin E. Smith claims ownership, however, and at the last annual town meeting he offered to give the town a clear title to the property for \$6,000, but the town felt otherwise inclined, with the result that a long-drawn-out controversy in the courts seems in prospect—that is, unless the town can reach an amicable settlement with Mr. Smith in the meantime, in order that the bathing beach may be conducted the coming season. A picture of the cliff beach taken in 1890 shows the "White City" buildings standing on the Alley (Burdick) land far to the eastward of the land used as the beach since 1904.

READ ATTENTIVELY!
PONDER WISELY!!
AND ACT JUDICIOUSLY

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce that his Popular Resort,

The White City Bath Rooms

is now open, and cordially invites the Public Patronage.

These rooms, (ESTABLISHED IN 1869), have, from year to year, merited their world-wide reputation. By the efficient management of the Proprietor and his corps of able assistants, from the nucleus of a building containing 8 rooms, it has attained to the imposing number of 10 buildings with 167 rooms.

Every attention will be paid to visitors, and all of the requisites for the enjoyment of Ocean Bathing furnished to patrons on reasonable terms.

GEORGE W. BURDICK, Jr.
m25—sea

Mr. Editor:

Among the many attractions of this delightful island it is my pleasure and privilege to call the attention of its many visitors to the hot and cold salt water baths under the sole management of Miss Hayden. Having been in hospital work for the past ten years, and having had a liberal observation of the classes and conditions of its inmates, I desire, in the first place, to advocate the constant use of the bath as one of the first essentials of health, and especially these salt baths, which are largely conducive to health and the relief of rheumatism; also do they afford a permanent relief from the most severe form of headache, as the writer can truly testify. If more people would avail themselves of this inexpensive luxury, I feel assured that they would not consider it needful to extend their travels beyond your fine climate here, but would return after a summer's outing deriving a permanent benefit, which these baths afford; and while I most heartily echo the sentiment inscribed upon the unique envelopes which represent a picture of dear old Nantucket, "It is the healthiest spot on earth," kindly permit me to include, last but not least, the baths.

M. M. P.

Read and Reflect

Then you will not reject the opportunity offered to visit the

White City
Bath Rooms

Cliff Shore, George W. Burdick,
Nantucket, Mass. Proprietor.

Will you come and see the Bath Rooms
That I've prepared for you?
Oh, they are just the neatest Bath Rooms
That ever you did view.
The way for you to reach them
Is not by a winding stair,
But straight the roads, by sea and land,
That mark your pathway there.
Will you? Will you? Will you? Will you?
Come right up.
Will you? Will you? Will you? Will you?
Come right up.

These up-to-date Bathing Rooms
Were opened the first of June,
So don't delay your visit,
For you cannot call too soon.
When once you've made a visit,
I am prepared to say,
You'll be so very highly pleased
That you cannot stay away.
Will you? Will you? Will you?
Come right up!

Each one who comes on business
Will be dealt with on the square,
And those who are on pleasure bent
Will meet with treatment fair.
I am grateful for favors
Received in seasons past,
And shall strive the present season
To win more than in the last.
Like the desert Arab
I close with this address.
All praises be to Allah!
May your shadows ne'er grow less.

je3

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The establishments known as "Hayden's Cliff Shore Bath Houses" and "Hayden's Hot Sea Water Baths" have been purchased by the undersigned and will be opened the coming season under new management. Numerous improvements are being made at both places, with a desire to cater to the comfort and convenience of the summer patronage. Reservations may be made for the season by applying at the Hot Water Baths on Beach street, or by communicating with the undersigned.

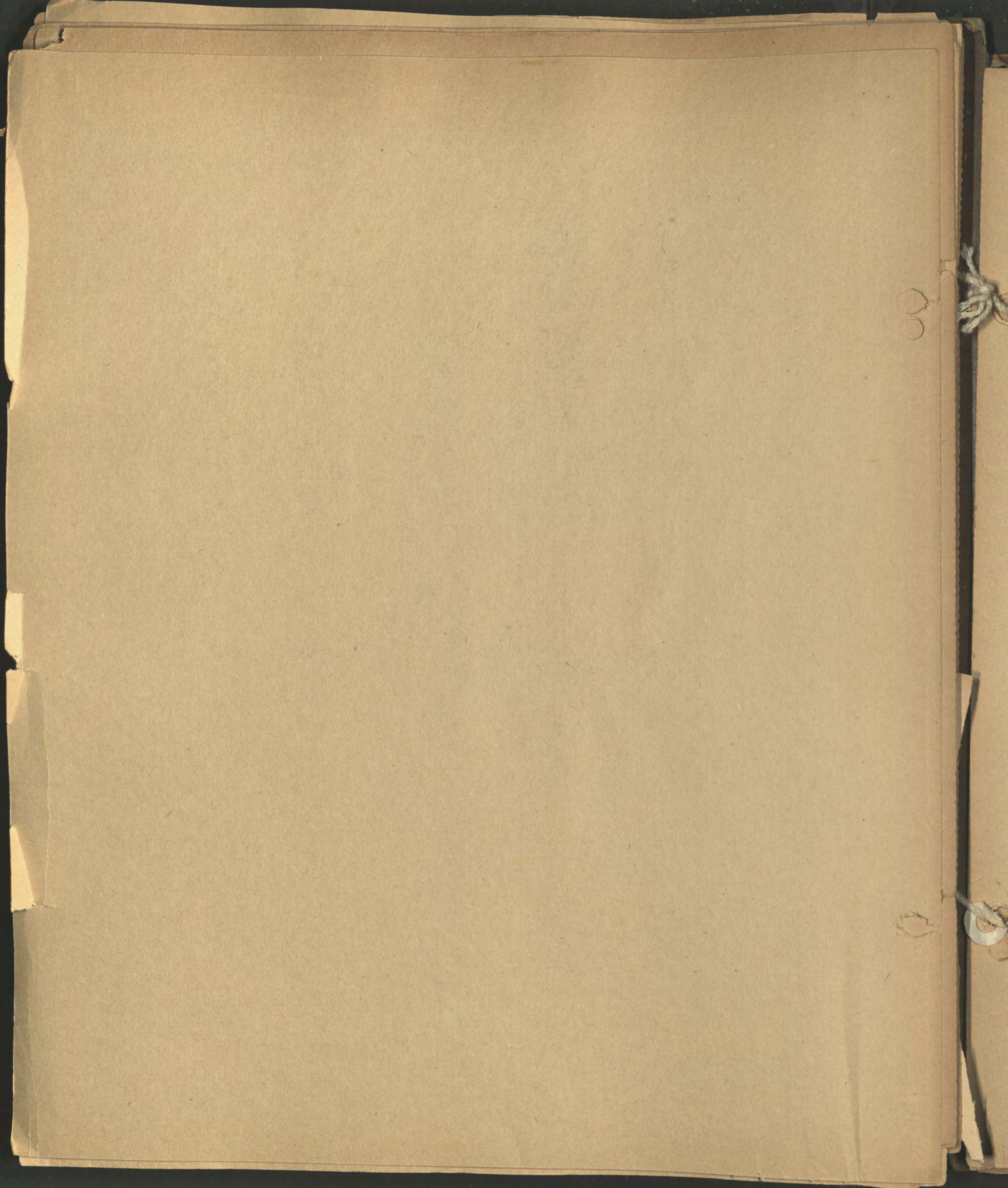
NATHANIEL E. LOWELL

Nantucket



NANTUCKET'S STATELY OLD MILL SPORTS SAILS—This famous island landmark has been equipped with sails on its vanes to furnish the power for grinding corn meal in the same manner as was done in the early 1800s. The Old Mill is the property of the Nantucket Historical Association and has proved to be one of the main attractions for visitors, who can buy small bags of the ground meal as souvenirs. John E. Greene is custodian of the mill and Franklin Lamb sets the sails and grinds the corn.

TRY AND FIND YOUR BICYCLE—The largest number of bicycles, about 1,000 were jammed into the bicycle parking area at the Jetties Bathing Beach, Nantucket, on the warm Labor Day weekend. The big problem came late in the afternoon as the various groups started to head for their rooms and tried to find their particular bicycle. Many gave up, took the bathing beach bus home, and came back later to hunt for their property.



Nantucket to Have New \$500,000 Marina

Work Will Begin After Labor Day

By ARTHUR J. QUINN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Aug. 9 — Construction of a new marina, capable of accommodating nearly 100 boats, that will cost an estimated \$500,000, will get under way at Island Service and Commercial Wharfs shortly after Labor Day.

It will be the first major project of its kind ever attempted here and when completed will be one of the most beautiful waterfront facilities in the Eastern part of the country.

Plans for the immediate construction of the long-needed marina, by Edward Connor, of Winchester, were announced today by Robert E. Deeley. The announcement came after the purchase of Commercial Wharf by the Island Service Company, at a price of \$30,000, had been recorded in the office of Registrar of Deeds Josiah S. Barrett. Mr. Deeley and his wife, Florence, are the principal stockholders in the Island Service Company.

Viewed as Important Step

The decision of Mr. and Mrs. Deeley to purchase Commercial Wharf, to build the marina, was regarded as one of the most important steps to bring about an improvement in the island economy that has been executed in many years.

The island, once a mecca for yachtsmen and small-boat owners, during recent years has slipped to a point where it is serving as a port of call for only a few. Less than a decade ago it was not an uncommon sight to see as many as 150 yachts in the harbor on a single night. At the present time there are fewer than 50 yachts anchored on a given night.

Once the marina is completed, probably by July 1, next year, the facility will put this island back in competition with Cape Cod and other New England waterfront Summer resorts for the lucrative yachting trade, that once brought thousands of dollars worth of business to Nantucket each year.

This trade began to leave the island as fully equipped marinas were constructed at almost every resort from Florida to Maine, excepting at Nantucket. Only one berthing area, capable of accommodating approximately 35 small boats, has been built here recently. This is located at Straight Wharf and was built by Lawrence Miller, a year ago.

Restaurant Included

Mr. Deeley said that the purchase of Commercial Wharf also included the purchase of the famed Boathouse Restaurant, operated by Christian D. Schell. He said four or five small buildings, including the home of Eben Hutchinson, who sold the property, will remain with their present owners. These home owners will have a 10-foot right-of-way in front of their homes. The restaurant will continue operation under the direction of Mr. Schell.

In describing plans for the marina Mr. Deeley said finger piers will be built on both sides of Island Service Wharf and along the north side of Commercial Wharf. He said he has already begun negotiations to purchase a 45-foot strip of land fronting on the water from the Nantucket Gas and Electric Company. If these negotiations are successful additional finger piers would be installed at the end of the basin. The basin is wide enough for a turn around for all yachts.

Mr. Deeley stated that to install the marina some of the buildings including the office of Robert Caldwell, head of the Island Service Company, fuel department, and the gasoline station will be relocated.



LONG-NEEDED MARINA will become a reality at Nantucket next Summer through the combined use of Island Service Wharf, at left, and Commercial Wharf, right. Purchase of Commercial Wharf by Island Service Company, was announced today. The marina will be built by Edward O'Connor of Winchester at an estimated cost of \$500,000.

come and job opportunities such a facility presents.

It is doubtful that a more convenient location could be found anywhere for a large marina as is available with the merging of the two wharfs. When the project is completed everything a yachtsman and his associates will need will be available, almost within arm reach.

On Island Service Wharf yachtsmen will have the services of the Island Service Company, which operates a complete hardware and ships chandlery department, including every type of article needed for cooking and serving food. A large automatic laundry will provide 24-hour service and a gasoline station will be in continual operation. The shops and stores presently located on Island Service Wharf, including the Nantucket Sea Foods Company, will be retained. The downtown business district is less than a minute's walk from the planned marina.

Other Facilities

On Commercial Wharf the Boathouse Restaurant will be continued in operation. Less than a half-mile down the harbor from the marina the yachtsmen will have the services of the Island Marine Company, one of the largest and best equipped boathouses in Southeastern Massachusetts available if major repairs are necessary. This boathouse is operated the year-round and has winter-time storage facilities for yachtsmen who may wish to keep their boats at the island during the winter.

The building of the marina is one of the largest projects to be launched on this island in many years. When completed the marina will solve an economic problem town officials have been struggling with in an attempt to encourage yachtsmen to return here.

Last year, members of the Board of Selectmen, headed by Chairman Kenneth N. Pease, inserted an article in the town warrant for the development of Childrens Beach for a small boat parking area, but not as a marina. The selectmen had sought an appropriation of \$20,000 for the project, but it was rejected by the Finance Committee and the voters.

Coal Pockets to Go

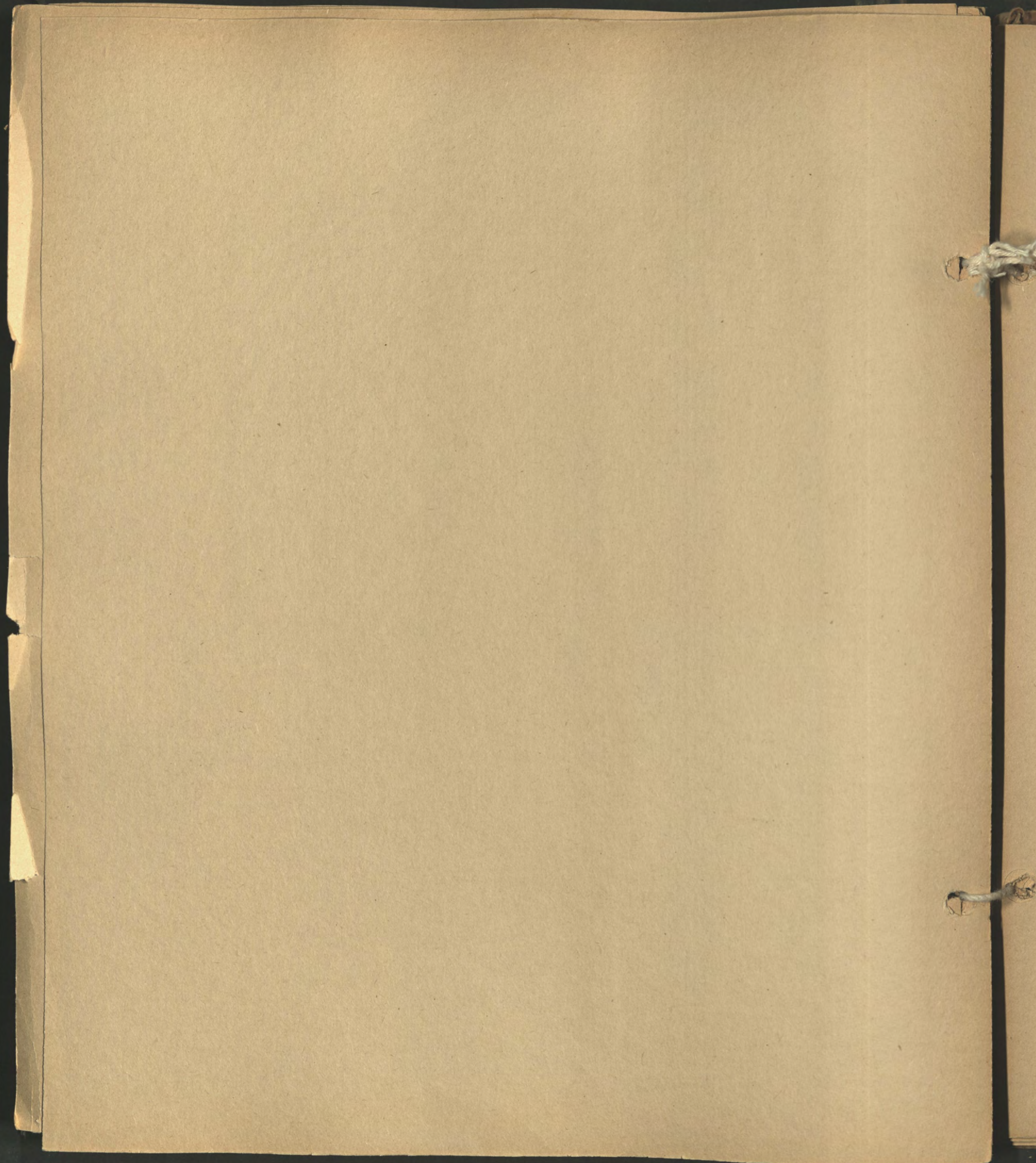
To retain the waterfront atmosphere of the island, Mr. Deeley said that the old coal pocket will be demolished and the fishing shacks and scallop shanties, major attractions to the island visitors will be moved to the site of the coal pockets. The fuel intake pipes will also be relocated at the head of the wharf for the convenience of the oil tankers and to make way for the finger piers. The boat livery, operated by Paul Morris, will also be relocated on the wharf.

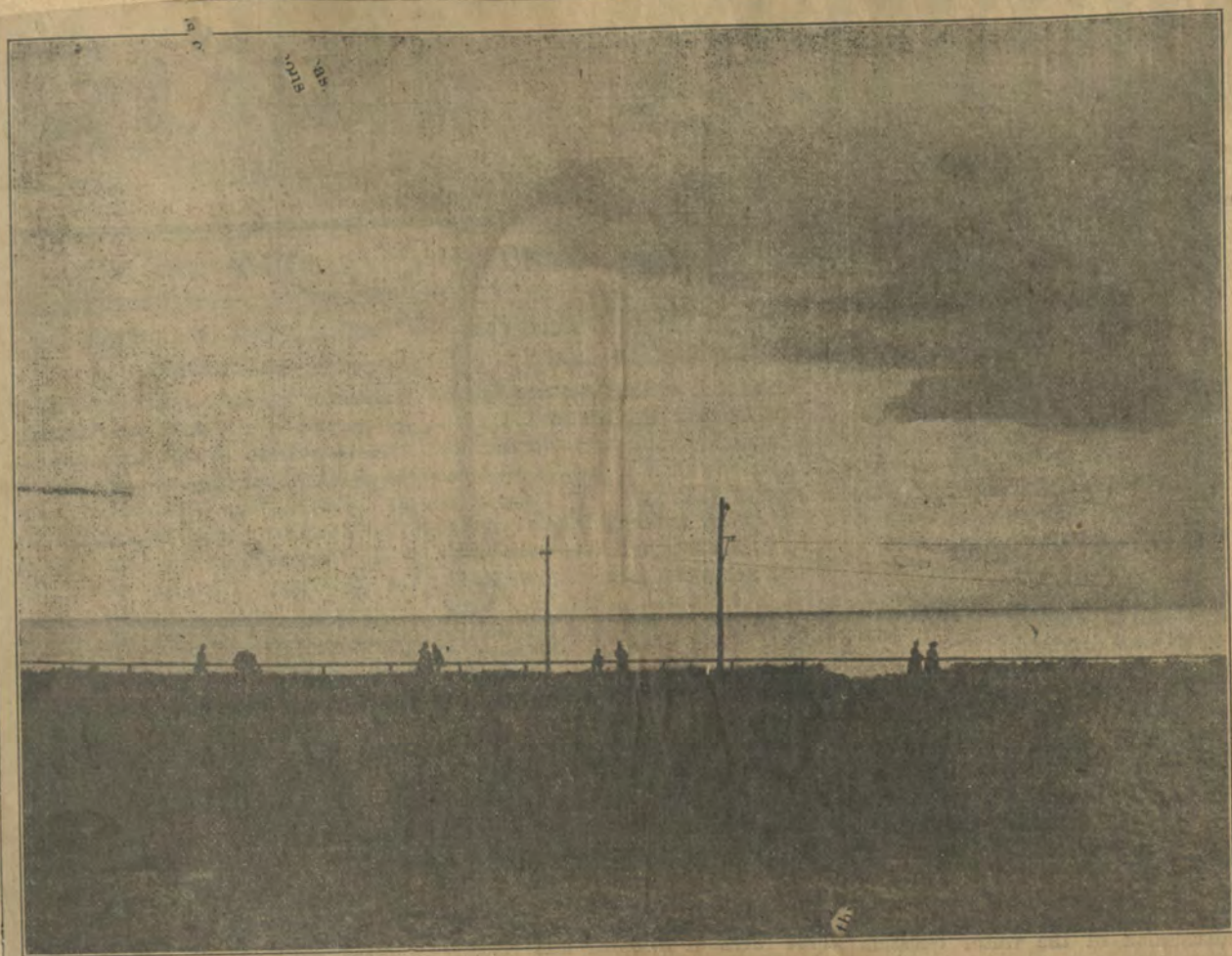
The purchase of Commercial Wharf and merging it with Island Service Wharf for the marina, by Mr. and Mrs. Deeley, is a project that had long been hoped for by both island businessmen and residents alike, because of the in-



Captain Joseph Winslow, the first "keeper" of the Surfside Life Saving Station in 1874. He is clad in the type of suit worn by the life-savers of that period. (See story of Page Five.)

Aug. 9, 1960
N.B.





Great Point Was Cut Off.

Thomas J. Kelly, keeper of Great point lighthouse, came to town Tuesday, making the trip by team all the way from the point—a drive of over twenty miles. When he approached the portion of the point near the "North Gaul," Mr. Kelly found that the recent storm had cut through the narrow neck of land and separated Great point from Nantucket. A small size river was flowing across from east to west, and when he reached the place the "canal" was about eight feet wide and three feet deep. Mr. Kelly finally urged his horse to attempt to cross the little river, but in doing so the animal became stuck in the mud and it was only by prompt work on the part of its owner, who quickly jumped from the wagon into the water, waist deep, that the horse managed to scramble to the opposite bank. Mr. Kelly remained in town all night and returned to the lighthouse on Wednesday, finding that the "canal" had lessened in both width and depth in the meantime. During the night the opening closed up again and reunited Great point with Nantucket.

When Did The Water Spout Appear in Nantucket Sound?

We have been asked this question a number of times this season, the appearance of a water spout in the Atlantic a few hundred miles off the coast of the Carolinas a few months ago, having created a discussion as to when and where a water spout appeared the farthest north from the equator. We have been unable to find any record of a water spout appearing farther up the coast than did the one which showed itself in Nantucket sound twenty-four years ago this August, a photograph of which appears herewith. The official record of this phenomenon is as follows:

On Wednesday, the nineteenth day of August, 1896, a water spout appeared in Nantucket sound, between Oak Bluffs and Cross Rip lightship. It accompanied an ordinary thunder storm, first being noticed at 12.40 p. m., when a tongue shot down from a dense black cloud, rising and falling a number of times, when a second tongue seemed to leap out of the water and joined the tongue hanging down from the cloud. Twice the water spout parted, but joined together again almost instantly, the phenomenon continuing in plain sight of the residents of both Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard for half an hour. The spout apparently had no side motion, and was surrounded by a flat calm. Sea captains who had witnessed many water spouts in other oceans, where they are a frequent occurrence, stated that the one which appeared in Nantucket sound at this time, was the most pronounced of any they had seen. Its presence caused no marine disaster, although a small schooner and a catboat were becalmed within a mile of its base.

Island's Shoaled Area Has Moved

The shoaled area north of Nantucket Island has moved northward, indicating depths of three feet in areas sounded at more than 50 feet on previous surveys, a newly published nautical chart of the eastern entrance to Nantucket Sound reveals.

Other areas in the vicinity of Handkerchief Shoal, Bearse Shoal and Little Round Shoal show up a 20-foot decrease in depth from the previous edition of Chart 250.

The new 21st edition of the chart published by the Coast and Geodetic Survey US Department of Commerce, covers the shoal area at the eastern entrance to Nantucket Sound. The northern tip of Nantucket Island and the southern tip of Monomy Island are included in the north-south limits of the chart.

Compilation of Chart 250 includes the results of recent hydrographic surveys made by the Coast and Geodetic Survey throughout the area. Offshore water areas are overprinted with blue tint carried to the 30-foot curve. Depth curves are shown at six, 12, 18, 30 and 60-foot depths. Anchorage areas are indicated in purple. Lights, beacons, buoys and navigation dangers are corrected for information received to date of issue.

Chart 250 is published at the scale of 1:40,000. Copies are distributed at Nantucket, Vineyard Haven, Woods Hole, Chatham, Edgartown, Falmouth, Harwich Port and Hyannis. Price is 50 cents per copy.

1914

A48-28, 1920

Sept. 13, 1957



8x10 Kodachrome Prints of Mayflower II passing off Nantucket
in June, 1957

Apr 3, 1959

SEPTEMBER 20, 1919

Grace Brown Gardner
23 Milk St.
Nantucket, Mass.

Presentation of Town's Gift To The "Nantucket."

Nantucket has shown its appreciation of the action of the Navy Department and Massachusetts Nautical School in changing the name of the school-ship to "Nantucket" and on Wednesday evening in the presence of a large congregation of the islanders, besides officers and cadets of the "Nantucket," the handsome bell which the town's committee secured as its testimonial was formally presented to the ship in Atheneum Hall.

It was a noteworthy occasion—real "Nantucketey" from start to finish, to be sure—but interesting throughout. The Commissioners had ordered the "Nantucket" down to the island to receive the bell and she came into port on Tuesday, Captain Rust reporting at once to the committee upon arrival.

The exercises attending the presentation of the bell to the ship were scheduled to commence at 8.00 o'clock Wednesday evening and a few minutes before the hour the "Nantucket" cadets filed into the hall and took seats in front which had been reserved for them. On the stage were Captain Rust and officers of the ship, Representative Jones, members of the Selectmen, and other Nantucketers.

The new bell, brightly polished and engraved, was suspended from a frame-work at the left of the stage and many persons in the audience were able to read the inscription from their seats, which was as follows:

U. S. S. Nantucket
presented by the
Town of Nantucket
Sept. 1919

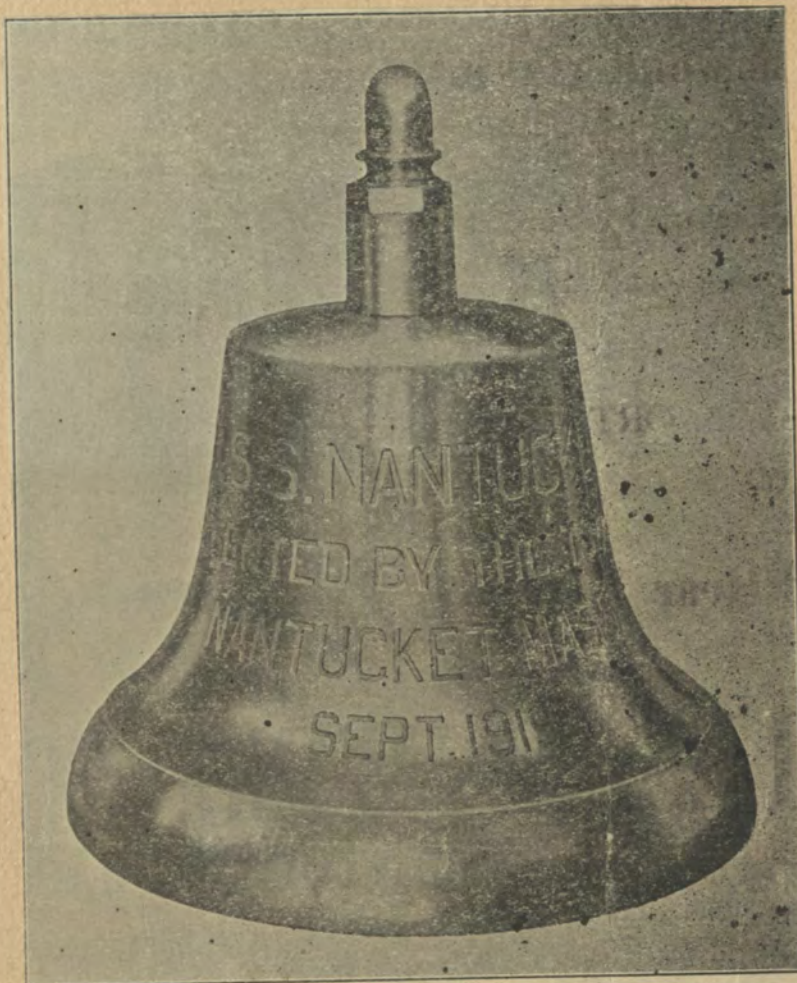
The exercises opened with the striking of "eight bells" promptly at 8.00, by Cadet Harding Smith, the only Nantucket boy now in the school, who is to graduate on Tuesday next. When the tones of the bell died away, Arthur H. Gardner, chairman of the town's committee, arose and made the formal presentation of the bell in behalf of the town. Mr. Gardner's address was very interesting and instructive, and there were probably many of the islanders themselves who knew more about Nantucket when they left the hall than they did when they came.

Mr. Gardner outlined briefly Nantucket's connection with the development of the maritime world from the time the Pilgrims landed in America up to the present day. He told of the founding of the Coffin School by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and of the outfitting of the ship *Clio* ninety years ago, by the Admiral, as a training school for Nantucket youths, under command of Lieutenant Pinkham.

Gradually Mr. Gardner brought out the story of Nantucket's activities on the seas and of the part the Nantucketers had played in the struggles of the United States when in their infancy and through their development into the greatest nation in the world.

U. S. S. RANGER.

From a photograph taken by Boyer last summer, before she received her dress of battleship grey.



THE BELL PRESENTED TO THE SHIP BY THE TOWN.

When he referred to modern times and approached the establishment of the Massachusetts Nautical School, many persons in the hall could follow him closely. The speaker said it was his privilege to be a member of the Legislature when the bill came up to establish the Nautical School and he had always been deeply interested in the progress of the School and the many Nantucket boys who had graduated from it. He then read the list of those who had entered the school up to the present time, as follows:

Atwood, Franklin B.
Baker, Elmer N.
Bartlett, William M., Jr.
Beaman, Elliot
Bickerstaff, Charles B.
Bickerstaff, Richard C.
Cahoon, David W.
Chase, Howard U.
Chase, William H., Jr.
Coffin, Richard
Cook, Stanley
Folger, Ellenwood
Gibbs, Arthur B.
Gibbs, Irving L.
Hodge, Howard D.
Hollingsworth, Leonard
Macy, William R.
Manter, Harry
Morey, Edward E.
Morris, Chester E.
Pease, Elmer F.
Simpson, William O.
Smith, Alexander F.
Smith, Harding
Smith, Herbert P.
Stevens, Arthur P.
Sylvano, Joseph B.
Sylvia, Frederick H. H.

After reading the list, Mr. Gardner touched briefly on how many of them had "made good" since going out into the world. Others of the

he had been unable to trace at this time.

Howard Hodge, he said, is one of the best known ammunition experts in the country; Herbert Smith is a lieutenant in the navy; Arthur Stevens is chief engineer of a large manufacturing plant in the south; Ellenwood Folger is a lieutenant in the navy; Richard Coffin is filling a responsible position in Mobile, Ala.; Harry Manter holds the rank of captain; Alexander Smith has a position with the Fore River Shipbuilding Co.; William M. Bartlett, Jr., is one of the dock engineers at a port in France in the service of his country; William O. Simpson has recently returned from over-seas; Frederick H. Sylvia has served many months during the war on one of the American submarines; Chester Morris upon the completion of his present voyage is to be given the captaincy of the ship; Howard Chase was an officer on the *Jacob Jones* and was the last man to leave the ship when she was torpedoed by a German submarine, receiving citation from Secretary Daniels for his bravery; Franklin Atwood was on the ship *Acteon* when she was torpedoed and was one of the men adrift in an open boat many days and nights before reaching shore; and William H. Chase, Jr., had been in the army and had been wounded and gassed many times, and as "Scarred-up Bill" was familiarly known by the townspeople.

His reference to the work some of the boys had played in the recent world war—especially Howard Chase, Franklin Atwood and "Scarred-up Bill"—brought forth loud applause from the audience, and as he ended his recital of how the Nantucket boys graduating from the school had "made good," a large amount of enthusiasm was manifested.

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Gardner's remarks formally presenting the bell to the ship, Captain Rust arose and made the formal acceptance in behalf of the ship and the nautical school, the officers and cadets, and the state itself.

Following Commander Copeland, William H. Dimick, secretary of the Board of Commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical School, made an interesting address, in which he complimented Nantucket on her record and the manner in which her young men were making good. Having been connected with the School for more than a quarter of a century, Mr. Dimick said that he felt that, inasmuch as Captain Rust had accepted the bell in behalf of the ship, he should, as representing the Commissioners, accept it in their behalf.

All of the speakers spoke with special emphasis regarding the bell, not only on its appearance, but for its very pleasing tone.

In bringing the occasion to a close, Mr. Gardner spoke briefly on how Nantucket had always been first in everything—that one of her ships was the first flying the American flag to enter a British port, that it was one of her merchants who financed the country in the war of 1812, that one of her sons piloted Dewey's fleet into Manila bay, and that now it was a Nantucket boy who had struck the first blow on the new bell for the "Nantucket." And in closing, Mr. Gardner was reminded by Chairman Ryder of the Selectmen, that the town had also led the country in Liberty Bond subscriptions per capita.

The exercises were thus brought to a close with considerable Nantucket enthusiasm, and many persons lingered in the hall to get a close-up view of the bell. The next morning Boyer took a photograph of it, and an hour or so later it was taken on board the ship to be hung in position.

Leon M. Royal and Arthur B. Collins acted as ushers Wednesday evening.

How the Ship Became the "Nantucket."

To Captain Hourigan, former captain of the ship, belongs the credit for the change of the vessel's name from "Ranger" to "Nantucket," and it is to be regretted that the condition of Captain Hourigan's health would not permit him to have been present Wednesday evening, when the town of Nantucket showed its appreciation by making the gift of the new bell to the ship which bears its name.

It was while Captain Hourigan was captain of the ship that he conceived the idea of having its name changed to that of the island which has been so conspicuous in maritime history. The ship was making Nantucket her headquarters each season, owing to the war, and the greater part of her time was spent in these waters. Captain Hourigan learned to love Nantucket and the islanders learned to admire him. He gradually picked up the threads of Nantucket's history and gathered information which caused him to recommend to the commissioners that they ask that the ship's name be changed.

When he found that the commissioners were agreeable, Captain Hourigan went to Washington and unfolded his plan and the navy department (for the ship is still a part of the navy, though placed at the disposal of the state) finally agreed to have the name changed from "Ranger" to "Nantucket," thus perpetuating a name held by one of the iron-clads during the civil war and at the same time recognizing Nantucket's position in the maritime records of the world.

Nantucket Town to Present Gift to Ship "Nantucket".

When the training ship "Ranger" had her name changed to "Nantucket" two or three years ago, the town of Nantucket at once decided to take formal notice of the fact and appointed a committee to secure some proper testimonial. The war interfered with the plans and it was not until this summer that the committee and the commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical School could decide upon something which would be a lasting testimonial and be of actual service on the ship. It is probable that within a day or two the "Nantucket" will come to the island, the commissioners having ordered the ship down as soon as the committee's plans were completed.

Inasmuch as the "Nantucket" was still carrying a ship's bell marked "Ranger", it was decided to have another bell made for her, to be suitably inscribed as a gift from the town of Nantucket, and on Wednesday evening next the bell will be presented to the ship at public exercises to be held in the Atheneum Hall. The townspeople are invited to be present and it is probable that the exercises, which will be brief, will be very interesting.

Everybody on Nantucket has a share in the gift to the "Nantucket", the town having made an appropriation for the purpose, and as the ship is to be sent to the island for the especial purpose of receiving the gift, the co-operation of all is desired in making the event of general interest.

A special invitation is extended to anyone who has been in the Nautical School, who may be on the island at this time, to be present at the presentation next Wednesday evening, and Representative Jones and the Selectmen are to receive invitations to attend. It is a community affair, inasmuch as the town is making the gift to the ship, and everyone should feel free to be there, the exercises beginning at 8.00 o'clock. Should there be any change in these plans, due notice will be given to the townspeople.



Nautical Training School

The spring examination of applicants for entrance to the Massachusetts Nautical Training School will be held on board the Training Ship RANGER, North End Park, Boston, in April next.

Application papers and other information can be obtained by addressing Commissioners, Nautical Training School, Room 110, State House, Boston, Mass.

1912

FREE TRAINING FOR SEA LIFE



MASSACHUSETTS NAUTICAL SCHOOL

U. S. S. "Nantucket"

Furnishes free instruction and practical training for young men 17 to 20 years of age, who desire to become deck and engineering officers in the AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE. Entrance examinations in Boston and Springfield, March 24, 1923. Apply:

MASSACHUSETTS NAUTICAL SCHOOL

34 Beacon Street, Boston.

mh 10-2t

March 17
1923



Mass. Nautical School

SEAMANSHIP - MARINE ENGINEERING.

This school, now in its twenty-third year, prepares young men for positions as officers in the American Merchant Marine.

Entrance Examination in October.

Application papers and other information can be obtained by addressing COMMISSIONERS MASSACHUSETTS NAUTICAL SCHOOL, 2A Park St., Boston.

s18 4t

1915



TRAINING SHIP NANTUCKET
—James R. Maury, Mattapoisett.



HOWARD CHASE, OF NANTUCKET, RECEIVING HIS DIPLOMA ON THE U. S. S. RANGER.

Cut loaned by courtesy Boston Post.

U. S. S. "Ranger" Changed to U. S. S. "Nantucket."

The U. S. S. "Ranger" is no more. On Wednesday she passed out of existence as the training ship of the Massachusetts Nautical School, upon which so many of the young men of today have received, and are receiving, an education to fit them for the navy or merchant marine. Upon receipt of official notice from Washington, the Commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical School in Boston, on Wednesday changed the name of the ship to "Nantucket", and henceforth it is to be the U. S. S. "Nantucket" and not the "Ranger".

This action of the government has been under consideration for some time, we understand, and although several other names were suggested, that of "Nantucket" was selected and the change in title was formally made this week. Thursday afternoon Representative Jones of Nantucket was officially informed by the Commissioners that the change had been made and that the "Ranger" is no more.

We have an impression that Captain Hourigan, of the late "Ranger", has been largely instrumental in making the change of name, for it is known that he is an ardent admirer of Nantucket, where the ship spent the greater part of last season, and inasmuch as a change in name was under consideration by the government, it was quite proper that "Nantucket" should be the one selected.

This island has a history, that deserves recognition, for it was once one of the three most prominent ports in Massachusetts and her name is known the world over. Her sea captains penetrated the most distant corners of the globe and her navigators and whalers were active when history was in the making.

The "U. S. S. Nantucket" will sound pleasant to Nantucketers wherever they may be located. The students on the ship will no longer be known as the Ranger cadets, but as the Nantucket cadets. It is now the "U. S. S. Nantucket" of the Massachusetts Nautical School.



TRAINING SHIP
NANTUCKET

Former Training Ship Nantucket

Is Sold for Junk

The Standard-Times Cape Cod Bureau

BUZZARDS BAY, July 5—In March, a tradition-shrouded sailing craft passed to the ship-breakers. She was the old Nantucket, a former Massachusetts State School (now Massachusetts Maritime Academy) ship.

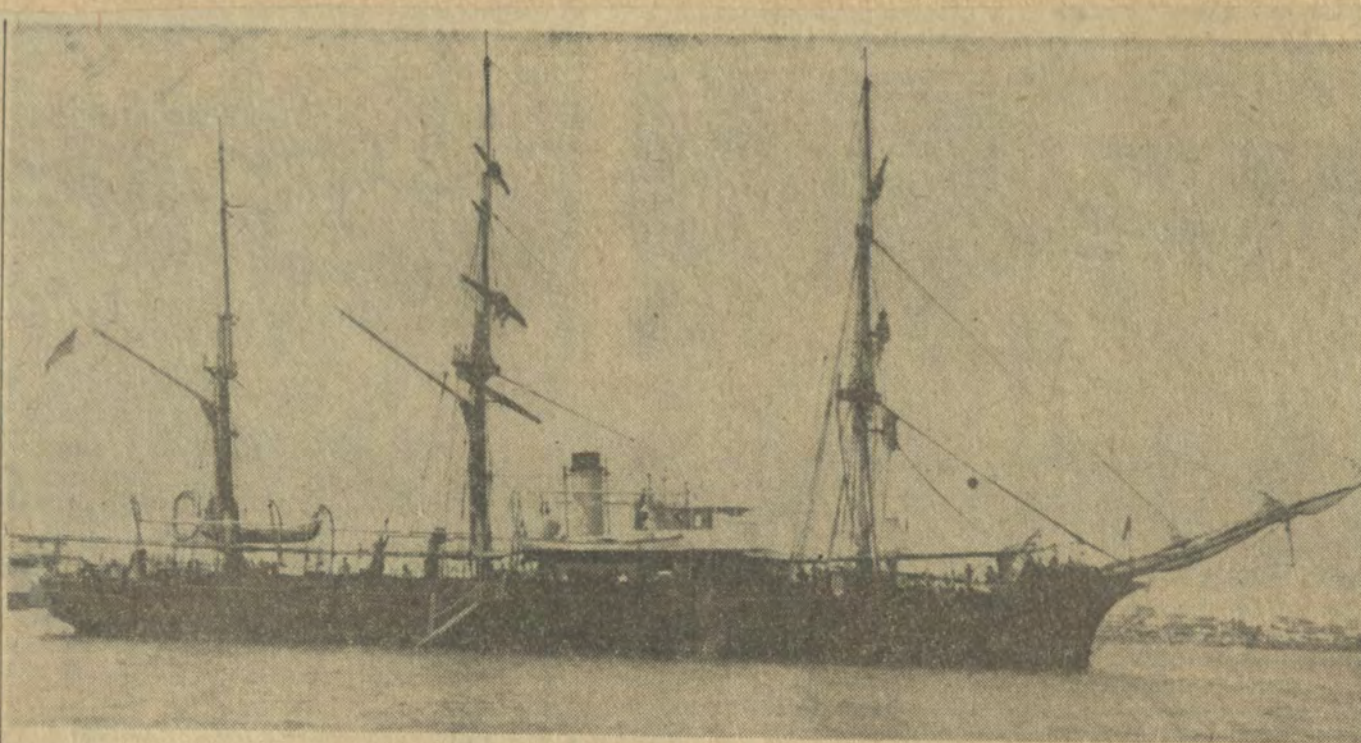
In 1876, Harlan and Hollingsworth launched the sturdy, iron-hulled square-rigger. She began her life as the USS Ranger and originally was a three-masted, bark-rigged gunboat of 1,261 tons displacement that mounted 12 guns. In her Navy days, the chunky bark voyaged in Atlantic, Pacific and Central American waters. She visited China and the Philippines. In the late 1890s the Ranger was given a flush deck and re-rigged as a barkentine. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, USN, as a young officer once served as her navigator.

In 1909, aged 33, the vessel began her life anew as the Massachusetts School ship. In that capacity, she trained deck and engineering officers for the Merchant Marine, just as the Bay State now serves the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. In 1917, she was named the USS Rockport. In 1918, in tribute to Nantucket Island, she was re-named the USS Nantucket.

In 1932, the Nantucket was re-rigged as a bark with single top-sails and single t'gallants. Having "stump t'gallant masts," she crossed no royal yards. In flying fish weather, the white-winged racer spread 17 sails; five square sails, six fore-and-aft sails, six stuns'ls (studding sails).

In this year, the ship encountered a severe hurricane. Deft handling and superior seamanship prevented almost certain disaster. Riding to a sea anchor with the sharp angular forefoot cleaving the water, she rode the seas like a resting gull.

On Summer training cruises, the bark visited Europe, the Mediter-



NANTUCKET

anean and South America, where the four-month cruise averaged 10,000 miles largely under sail alone.

On those classic seaways, the training ship sailed as majestically as the clipper ships of old. In brisk, quartering winds, the graceful school ship cut a foaming swath through the sea.

Close-hauled with yards on the lee backstays, she went to windward like a witch. The bark steered easily and tacked handily. Hove-to under storm canvas, she weathered many a living gale and when under sail only, she was steered by the wooden, double hand wheel. It stood on the quarter-deck just before the mizzen mast.

Youthful Nantucket cadets learned celestial navigation, engineering, sail-handling and small boat work. Practical experience taught those fledglings the ancient art of "sailorizing." Work aloft on the high yards and astride the bowsprit, developed self-reliance, courage and sailorly instincts. In 1941, she was re-named the Bay State.

In 1942, the State of Massachusetts relinquished her after 33 years of glorious service. In that year in tribute to a graduate she was re-named the Emory Rice. At the request of Rear-Admiral Richard R. McNulty, USMS, and also a graduate, she was transferred to the United States Mer-

chant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York.

During 1942 and 1943, after being painted a gleaming white, the gallant bark cruised on Long Island Sound. Under sail, she trained Merchant Marine personnel. In 1943 during the hurricane, the training vessel parted her mooring lines and grounded at Kings Point. She sailed no more. In 1944, she was converted to a floating museum; a repository for nautical memorabilia. A wooden housing was erected on the spar deck. For 14 years, the enchanted old craft lay at Mallory Pier in Haig Basin, Kings Point. She became a legend.

Recently, Nancy, as her grad-

uates still call her, ended her long service to the youth of America.

Aged 82, shorn of top-hamper, the hulk of a once-fine sailing craft was sold for demolition. The Boston Metals Company, Baltimore ship-breakers, bought her for \$13,000. On March 7, 1958, a group of devotees thronged the wharf-end at Mallory Pier to witness her departure. As the tugs made fast to the school ship, mooring chains and wires were released.

Slowly the tugs eased her out of her berth into Long Island Sound. On her final voyage from New York to Baltimore, Md., majestically she passed down the channel to her doom.

Her double hand steering wheel will be enshrined at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in Buzzards Bay, and a few small relics of her have been sent to Mystic Seaport on Connecticut.

July 6, 1958

Ex-Gunboat Ranger Will Be Scrapped; Leaves Kings Point School Under Tow

Nov. Times 3/8/58

The 87-year-old former gunboat Ranger, now the Emory Rice, left the United States Merchant Marine Academy yesterday on her last voyage. Her destination was a Baltimore scrap yard.

The tugs Barney Turecamo and Frances Turecamo nudged the three-masted bark into Little Neck Bay and down the East River into the harbor. The Frances dropped off at the Narrows, leaving the unhappy tow to her sister tug.

The iron-hulled vessel was expected to reach the Boston Metals Company yard at Baltimore early tomorrow afternoon. The company bought her from the Government recently.

The ship was built as the Ranger in 1871. She served as the flagship of the Navy's Asiatic Squadron in the Eighteen Eighties. Retired in 1909, she was renamed the Nantucket and turned over to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy to serve in its cadet training program.

In July of 1942 she was called back to duty by the Government's War Shipping Administration. Her mission, the training of cadets, remained the same. When the war ended the 200-foot bark was shifted to the Kings Point, Long Island, to continue the training of cadet merchant mariners.

RICE TO THE REAPER

According to *Polaris*, student quarterly at the U. S. Maritime Academy at Kings Point, the famous square-rigger *Emory Rice* will soon fall under wreckers' torches.

The *Rice* began her career in 1876 as the *U.S.S. Ranger*, a man-of-war assigned to survey duty off the west coast of Mexico. Many charts used by mariners in these waters today still bear the inscription, "Surveyed aboard the *U.S.S. Ranger*." From 1909 to 1942, with time out for naval duty in World War I, she served the state of Massachusetts as the school-ship T.V. (Training Vessel) *Nantucket*. Known to thousands of cadets as the *Nancy*, she ran under sail most of the time, using her engines only when absolutely necessary.

In 1942, she was re-rigged as a bark and renamed the *Bay State*, but soon after that became considered unfit for service. Kings Point rescued her and had her completely

overhauled for service as a training vessel for its cadet-midshipmen. Now known as the *T.V. Emory Rice*, she sailed Long Island Sound in 1942 and 1943 before being crippled by a severe hurricane. In 1946 she was designated as a Museum Ship at Kings Point, but in the last few years she has been closed to the public for lack of funds for proper maintenance.

A Famous Square-Rigger Ends Her Days

To the Editor of The Herald:

In March, 1958, a historic, 82-year-old sailing craft passed into oblivion. She was "The Old Nantucket," a whilom Massachusetts State Schoolship. Hers was a dazzling career. Countless admirers keen her loss.

In 1876, Harlan and Hollingsworth, shipbuilders, built a sturdy, iron-hulled square-rigger. She was launched in Wilmington, Delaware, and began life as the USS Ranger, a three-masted, bark-rigged gunboat. Displacing 1,261 tons, she mounted 12 guns. She was also steam-powered.

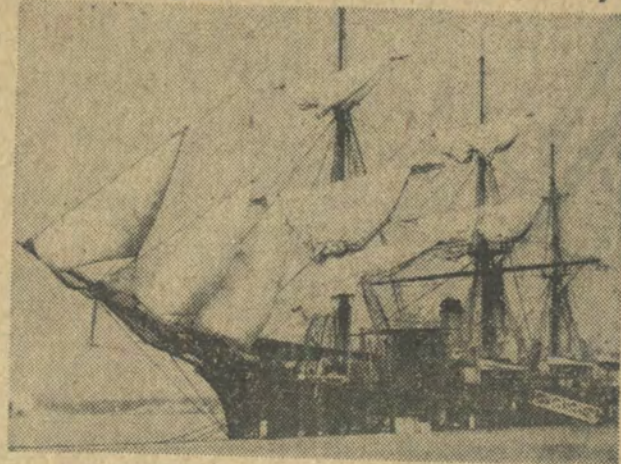
As a warship, the chunky bark voyaged in Atlantic, Pacific and Central American waters. She visited China and the Philippines. In the 1890s, the Ranger was given a flush deck and converted to a barkentine. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, USN, as a young officer, was her navigator.

In 1909, aged 33 years, the square-rigger became the Massachusetts State Schoolship. As such, she trained deck and engineering officers for the Merchant Marine. In 1917 she was renamed USS Rockport. In 1918, in tribute to Nantucket Island, she was re-named USS Nantucket.

As "The Old Nantucket," that sailing schoolship won her greatest fame. In 1932, she was re-rigged, as a bark. Under bark rig, the schoolship spread 17 sails. Five square sails, six fore-and-aft sails, six stuns'ls (studding sails).

I was a Nantucket deck cadet from 1933 to 1935. The late Captain Clarence A. Abele, USN, retired, then commanded her, as superintendent of the Massachusetts Nautical School. On her training cruises, the bark visited Europe, the Mediterranean and South America. The cruises averaged 10,000 miles, largely under sail only.

A typical, heavy weather vessel, the Nantucket sailed best in



brisk, quartering winds. Under a cloud of wind-filled canvas, she flew through the sea like a thing alive. The training ship was a vision from the distant past, the apotheosis of the bygone age of sail. Beating to windward, our bark tacked handily and steered easily, as a proper square-rigger should.

Youthful Nantucket cadets learned navigation, engineering and small-boat handling. Work aloft, on the high yards, taught her fledglings the ancient art of "sailing." Sail-trained graduates attached great sentimental value to her.

In 1941 she was re-named Bay State. In 1942, aged 66 years, the State of Massachusetts relinquished her. She had rendered 33 years of glorious service. In tribute to a graduate, she was then re-named Emery Rice. At the request of Rear Admiral R. McNulty, USMS, a graduate of 1919, she was sent to the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. Topsides were painted a gleaming white.

During 1942 and 1943, the bark trained Merchant Marine personnel. Under Lieutenant-Commander Ernest B. Waters, USMS, a graduate of 1919, she cruised on Long Island Sound.

In 1944 she was converted to a floating museum, a repository for sea lore. A wooden housing was erected on the spar deck. From 1944 to 1958, the ex-schoolship lay at Mallory Pier in Haig Basin, Kings Point. She became a legend and a cynosure.

Recently, "The Old Nantucket," as her graduates still call her, ended her long service to America's youth. Aged 82 years, the dismantled hulk of a once magnificent sailing craft was sold for demolition. The Boston Metals Company, Baltimore ship-breakers, bought her for \$13,000.00.

The whilom schoolship was towed from New York to Baltimore. Her earthly days are numbered. She will be put to the torch. Reluctantly, we accept her fate. Sic transit gloria mundi. The double, hand-steering wheel, from her quarter-deck, will be enshrined at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in Buzzards Bay. I have donated some smaller fittings to Mystic Seaport in Connecticut. In spirit, "The Old Nantucket" sails on seas of memory in all her square-rigged glory and white-sailed magnificence.

EDMUND FRANCIS MORAN
East Boston

Training Ship Graduates Contact George Jones.

George W. Jones, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, revealed yesterday that there was still some hope that the organization would get the old ship's bell that was used on the Massachusetts Nautical Training ship, Nantucket for many years.

Mr. Jones stated that he had received a letter from Chairman Arthur C. Sullivan of the Mass. Maritime Academy Commission informing him that the Commission still has the question of the final disposition of the bell under consideration.

Chairman Sullivan asked Mr. Jones if he could supply him with newspaper clippings reporting the ceremonies attending the presentation of the bell from the Town of Nantucket to the training ship Nantucket and also a complete list of all Nantucket men who were schooled on the ship.

Chairman Sullivan indicated in his letter that although they are working on the project of setting up an Academy museum, the matter of keeping the bell there had not been definitely settled.

In September, 1919, the name of the three-masted bark "Ranger," a training ship belonging to the Massachusetts Nautical School, was changed to U. S. S. "Nantucket." At that time the town presented to the ship a beautiful new bell, suitably engraved, at ceremonies held in the Great Hall of the Nantucket Atheneum.

For several years during World War I the "Ranger" had been making Nantucket Island her headquarters and the captain of the training ship, Captain Hourigan, had grown to love the Island and her residents. It was through his efforts that the name was changed by the Navy Department to the "Nantucket."

As time went on, the Massachusetts Nautical School became the Massachusetts Maritime Academy and the "Nantucket" continued in use as a Merchant Marine training ship. Subsequently her name was again changed

this time to the "Emery Rice" and for the past 15 years she has served as a museum ship at the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, L. I.

During the years that the "Ranger-Nantucket" was used as a training ship, first for the Massachusetts Nautical School and later as part of the Merchant Marine, several Nantucket men graduated from the school. The majority of these Nantucket men who received part of their training on the ship went on to make the sea their career, continuing in the Navy, the Merchant Marine, or in other ways making use of the knowledge they had gained while at the school.

As a museum ship the "Ranger-Nantucket-Emery Rice" contained many ship models, rare prints, and other marine exhibits. It became apparent about a year ago that the upkeep of the ship as a museum was costing far more than her use merited and it was decided to sell her for scrap. The high bidder was the Boston Metals Co., of Baltimore, Md., for \$13,660, and the 78 year old vessel began her last voyage, this time at the end of a towline from a tug.

President George W. Jones, of the Nantucket Historical Association, sent a letter in March to the Boston Metals Co., asking if the bell which was given by the Town of Nantucket to the ship is still on it, and if it is, what the possibilities would be for the bell to be returned to Nantucket to become a valued addition to the Association's collection of maritime memorabilia.

A second letter, to the Maritime Academy, brought an answer to the effect that they intended to place the bell in their own museum which they plan to establish in Buzzards Bay.

In order to present Nantucket's claim to the bell as fully as possible, Mr. Jones has requested that all those men who graduated from the training ship, either as the "Ranger" or as the "Nantucket", send their names to him as soon as possible. The list which Mr. Jones has now is complete only until 1919.

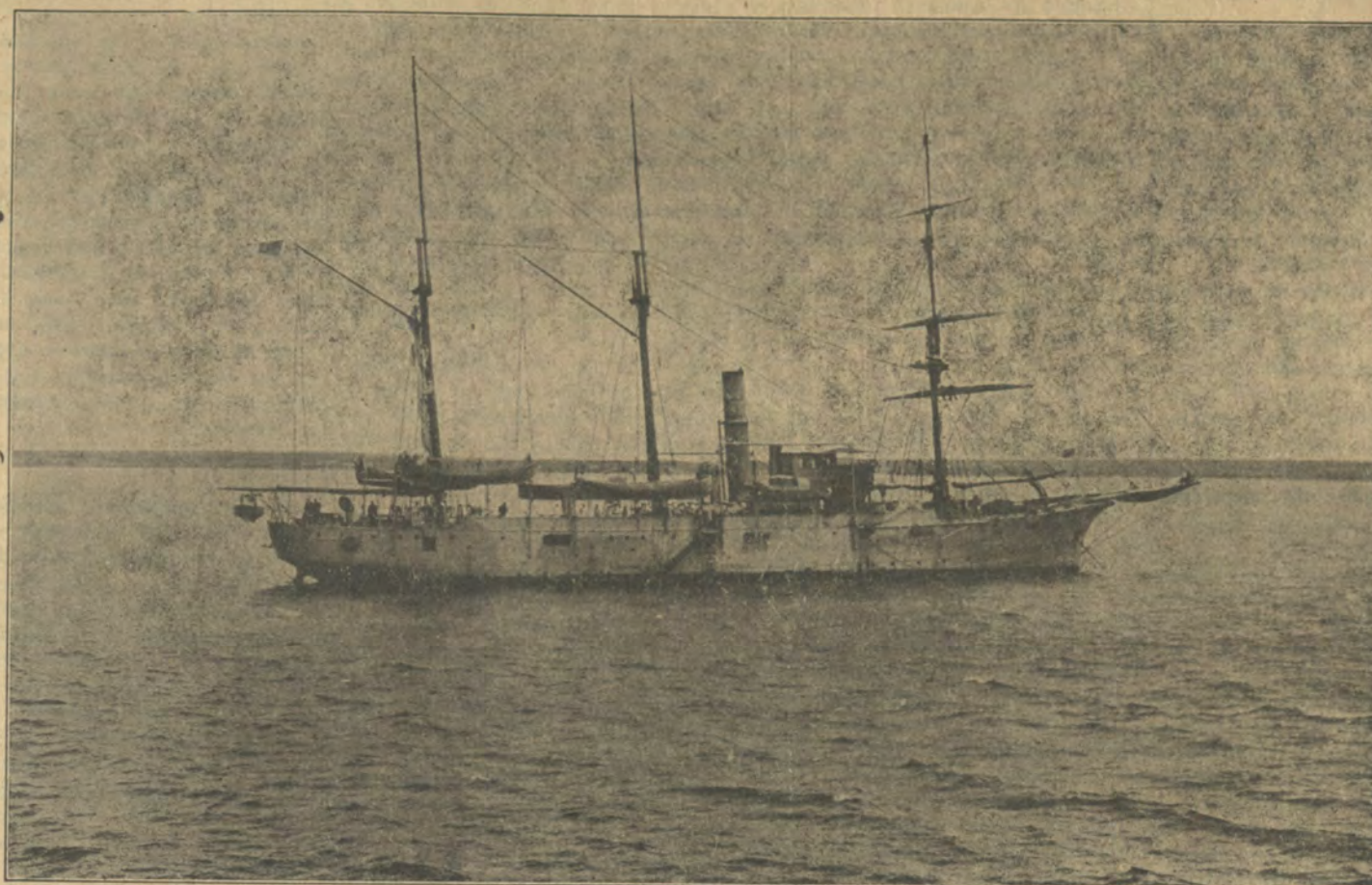


Nautical Training School

The spring examination of applicants for entrance to the Massachusetts Nautical Training School will be held on board the Training Ship Ranger, Charlestown Navy Yard, on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

Application papers and other information can be obtained by addressing Commissioners, Nautical Training School, Room 110, State House, Boston, Mass.

Former Training Ship "Nantucket" Towed to Junk Yard.



The U. S. S. "Nantucket" at anchor in Nantucket Harbor forty years ago.

In September, 1919, the name of the three-masted bark "Ranger," a training ship belonging to the Massachusetts Nautical School, was changed

to U. S. S. "Nantucket." At that time the town presented to the ship a beautiful new bell, suitably engraved, at ceremonies held in the Great Hall of the Nantucket Atheneum.



The bell presented by the Town of Nantucket to the U. S. S. "Nantucket" in September, 1919, which the Nantucket Historical Association hopes will be returned to the island.

For several years during World War I the "Ranger" had been making Nantucket Island her headquarters and the captain of the training ship, Captain Hourigan, had grown to love the Island and her residents. It was through his efforts that the name was changed by the Navy Department to the "Nantucket."

As time went on, the Massachusetts Nautical School became the Massachusetts Maritime Academy and the "Nantucket" continued in use as a Merchant Marine training ship. Subsequently her name was again changed this time to the "Emery Rice" and for the past 15 years she has served as a museum ship at the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, L. I.

As a museum ship the "Ranger-Nantucket-Emery Rice" contained many ship models, rare prints, and other marine exhibits. It became apparent about a year ago that the upkeep of the ship as a museum was costing far more than her use merited and it was decided to sell her for scrap. The high bidder was the Boston Metals Co., of Baltimore, Md., for \$13,660, and last weekend the 78 year old vessel began her last voyage, this time at the end of a towline from a tug.

President George W. Jones, of the Nantucket Historical Association, sent a letter this week to the Boston Metals Co., asking if the bell which was given by the Town of Nantucket to the ship is still on it and, if it is, what the possibilities would be for the bell to be returned to Nantucket to become a valued addition to the Association's collection of maritime memorabilia. As we go to press, Mr. Jones has not received an answer to his request.

During the years that the "Ranger-Nantucket" was used as a training ship, first for the Massachusetts Nautical School and later as part of the Merchant Marine, several Nantucket men graduated from the school. The majority of these Nantucket men who received part of their training on the ship went on to make the sea their career, continuing in the Navy, the Merchant Marine, or in other ways making use of the knowledge they had gained while at the school.

At the time when the bell was presented to the U. S. S. "Nantucket," the following Nantucketers had entered the Massachusetts Nautical School: Franklin B. Atwood, Elmer N. Baker, William M. Bartlett, Jr., Elliot Beaman, Charles B. Bickerstaff, Richard C. Bickerstaff, David W. Cahoon, Howard U. Chase, William H. Chase, Jr., Richard Coffin, Stanley Cook, Ellenwood Folger, Arthur B. Gibbs, Irving L. Gibbs, Howard D. Hodge, Leonard Hollingsworth, William R. Macy, Harry Manter, Edward E. Morey, Chester E. Morris, Elmer F. Pease, William O. Simpson, Alexander F. Smith, Harding Smith, Herbert P. Smith, Arthur P. Stevens, Joseph B. Sylvaro, and Frederick H. H. Sylvia.

Impressive ceremonies were held at Kings Point before the "Emery Rice" began her last voyage. The flag was lowered from one of her masts for the last time by Lt. James F. Beatty, USMS, assistant professor of engineering at the academy and its oldest alumnus. A brief talk about the ship was given by Capt. Harold V. Nerney, executive officer of the academy and a graduate of the ship when she was the training ship "Nantucket." Taps were sounded, the Merchant Marine cadets saluted, and then the tug, with an answering salute, towed the old vessel away to the scrap yard.

March 15, 1958

**Bell from Training Ship
"Nantucket" Not Available.**

The efforts of George W. Jones, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, to secure the ship's bell of the former Massachusetts Nautical School Training Ship, the "Nantucket" has met with failure. The bell was to have been installed in one of the island's museums.

Mr. Jones has been informed by letter that Rear-Admiral Julian D. Wilson, USN, (retired) superintendent of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy at Buzzards Bay, intends to retain the bell for exhibit in the Academy museum. He also said that the ship's wheel will not be released and will be kept at the school.

This apparently removes all chances of getting either of the two historical objects for display on Nantucket.

Mr. Jones said that he had difficulty getting an answer to his request and that after sending the Admiral two letters and receiving no reply he appealed to State Senator Edward C. Stone to see if he could get an answer. He said that at least he got an answer to his letters after Senator Stone went to work on it, even though the reply was a negative one.

The Historical Association was particularly interested in obtaining the bell because the Town had presented it to the ship in September of 1919 after the name of the three-masted bark had been changed from the "Ranger" to "Nantucket." For many years the ship made Nantucket a port of call while on training cruises and during World War I made Nantucket Harbor its headquarters. Many Nantucket young men were student sailors aboard the training bark and graduated from the Nautical School.

Mr. Jones said that the letter stated that the decision not to release the bell to the Historical Association was reached at a meeting of the State-appointed commissioners of the Maritime School held recently at Boston.

The bark had been retired from active service about 15 years ago and, after changing her name again to "Emery Rice," served as a museum ship at the United States Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point, L. I. Last March it was decided to scrap her and she was sold for scrap to the Boston Metals Co., of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Jones wrote first to the Boston Metals Co. about getting the bell and found that both the bell and wheel had been removed and were at the Maritime Academy at Buzzards Bay.

June 7, 1958



BRIGANTINE FUND BOOSTED—Captain Reed Whitney of the Yankee, left, presents check for \$500 given by Winston Williams of Nantucket to aid the brigantine's educational program. Robert Caldwell, one of the founders of the Yankee Foundation of Nantucket, receives the check. On the right is Tell Berna, president of the Nantucket Sea School.

Career as Training Ship Is Planned for Yankee

A new career as a training ship is planned for the famous brigantine Yankee, providing her owner and the U. S. Coast Guard reach an agreement as to her passenger-carrying status. The Yankee presently is in drydock at Norlantic Diesel, Inc., shipyard in Fairhaven undergoing repairs.

Her owner, Captain Reed Whitney, a Chicago businessman, and a group of Nantucket residents hope to inaugurate the Nantucket Sea School, Inc., with the Yankee as a training ship. Her home port would be Nantucket.

Plans are also being made to sail the Yankee through the new St. Lawrence Seaway to Chicago next Summer.

To Meet Vice-Admiral

Officers and legal counsel of the Nantucket Sea School will meet with Vice-Admiral A. C. Richmond, Coast Guard commandant in Washington in an effort to obtain a special certificate of registration which would enable the Yankee to operate under auspices of the Sea School as a non-profit educational institution.

Yankee was barred by the Coast Guard in 1958 from making more of the famous round-the-world cruises she had made under Captain Irving Johnson because of the question whether she was a yacht or a passenger ship.

The Coast Guard claims the Yankee is a commercial passenger ship, and as such, does not fulfill passenger ship requirements.

Captain Whitney said it has been impossible to meet the Coast Guard regulations required of ocean-going vessels.

Still Ineligible

Captain Claude S. Broach, chief of the Coast Guard merchant vessel inspection branch, said today the Yankee is still ineligible to operate until she qualifies under Coast Guard inspection and manning requirements.

Under them, the Yankee must have licensed personnel and able seamen with proper documents, he said. Another problem facing Yankee is that being a foreign vessel, although American-owned, she cannot legally engage in coastwise trade or commercial fisheries.

It has been ruled that when she carries passengers, she is engaged in trade and subject to Coast Guard inspection requirements.

A group of friends of the Yankee have formed two organizations for perpetuating the vessel as a means of educating young people in seamanship and navigation, once the matter with the Coast Guard is solved.

Two Organizations Formed

The two organizations are the Nantucket Sea School, Inc. and the Brigantine Yankee Foundation of Nantucket, a trust organization.

The Sea School was incorporated on Feb. 28, 1959 by George Jones, Tell Berna, Representative Robert Mooney, Robert Backus, Charles Sayle, all of Nantucket; Edouard A. Stackpole, curator of the Mystic, Conn., Marine Museum; Dr. Kenneth Shepard, Evanston, Ill., and the famous Lowell Thomas. Purposes of the Sea School are: "To operate and function exclusively as an educational, scientific and charitable corporation; to provide for the preservation and continuation of

the maritime traditions of the Island of Nantucket and the United States of America; to implant and encourage in the youth of America an interest, loyalty and faith in the maritime traditions of America and in the ships and services of the United States.

Other Aims Outlined

Also, to engage in and promote work of a scientific and educational nature by the training and instruction of American youth in seamanship, navigation, sailing and all other maritime subjects incidental thereto; to charter, operate and maintain in coastal and international waters the internationally-known sailing ship brigantine Yankee as a sea school for American youth to carry out the foregoing purposes and all purposes incidental thereto; to buy, lease and charter ships, personal property and real estate to carry out the foregoing purposes and all purposes incidental thereto."

The Brigantine Yankee Foundation of Nantucket was founded for the purpose of assuring berths for Nantucket youngsters on the voyages around the world which will be made by the Yankee. Signing the agreement and declaration of trust are Representative F. Robert Mooney (D-Nantucket); Sidney Killen, selectman; Mr. Stackpole, Robert Caldwell and Mrs. Cornelius Bond.

Brigantine Yankee Foundation To Preserve Sailing Vessel

There has been much conjecture in recent weeks concerning the fate of the brigantine "Yankee," which has been wintering in Nantucket. Since last fall rumor has been rife and many meetings have been held in an effort to resolve the difficulties which forced postponement of the round-the-world cruise scheduled to start last November.

It was not until very recently that anything concrete was accomplished and it is now possible to report definite plans for the future of this historic sailing ship.

A real solution has been arrived at by a group of interested and dedicated residents and friends of Nantucket. Two organizations have been formed for the perpetuation of the "Yankee" as a means for educating young people in seamanship and navigation and to provide them with the benefits of travel "under sail" to many parts of the world.

These two organizations are, respectively, the Nantucket Sea School, Inc., and the Brigantine Yankee Foundation of Nantucket (the latter a trust organization).

The Sea School was incorporated on February 28, 1959, with the following among the incorporators: George Jones, Tell Berna, Edouard Stackpole, Robert Mooney, Robert Backus, Lowell Thomas, Robert Caldwell, Charles Sayle, and Dr. Kenneth Shepard.

The purposes of the Yankee Sea School of Nantucket, Inc., are listed as follows:

1. To operate and function exclusively as an educational, scientific, and charitable corporation.

2. To provide for the preservation and continuation of the maritime traditions of the Island of Nantucket and the United States of America.

3. To implant and encourage in the youth of America an interest, loyalty, and faith in the maritime traditions of America and in the ships and services of the U. S.

4. To engage in and promote work of a scientific and educational nature by the training and instruction of American youth in seamanship, navigation, sailing, and in all other maritime subjects incidental thereto.

5. To charter, operate, and maintain in coastal and international waters the internationally known sailing ship, "Brigantine Yankee," as a sea school for American youth to carry out the foregoing purposes and all purposes incidental thereto.

6. To buy, lease, and charter ships, personal property, and real estate to carry out the foregoing purposes and all purposes incidental thereto.

The "Yankee," which is to be the Sea School's training ship, was built in Emden, Germany, in 1912. After it was taken as a prize by the RAF in World War II, it was purchased from England by Captain Irving Johnson in 1947.

It was then outfitted for travel voyages in Upham's Shipyard, Brixenham, England, (the same place where the Mayflower II was prepared for its voyage to this country).

The "Yankee" was used for four round-the-world cruises while being manned by crews of young people, and was also used for many shorter trips along the coasts of North America. The vessel is 96 feet overall, 81 feet on the waterline, 23 foot beam, 11 foot draught, and 114 tons gross weight. It is a brigantine rig with 7,775 square feet of sail, and has twin General Motors 371 diesel engines. The ship sleeps 29 persons.

The agreement and declaration of trust of the Brigantine Yankee Foundation of Nantucket is signed by Robert Mooney, Nantucket's Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts; Sidney Killen, Selectman; Edouard Stackpole, Nantucket historian, Robert Caldwell, and Mrs. Cornelius Bond.

The Foundation states that it wishes to perpetuate the maritime tradition of the Island of Nantucket. The trustees recognize the reputation of the brigantine "Yankee" as one of the great sailing vessels remaining in the world today and wish to provide for the continuation of her educational and character-building voyages in a manner that will benefit the youth of Nantucket and eventually preserve this vessel as a public memorial of the maritime tradition of the island.

Article II of the agreement and declaration states that the purpose of the trust and the accomplishments to be thereby attained are the charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as follows:

1. To provide for the preservation and continuation of the maritime tradition of Nantucket.

2. To provide for the participation of the residents and visitors of Nantucket in the educational and character-building work of the brigantine "Yankee" in a manner that will benefit the youth of Nantucket and the maritime tradition of Nantucket.

3. To provide for the maintenance of at least one worthy young man or woman from the island of Nantucket as a student in the Yankee Sea School

of Nantucket on each world voyage of the Yankee.

4. To provide for the support of the Mariner Scout program of the Nantucket Council, Girl Scouts of America, by contributing to the expenses of its annual cruise on the Yankee.

5. To provide for the organization, administration, and support of the Yankee Sea School of Nantucket, a charitable corporation organized and existing under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

6. To provide a fund for the purchase of the "Yankee" and her preservation and maintenance as a public memorial of the maritime tradition of Nantucket.

7. To use, expend, or devote the trust property to such other charitable, educational or scientific purposes as the trustees shall deem to be related to or in conformity with the above-named purposes or such other charitable, educational, or scientific purposes as they shall deem to be in keeping with and in preservation of the maritime tradition of the island of Nantucket. Provided, however, that no part of the trust property hereinunder shall be used for the purpose of carrying on propaganda or influencing legislation, but solely and exclusively for the purpose herein set forth.

Article XII reads: If any person or persons at any time is or are disposed to make gifts or bequests to this trust, power and authority is

hereby conferred upon the Trustees to receive such gifts and bequests and to apply the principal and income therefrom to the purposes of this trust . . . provided that such gifts or bequests are not made upon any terms or conditions that would conflict with the uses, purposes, and provisions of this agreement. . . .

Provided, however; it is expressly made a condition of this agreement that this trust shall only become operative and be administered by the Trustees hereto upon the express condition herein set forth: that within one year from the date of this agreement the brigantine "Yankee" is and shall be operating as a vessel duly documented under the laws of the United States of America and enrolled from the home port of Nantucket, Massachusetts, and operating or available for operation under said laws as part of a sea school training and educational program for American youth. Communications may be addressed to the Sea School or the Foundation at Old South Wharf, Nantucket.

Nantucket is most fortunate to have the "Yankee" make this island her home port. She will carry the name of Nantucket to many, many parts of the world and to a great number of ports in North America. There is a projected trip through the St. Lawrence Seaway to Chicago, and another in early fall from Nova Scotia back to Nantucket. At present the "Yankee" is at Fairhaven for overhaul, and she will return here in May. Her next round-the-world cruise is expected to start from Nantucket on November 1 of this year.

Captain Whitney and Family Aboard the "Yankee"



Photo by Merle Orleans

Shown in the photograph above are Capt. and Mrs. Reed Whitney and their two daughters aboard the brigantine "Yankee" on a recent voyage from Nantucket to Gloucester. Capt. Whitney, who has been a visitor to Nantucket for more years than he can remember, announced this week that if present plans work out satisfactorily, he plans to make Nantucket the home port of the vessel.

Captain Whitney said he first came to the island at the age of three months, and since that time has only missed visiting Nantucket one summer—when he was otherwise occupied in the invasion of Sicily in 1943 during World War II. His grandfather, William L. Whitney, owned a cottage on Tuckernuck for many years, later selling it to Everett Chapel, while his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip R. Whitney, owned a summer home on Brant Point. Both Mr. Whitney and his wife, Helen R. Whitney, were artists known for their work with island scenes.

Capt. Whitney moved to Chicago in the fall of 1931, and made his home there until this year, when he took over ownership of the "Yankee". In Chicago he was district sales manager of the J. P. Seeburg Corporation, a manufacturer of coin-operated phonographs. Following his service in the U. S. Navy, Capt. Whitney, who holds the rank of Lieutenant-Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve (Retired), took up flying, and commuted to Nantucket from Chicago during the summer months in his own plane, which he nick-named "Pinky".

Mrs. Whitney, better known as "Jinny", was born and raised in Chicago, and is a graduate of Northwestern University. Following her graduation she was assistant Dean of Women at Northwestern until her marriage. Captain Whitney described her work aboard the "Yankee" as a combination housemother, chaperone, and councillor. "She likes young people, and has had a lot of experience with them. She also buys all of the food, and oversees the galley," Captain Whitney said. "But—she does not do the navigating," he smiled.

The Whitneys' youngest daughter, Martha, is 10 years old, and is at present enrolled in the fourth grade at Academy Hill School. She will attend the local school for several weeks, until her parents decide whether they will remain on Nantucket for the winter, or will go south.

Barbara Whitney, their oldest daughter, is 19. She spent the last two summers on Nantucket, working at the Universal Photo Shop in 1957, and at the Gordon Folger Hotel this past season. While she is now in Illinois, her parents expect that she will join them on Nantucket within a short time.

"Yankee" to Spend Winter In Nantucket Harbor

With circumstances finally forcing the cancellation of a cruise to the South Pacific this winter, the brigantine "Yankee" has been moored at the south side of Steamboat Wharf here in Nantucket for the winter. The vessel arrived in port here on Sunday, and Wednesday afternoon tied up at Steamboat Wharf, receiving permission to do so from the Steamship Authority, through the efforts of Robert S. Backus, the Nantucket member.

Captain Reed Whitney, owner of the vessel, said this week the cruise was cancelled due to failure in his efforts to convince Coast Guard officials in Washington the "Yankee" should be considered a yacht rather than a commercial vessel. The Coast Guard ruled the "Yankee" to be commercial, and could not be operated as she had in past years by Capt. Irving Johnson, her former owner.

Originally scheduled to leave from Gloucester Nov. 1 for a cruise to Pitcairn and Easter Islands, Capt. Whitney found the legal technicalities to be met would make this impossible, and finally it was decided to leave the "Yankee" here for the winter. "During the winter we hope to arrive at a basis on which the 'Yankee' may continue to operate as in the past," Capt. Whitney said.

Non-Profit Foundation May Save Vessel

Friends of Capt. and Mrs. Whitney are attempting to solve the problems surrounding the operation of the "Yankee" through the incorporation of a non-profit foundation which may take over the operation of the brigantine. Coast Guard requirements would be satisfied by such a foundation, with Captain Whitney relinquishing ownership and control of the vessel, but being retained as her skipper.

The foundation, which is being incorporated in Illinois, may prove to be the only solution to the "Yankee's" problems. Coast Guard regulations, which, prior to the purchase of the vessel by Captain and Mrs. Whitney, had not been enforced upon the vessel, will not permit her operation as a private yacht, and it is not economically feasible to rebuild the interior of the vessel to comply with the strict regulations governing vessels of more than 100 gross tons. The "Yankee" is 114 gross tons.

Assurance has been received from the Coast Guard that ownership of the vessel by a foundation would be acceptable, providing it is a bona fide foundation "with well established rules of selection for those who would benefit from the trips in the 'Yankee'." Captain Whitney has said the foundation would give trips to one or more deserving young boys or girls, and also give weekend cruises to Mariner Girl Scouts as part of the regular summer programs.

Several weeks ago Captain and Mrs. Whitney came to the island to discuss the possibility of starting a non-profit foundation on Nantucket which would purchase the vessel. When this was not immediately possible it was decided to go along with the plans of the Chicago group. However, it was stated that Nantucket could easily participate in ownership of the "Yankee" through contributions to the foundation being incorporated in Illinois.

"If Nantucket contributed materially to the foundation, the Island could have a permanent berth endowed on the 'Yankee' for either her world voyages or the shorter voyages to the South Seas," Captain Whitney declared. "In this way the 'Yankee' would be helping all of the youth of Nantucket, by providing an incentive for good citizenship, scholarship, and other things which would be required of the boy or girl chosen for a voyage."

"Yankee" to Spend Winter In Nantucket Harbor

(Continued from Page One)

In addition, he mentioned the revenue created for small boat owners which are much in demand by families of the "Yankee's" crew, it being the custom for them to be chartered to meet the brigantine on her return to port.

Captain Whitney also stressed the "intangible something" which would be created by having the name "Nantucket" on the stern of a ship sailing around the world, in many cases retracing the steps of the Nantucket whalers years ago in their voyages of exploration.

"Yankee" Museum Here

Among the suggestions made locally concerning the "Yankee" has been a plan for the establishment of a museum, to contain souvenirs and memories of the brigantine's world voyages. A tentative plan calls for the use of a building near Straight Wharf, near which the "Yankee" would dock when in port. Captain Whitney said that when the vessel is retired, she could then become a part of the permanent exhibition.

There have been close to 2,500 young people who have made voyages on the "Yankee," including both those who have made world voyages, and the Mariner Girl Scouts. The former sailors develop a deep feeling for the vessel, Captain Whitney said, and commented that during the past summer 15 members of the crew of 23 who made the last world voyage took advantage of the opportunity to visit the "Yankee" whenever possible.

Open House for Nantucket This Weekend

During this coming weekend Capt. and Mrs. Whitney invite all Nantucket residents to visit them aboard the vessel. She is moored at the south side of Steamboat Wharf, and may be boarded easily.

"Yankee" Now "Hails" From Nantucket!

Nantucketers were greatly concerned this week about the possibility that the world-famed brigantine "Yankee" was going to shed its identity with Nantucket as a port after reading a story in the New Bedford Standard-Times that the home port of the "Yankee" was changed from Gloucester to New Bedford.

This is only technically true. A ship must register at the nearest Custom House; in this case, New Bedford. However, Nantucket is the "Yankee's" "hail port" and, as such, the island's name will appear below the name "Yankee" on the ship's new sternboard. New Bedford's name will be "conspicuous only by its absence."

This was confirmed yesterday by Mrs. Reed Whitney, wife of the skipper of the vessel, who is agent for the Connecticut corporation which now owns the vessel. Mrs. Whitney said that the boat has to be registered at the nearest U. S. Customs House to where the vessel is maintained and in this case it happened to be at New Bedford. The main facts are the vessel will operate out of Nantucket and will have the name of Nantucket on its sternboard, but its records will be kept at New Bedford.

Plans for the Yankee include activating it as a training ship for the newly incorporated, Yankee Sea School of Nantucket, and she is scheduled to sail through the St. Lawrence Seaway to Chicago next summer.

At the present time the vessel is undergoing an overhaul and refitting job at the Bromfield Ship Yard at East Boston that includes painting the ship and installing new plates on both sides, along the waterline. It is hoped that after the work is completed the owner and the U. S. Coast Guard can reach an agreement as to her passenger-carrying status and her use as a training ship.

Early in May the Yankee will go to Gloucester where her sails are stored to have them placed back on her masts. The trip will be made with her auxiliary engine. She will later be sailed to Nantucket and should then have her new sternboard which will be designed and carved by Charles F. Sayle and Robert Caldwell.

The ownership of the Yankee was transferred by the Whitneys last December to the New England Vending Corporation of Hartford, Conn. Under the change, Captain Whitney remained as skipper of the vessel and was made an agent of the corporation. The "Yankee" was tied up at Steamboat Wharf through the stormy winter months and it became a familiar sight to see her two tall masts protruding above the buildings along the waterfront, reminiscent of the days when the masts of sailing ships were a common sight.



Charles Sayle at work carving the "Yankee" sternboard.

Volunteer Island Crew Sails Yankee To Fairhaven To Be Rigged For Spring

The famed brigantine Yankee ran down a steady course from her homeport here Sunday to a Fairhaven shipyard under the guiding hands of a green but adept volunteer crew of Nantucket residents Sunday to be hauled out and fitted out for Spring cruising under her owner-Captain, Reed Whitney.

Twelve Nantucket residents accepted the invitation of Captain Whitney to join his wife and their daughter Martha sail the Yankee to the North Atlantic yard at Fairhaven.

Divided into four watches, all of the crew took a trick at the wheel on the 7 1/2 hour sail which was uneventful except for some heavy seas encountered across the Buzzards Bay passage.

It gave the Nantucketers a first hand opportunity to watch the Yankee take the seas in stride without difficulty.

The Yankee's "crew" returned to Nantucket by steamer the next day.

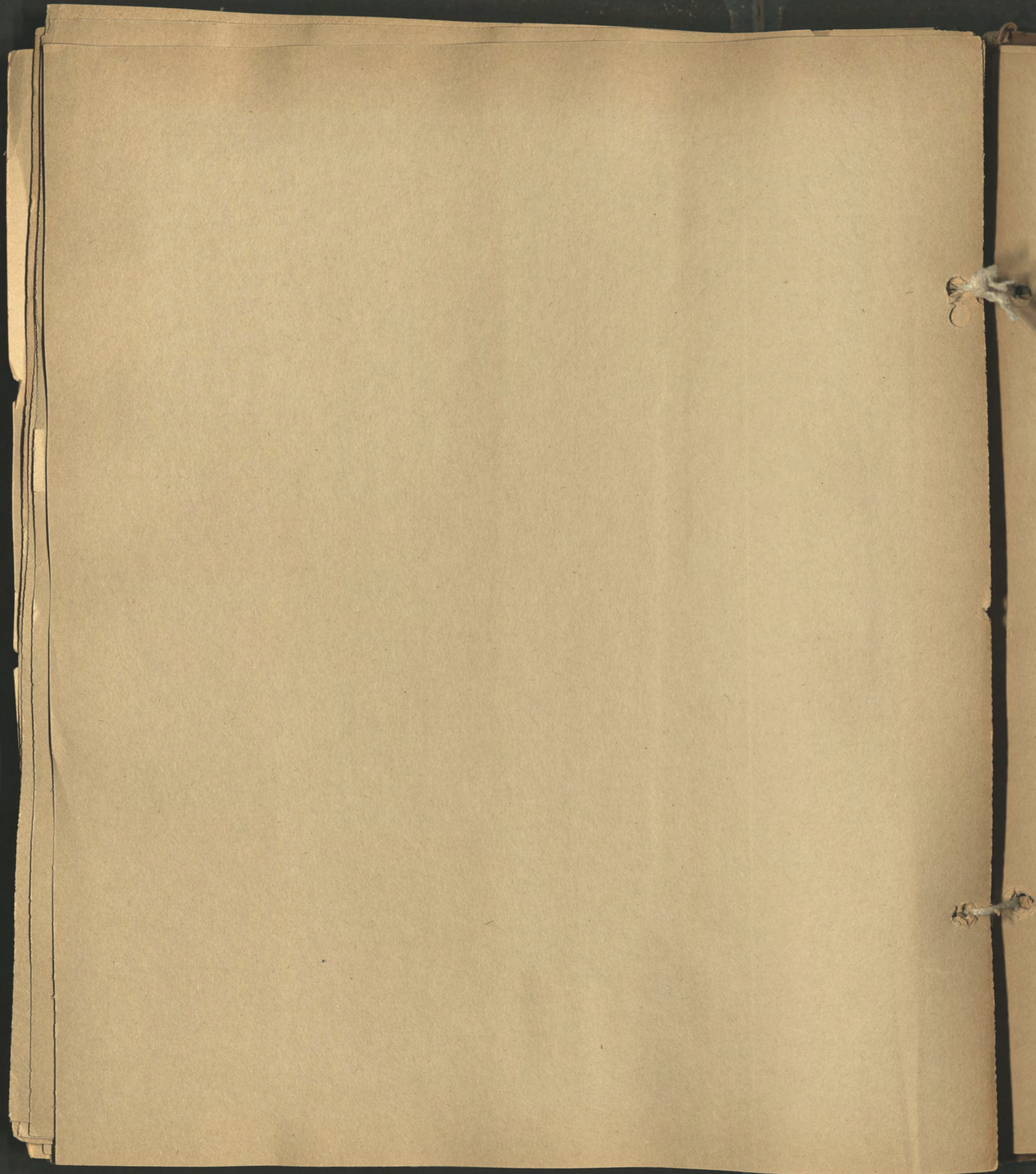
Making the trip beside the Whitneys were Keith King, Charles F. Sayle and his son, Charles Jr.; Paul Morris, Vernon Hamilton, Carl H. Sjolund, Joseph X. McHugh, Henry Huyser, Arthur Davis, Albert J. Pitkin, Albert G. Brock and Rollin Manville.

The Yankee will resume its Girl Mariner cruises this coming season. Eventually, her owner hopes that she will be able to resume the world cruises which made her fam-

ous under her previous skipper-owner, Captain Irving Johnson from whom he bought the vessel for \$80,000 last year.

The Coast Guard invoked an old law which prevented the Yankee, with its paying student-crews, from continuing its world cruises last year.

Mr. Whitney, with the aid of others, are seeking to have the Yankee exempted from the provisions of the law.



Nantucket Well Greased With Coconut Oil.

Since our last issue Nantucket has talked coconut oil, wallowed in coconut oil, smelled of coconut oil, and almost eaten coconut oil. Never was a place so blessed with grease before and probably never will such an experience be repeated. The old whaling days, with the blubber and sperm, were nothing compared to the grease of the present. Practically every wagon you see shows signs of the white coconut oil plastered on it somewhere; automobiles are well greased, too; and back-yards as well as docks emit the peculiar odor which makes the coconut oil apparent.

It certainly is an experience that makes Nantucket either fortunate or unfortunate. Which it proves to be will depend upon developments in the near future. The harvest of coconut oil has continued ever since Thursday week, when the people at the east end of the island first commenced to gather it in as it piled upon the shores. It is one of those times when people get over-enthusiastic over the chance to get something for nothing. Men have set aside their own daily labors in order to join their fellows and go out by team, auto or boat and reap the harvest floating around their island home.

Coconut oil comes from a far-distant clime, some 15,000 miles away, so it must be worth something, even though unceremoniously pumped overboard from a stranded steamer and allowed to float down upon Nantucket. Word from Lloyd's insurance agency in London is that the 900 tons thus cast adrift from the Gaelic Prince last week was valued at \$400,000. That figure probably means when discharged at New York. But what is it worth when it is gathered up about the shores of Nantucket? That is the problem that the islanders have been pondering over.

Two things interested them particularly ever since the harvest began to arrive. Captain Killen, the marine insurance agent, had his teams and trucks and men all busy day after day gathering up the coconut oil and bringing it to town, but he made no general movement to secure the oil for the insurance company. And the Coast Guard cutter Acushnet was ordered to remain in this harbor and stayed here until Tuesday morning! What the significance of the Acushnet's presence was nobody seemed to know, but there were rumors that the coconut oil was dutiable. If so, just where would the Nantucketers, who had three or four hundred tons of the stuff in their possession, fit in?

Several of the boats which filled to the limit with the oil went through to New Bedford, where there is a soap factory. Word came Monday that Capt. "Sam" Jackson had disposed of his load at the soap-house. Conflicting rumors had previously been received regarding "Sam's" venture at New Bedford, to the effect that he had been detained by revenue officers there when he attempted to sell his cargo of oil. This report proved to be without foundation.

In the meantime housewives commenced to make soap and by Saturday the supply of "lye" was exhausted in the grocery stores, and the drug stores also reported that their shelves were bare of oil of lavender and sassafras, which is used to give the coconut-oil-soap a pleasanter flavor than it naturally possesses.

The situation has really been both interesting and amusing, and wagon loads of the white greasy stuff have been seen in every street in town. The question quickly arises: "What will they do with it all?" To dispose of the hundreds of tons that have been accumulated at Wauwinet, Quidnet, Polpis, Sconset and in town and along the water front, really seems to be quite a problem, especially with warm weather approaching, when the coconut oil will soften and melt and soon be inclined to run away.

Monday afternoon word came up town that the shores of Brant Point and Beachside were being plastered with the stuff—that the strong easterly wind and tide were sweeping it in through the jetties and that the harvest of oil was being brought even nearer home. In spite of the wind and rain, men, women and boys soon were at work gathering in the chunks of grease and by nightfall many a load had been carted up-town. Some of the enthusiasts were armed with rakes, some with boxes and bags, some with wheel-barrows, some with wash-tubs or boilers, and one man pushed a baby carriage down over the muddy road and filled that. It was some sight on Brant point for a few hours! And on Tuesday the shore was covered all along the north side of the island.

Even though they knew not what to do with the oil, no one stopped accumulating it. There was just enough uncertainty about it to make it interesting, for the stuff surely ought to be worth something after it had been brought 15,000 miles. And it is on this uncertainty that Nantucket has kept on storing away the coconut oil.

Fishing boats Bertha, Ruth and Outing went through to New Bedford intending to sell their cargoes of oil there, but the soap manufacturer was reluctant to buy until he knew for sure the disposition of the owners, insurance people and federal authorities. He did, however, take some of the oil with the understanding that when the matter was straightened out he would pay a certain price for it.

Sales of Oil Stopped at New Bedford.

The New Bedford Standard on Tuesday contained the following item:

In response to telegrams from the Furness Withy Company, of New York, owners and agents of the steamer Gaelic Prince, and from the National Board of Marine Underwriters, the police notified all the boat owners who have brought quantities of coconut oil to this port of the action of the owners and underwriters in asking that further sales be stopped. In addition, the police received a telephone message from Captain John Killen, of Nantucket, acting as agent of the steamer, asking that sales be stopped. Acting on this request, Harbor Patrolman William C. Cushing notified all boat owners of the action taken by the steamer's agents and owners.



SCHOONER "NANTISCO"

Owned by the Island Service Company of Nantucket, which has now become famous as the only vessel to sail from an American port with a full cargo of coconut oil.

Nantucket Ships Full Cargo of Coconut Oil.

Continued From First Page.

that the Nantisco had 337 tons on board. Her hold was full, the hatches battened down, and her deck was also filled to the limit. She had a full cargo of grease, and there was still some left! Those who had waited too long to get their oil into town and onto the vessel were disappointed, but the Nantisco had done her best and was brim full, with no room for another ton anywhere.

When it became known that the amount of oil left behind was close onto 100 tons, arrangements were made with the captain of the schooner A. M. Jagger, a small two-master which was in port, and on Thursday she hauled up to the South wharf and commenced loading the surplus oil. From Madaket and Sconset the bags of oil then commenced to come in and it was found that several of the buildings on the wharves were still full, so that the activity was soon in full swing again. Up to yesterday (Friday) noon about seventy tons had been put aboard, which would seem to be about all the oil available for shipment. Many more tons are probably held for the local "soap experts" to draw upon as they desire.

Thus endeth Nantucket's unusual harvest of coconut oil.

April 16, 1921

Committee Authorized to Sell Coconut Oil.

Not since the "sewer agitation" of thirty-seven years ago, has the Town Hall been packed as it was on Friday and Saturday evenings. Even the "automobile controversy" did not bring forth such a large gathering as the subject of "coconut oil" did on Friday week. Standing room, even in the entry-way, was at a premium and there were many who could not even get in by the lower door. "Coconut oil" was a most interesting subject, apparently, and the Nantucketers were there without necessity of summons by town bell or town crier—and they were there with their eyes wide, wide open, too.

Following the meeting on the Old North wharf on Friday afternoon week, which adjourned until the evening, it was expected that the attendance would be large, and all sections of the island were well represented. Wauwinet had a full delegation, so did Quidnet and Polpis; and Sconset and Madaket also showed up strong in the assemblage. It surely was a motley gathering, but it was a representative one in every sense. Never was there a town meeting that equalled it on Nantucket for genuine interest.

The meeting selected Arthur H. Gardner to preside as chairman and Mr. Gardner was willing to serve, but he gave the meeting to understand that he was a disinterested party, excepting as far as his interest in the general welfare was concerned. He had not gathered coconut oil and knew little about the situation other than hearsay, but he was willing to assist in any way possible. In taking the chair, Mr. Gardner emphasized the fact that it was a purely informal meeting.

There was a bit of a lull after the meeting organized, everybody apparently being reluctant to start the ball rolling. Finally Mr. Koehler, representative of the Prince Steamship Co., owners of the steamer Gaelic Prince, arose and addressed the gathering on practically the same lines as he did at the afternoon meeting. The coconut oil had no value on Nantucket, he said, and the proposition was to get it to New York, where it would have value. If any of the Nantucketers had a project in mind whereby the oil could be sold he would like to learn of it.

"If we can sell the oil at a fair price, you will get your half of the proceeds," he said, "but in case we get nothing, you get nothing. The oil is not yours. When we give it up Captain Killen, as agent of the underwriters, will have to sell it. He is under bond. The state will get half and you will get half."

Herbert G. Worth queried what the steamship agents would sell for?

"Two cents a pound," was the reply. "The Nantucketers don't own the oil—all they have is a claim in it as salvors. We are open to a proposition how to get this oil to market where it can be sold."

Mr. Worth: "What will you give for it?"

Mr. Koehler: "Nothing. We want to sell it."

Mr. Worth: "It looks to me like a one-sided affair."

Mr. Koehler: "You folks here have the facilities for handling it. We have not."

At this point James H. Wood suggested the plan of appointing a committee of five of the Nantucketers to act in the interests of the whole.

Capt. E. Z. Ryder then requested that Mr. Koehler show the meeting the authority under which he was empowered to act for the Prince Steamship Co. Mr. Koehler was willing and presented a rather lengthy document to the chairman, which the latter read to the meeting. It was a proper and legal "power of attorney" under which Mr. Koehler was empowered to act in the company's interests.

Following the reading of the document, Mr. Koehler said that he would heartily approve of the appointment of a committee, as suggested, as it was difficult to deal with a body of three hundred men.

Mr. Worth said that from the appearance of the assembly it did not seem as though the Nantucketers were ready to put the matter in the hands of a committee. He intimated that some of them had clubbed together and intended to employ counsel.

Albert L. Coffin thought that was the proper thing to do, so as to act legally.

James H. Wood thought the farther away the meeting kept from a lawyer the better off it would be.

Mr. Koehler urged prompt action in any event. "The longer you wait," said he, "the less oil you will have."

Make up your minds what you want to do and do it."

John Garland did not approve of turning the oil over to the steamship agents for a paltry two cents a pound, to get only one-half of the proceeds and have all the work to do. "I'll leave my oil in my barn first," said he, "and let it melt."

"You can cook it or swim in it, if you want to," said Mr. Koehler, "but you must understand that you do not own this oil. All you have is a claim in it. Delivered in New York in good condition the oil would be worth seven cents, but as it is now it is nothing better than oil drainage. Colgate & Co. don't want it at any price, but we are in hopes some buyer will be willing to take it off our hands so that you Nantucketers can get something out of it—a return for your time and labor in saving it. If you can devise some way to get the oil to New York I'll be only too glad to consider it, but you must understand that one-half of the net proceeds is all you are entitled to. If we turn the oil over to the underwriters and they don't get anything out of it, it won't break them; but if you don't get anything out of it you will be awfully disappointed."

John Garland at this point reiterated his determination to hold the oil and let it melt.

Mr. Wood said it was surprising how this coconut oil had lost its value since the arrival of the steamship agents. "Captain Killen said it would mean \$30,000 for Nantucket," said he, "but now we are told it is not worth anything."

William T. Swain thought that inasmuch as the oil was pumped overboard on the high seas it had been "abandoned" by the steamship people and belonged to those who salvaged it.

Captain Ryder offered a motion that a committee of five be appointed, but the motion failed to carry. From the fact that only one or two hands were raised pro and con it was evident that the meeting was not quite ready to dispose of the matter in that way.

Mr. Worth said: "It now seems that we can't sell this oil. If the underwriters' agent takes it, how can he sell it?"

The steamship agent at this point said that he had with him an oil buyer, who would go over the island the next day and examine the oil. He was in hopes that he would be in a position to make a fair offer for it.

The chairman requested that one point might be made clear. "Have the men who have salvaged this oil the right to sell it without your permission?"

"They have not the right," said Mr. Koehler. "They can not legally dispose of this oil without our authority, and when we give it up, the underwriters' agent will take possession of it and he will be the one to sell it."

It appearing that the matter was not nearing adjustment, the meeting decided to adjourn until Saturday evening, after the oil buyer had opportunity to examine the accumulation on Nantucket.

Large Gathering Again Saturday.

When Saturday evening came the value of coconut oil seemed to have taken another drop. Men who had worked hard to salvage it were heard to remark that they wished they had let it alone. Others maintained that they would let it melt where it was, or else dump it back into the ocean. Evidently their hopes had fallen. However, when the meeting opened the hall was well filled and within very few minutes standing room was again at a premium.

The oil buyer was there but he had nothing to say. Instead Mr. Koehler informed the meeting that the buyer had looked the ground over and had decided to offer \$20 a ton, or one cent a pound, for the oil delivered on the wharf. "This offer means that half of the proceeds go to the owners of the oil and half to you people who have salvaged it," said Mr. Koehler.

This statement was followed by laughter throughout the hall.

"I can tell you this is no joke," said Koehler. "You can take up with this offer or leave it. In my opinion you will do well to take it. It means that or nothing. I think the suggestion of a committee a good one."

Timothy O'Brien, a New Bedford attorney, came down from the city that evening and his advice was sought by some of the islanders. Mr. O'Brien said he knew absolutely nothing about coconut oil—he was not well informed on the exact status of the situation, but in his mind this offer of \$20 a ton would not be binding, even if a committee were appointed. There were two ways of disposing of the matter, he said, one of which would be to bring legal proceedings against the cargo; the other would be to wait a sufficient length of time to determine whether there is not really a market for the oil.

Mr. Koehler said that before long the oil would commence to melt and run away. If anything is to be done with it, it must be at once. To ship the stuff to New York means quite an expenditure for barrels and

freight. The oil must be shipped in good oil barrels, he said, and these barrels must first be brought to the island.

Mr. O'Brien suggested the scheme of sending the oil to New York on a schooner, but this plan Mr. Koehler did not enthuse over any more than he did the day before. "You people down here have the most erroneous collection of ideas that I ever came across," said Koehler. "We were told Friday afternoon that prospective buyers were coming from New York. They are not here, from which we infer that they are not interested."

The suggestion was then offered that inasmuch as the steamship company claims to own fifty per cent. of the oil saved, the agent take his half of the oil and sell it to the buyer, leaving the other half for the Nantucketers, but this scheme did not meet with approval by Mr. Koehler, who said the buyer's offer of \$20 a ton was based on all of the oil available.

At this point Leland S. Topham presented a letter which he requested the chairman to read. It was from Colgate & Co., of New York, stating clearly that the company would not be interested in the salvaged oil in any way. It was not consigned to them and they did not care to purchase it in its present condition.

Attorney O'Brien having offered a motion that a committee of five be appointed to handle the matter for the Nantucketers, Chairman Gardner said that he would admit of irregular proceedings such as a motion being offered by a non-resident, in order to

facilitate matters, and he would therefore entertain the motion.

H. G. Worth queried why the steamship people would not be willing to take their half of the oil. "They tell us they will sell it for \$20 a ton and give us \$10. Why won't they let us have the \$10 worth of oil instead?"

The agent did not meet favorably with this suggestion. He was not yet willing to give up his hold on any of the oil. "This oil buyer has made the offer of \$20 a ton, which means that the offer must be accepted at once. When he leaves on the boat Monday morning the offer automatically stops."

The motion that a committee of five be appointed was then put to the meeting, but out of the three or four hundred persons in the hall, only sixteen cared to vote. Ten hands were raised in favor of the appointment of a committee and six hands against.

Inasmuch as the motion carried, there was a little discussion as to the method of appointing the five men, some preferring that it be left to the chairman, others that the men be selected by the meeting. It was finally decided to make appointments from the floor and the following were selected to serve: Arthur J. Barrett, James A. Backus, Arthur McCleave, James S. Andrews, Edmund Z. Ryder.

It was then voted to adjourn until Wednesday evening, at 7.30, when the committee would make its report.

over

Committee's Report Accepted and Oil Will Be Sold.

When Chairman Gardner called the meeting to order Wednesday evening, for the purpose of hearing the committee's report, the gathering was about as large as on the two previous meetings, but it took nearly an hour and a half for the meeting to determine just what it wanted to do.

The report of the committee was presented by Captain Ryder, who outlined briefly what had been done since Saturday. The committee held several meetings and considered various propositions for the disposition of the coconut oil, and had finally determined that the most feasible plan was to accept the offer made by Mr. Harral, a summer resident of Wauwinet, who was in the "grease business" in Brooklyn. Mr. Harral had agreed to take the oil off the hands of the Nantucketers and allow 4½ cents a pound after it was refined.

This meant that, deducting all expenses, such as for bags, barrels, freight, etc., it would net about \$27.50 per ton, one-half of which would go to the underwriters and the other half to the salvors. This would mean that the Nantucketers would get \$13.75 per ton for the coconut oil, which the committee stated was the best offer that had been received.

Mr. Harral's firm was reliable and the offer genuine, Captain Ryder said. Bags and barrels could be secured at a day's notice, and the three-masted schooner Nantisco could be secured to transport the same to Brooklyn. The firm would pay all expenses of freight and refining and allow 4½ cents per pound after it was refined.

Bags could be secured in Providence at 9 cents each and barrels at 50 cents each, the committee stated, the bags or barrels to be furnished to all who signed the agreement for thus disposing of the oil. Any individual who attempted to sell oil himself would do so without authority of the underwriters, who had approved of the committee's plan, and any oil shipped in any other manner would be attached.

Leland Topham was in favor of adopting the committee's recommendations, but the meeting seemed reluctant to take a decisive step and Chairman Gardner was frequently obliged to rap for order, owing to the tendency of the crowd to talk it over themselves instead of in open meeting.

Captain Ryder said the committee had gone into the matter very carefully, realizing that the Nantucketers had worked hard, and the report which they presented the committee thought was the best method possible for an early disposition of the oil.

James H. Wood said he knew that some of the salvors had been to considerable expense in securing the oil. One man told him that he had paid \$18 a day for the use of a horse and wagon in bringing the stuff to town.

F. B. Maglathlin queried if there were any possible chance of the committee getting any other offer for the purchase of the oil.

Captain Ryder said the committee knew of no other prospective buyer, although a telephone message had been received from Providence that day offering \$25 per ton. The offer did not seem as desirable as that of Mr. Harral, he said, for at \$25 a ton, the salvors would get only one-half

or \$12.50, whereas under the offer from the Brooklyn firm it seemed probable that the figure would not go below \$13.75.

John P. Taber said he thought an early settlement was desired by all and he wanted to know why the Brooklyn firm would not make a bona fide offer of \$13.75 per ton, pay the Nantucketers the money on that basis, and thus clear the matter up promptly.

"Spring dollars are scarce," said Mr. Taber, "we all know that, don't we? Why can't we get our money for this oil within thirty days and square the thing up? Let's get rid of this shrinkage, leakage, cartage, garbage, storage and stealage, and all the rest of them, and get our money at once if we can."

Mr. Taber's suggestion brought forth an outburst of laughter mingled with applause. In reply, however, Captain Ryder said that Mr. Harral's firm would not make any other offer than had been presented, which was on the basis of 4½ cents a pound after the oil was refined.

Mr. Wood said he understood a Providence party was here Sunday and took a sample of the oil away with them. He would rather sell for \$25 a ton cash on the fifty-fifty basis, than take a chance of getting a dollar or two more. "It seems to me," said he, "that we are losing ground on the price all the time."

H. G. Worth said that he had listened to the report with great interest. He favored going on a bond, paying the underwriters their share in cash, and then selling the oil in a lump. "This bond business don't amount to anything," he said, "it's only something to scare you."

Captain Ryder at this point said there was another phase to be considered. If the oil was shipped on the fifty-fifty basis with the underwriters it would mean that the risk of transportation would be shared, but if the Nantucketers gave a bond to the underwriters and took the whole cargo, if it should be lost en route, it would mean that the underwriters would have to be paid just the same. He said that an option on the schooner Nantisco had been obtained and that the oil could be placed aboard of her within very few days. To hire a tow-boat and barge to come down and tow the stuff to New York would cost \$4,000, he said.

Captain Killen said he thought the islanders should know where the oil is going when it leaves their hands. "We don't know who this man is who has made this offer," said he. "Why don't he pay us for it at the scales as it is weighed out? This buying bags to put it in is all nonsense. Why if you paid a man 15 cents an hour to put it up in bags it would eat up all you would get for the oil."

Frank Miller gave the meeting to understand that every pound of oil he was interested in he wanted to be disposed of through the committee.

Mr. Worth queried if Mr. Harral had given the committee any reason why he had dropped his price from 5 to 4½ cents a pound, to which James A. Backus replied that after an examination and analysis had been made of the oil, the firm decided that 4½ cents was the best they could do.

Stillman C. Cash said that the committee's report was in his opinion a good one. The meeting had selected an able committee, who had devoted their best efforts to arranging for what they considered the best plan of disposal of the oil. He thought that the committee should be given full power to dispose of the oil for the best interests of all concerned.

Frank Butler approved of the committee's report and was ready to sign the "power of attorney" which would give them the right to handle whatever oil he had secured.

Chairman Gardner said that the committee could not handle the oil until properly sanctioned and authorized by those concerned, and suggested that the proper procedure was to accept the report and adopt the committee's recommendations.

This the meeting decided to do by a unanimous vote. Captain Ryder then stated that Attorney O'Brien had drawn up the necessary documents and that all willing to sign the "power of attorney" (which would place the disposition of the oil in the hands of the committee) should do so promptly. Everybody seemed to strongly approve of the action of the meeting, which means that the oil will be taken to Brooklyn on the fifty-fifty basis with the underwriters, that the Nantucketers will probably net \$13.75 per ton for their labors in salvaging the oil.

The thanks of the meeting were extended to the committee for their services and also to Mr. Gardner for the able manner in which he had presided as chairman of the three meetings.

Adjournment was then made.

Nantucket Ships Full Cargo of Coconut Oil.

Nantucket has parted with its coconut oil—that is, with the greater part of it. There are doubtless a number of tons stowed away under cover for future use, and for years to come many a housewife will occasionally make up "a batch of soap" therefrom, but probably 90 per cent. of the "harvest" which was bestowed upon Nantucket from the stranded steamer Gaelic Prince has been shipped to America.

This island gained considerable notoriety in the daily press through its unusual harvest and the interesting and amusing incidents connected with the gathering and disposal of the coconut oil. When the schooner Nantisco sailed on Monday with a full cargo, Nantucket gained further fame as the only port in the United States which ever shipped a cargo of coconut oil, and the Nantisco gained fame as the only ship ever sailing from an American port with such a cargo.

Following the mass meeting on Wednesday evening week, when it was decided to accept the offer of the Harral Soap Company and ship the oil to Brooklyn, on the agreement that the company would pay 4½ cents a pound after it was refined, those having the oil got busy and for three days the South wharf, where the Nantisco lay, saw more activity than at any time since "the palmy whaling days." And there was fully as much grease thereabouts, but instead of sperm oil it was coconut oil, and in-

stead of the old-fashioned oil-trucks transporting the stuff it was done with motor-trucks. And it was indeed an interesting sight.

The schooner hauled around and tied up across the end of the dock, which permitted both hatches to be worked at the same time, and it was surprising how quickly the coconut oil began to gather, as team and truck hurried down the dock heavily laden with bags of the oil, which were placed on a "chute" and run down into the vessel's hold at a surprising rate. Down below a force of men were at work stowing away the bags into the closest possible space, while up on the dock George F. Worth stood with a battery of pencils and a big brown book in which he checked off the number of bags and the teams delivering the same.

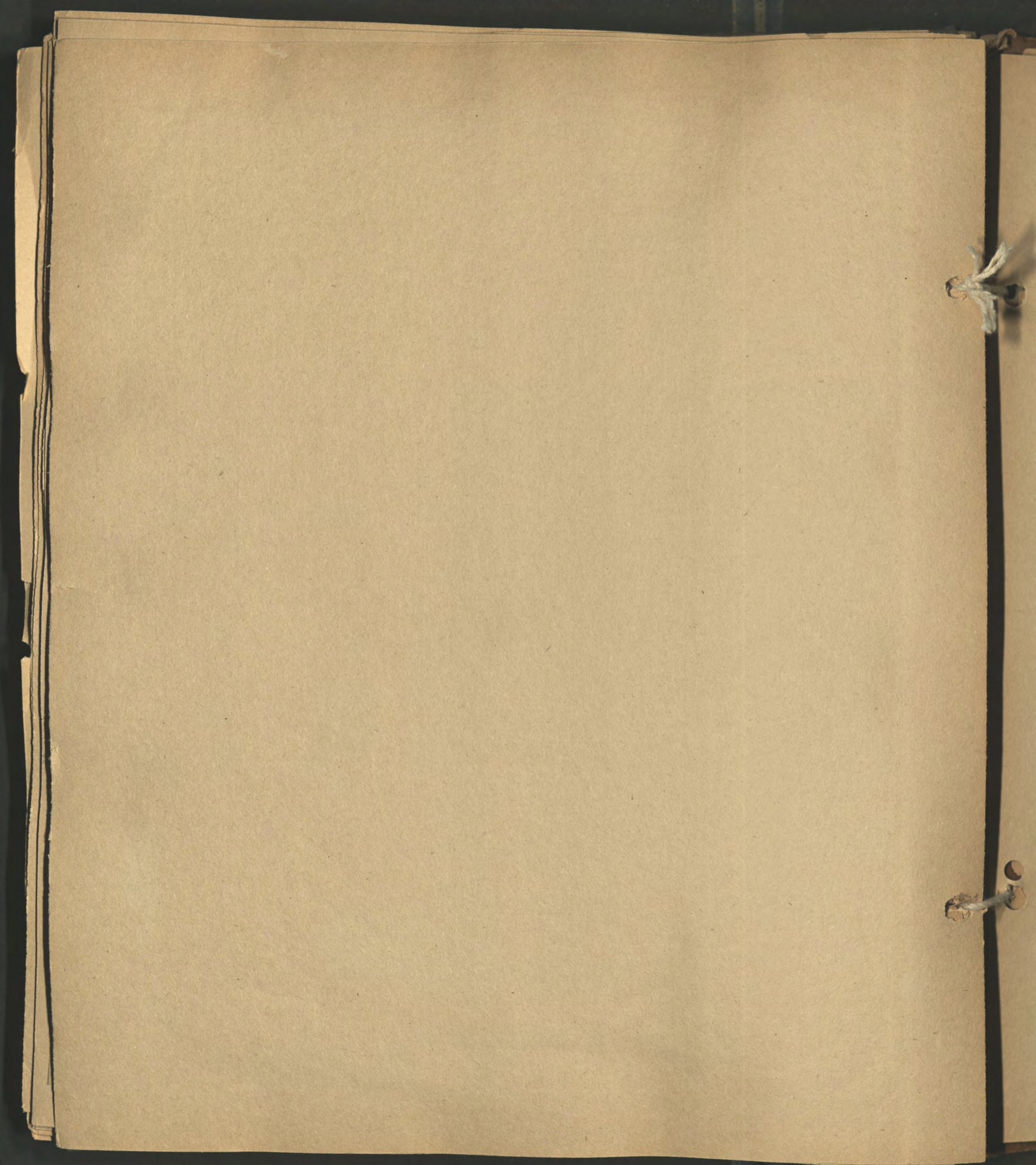
For three days this kept up, the oil showing up from the most unexpected places, revealing the fact that Nantucket's most conservative estimate of the number of tons which had been salvaged was altogether too small. The oil was coming in from Wauwinet, Polpis, Quidnet and Sconset in a steady stream of vehicles, while Madaket turned out many more tons than anyone had an idea of.

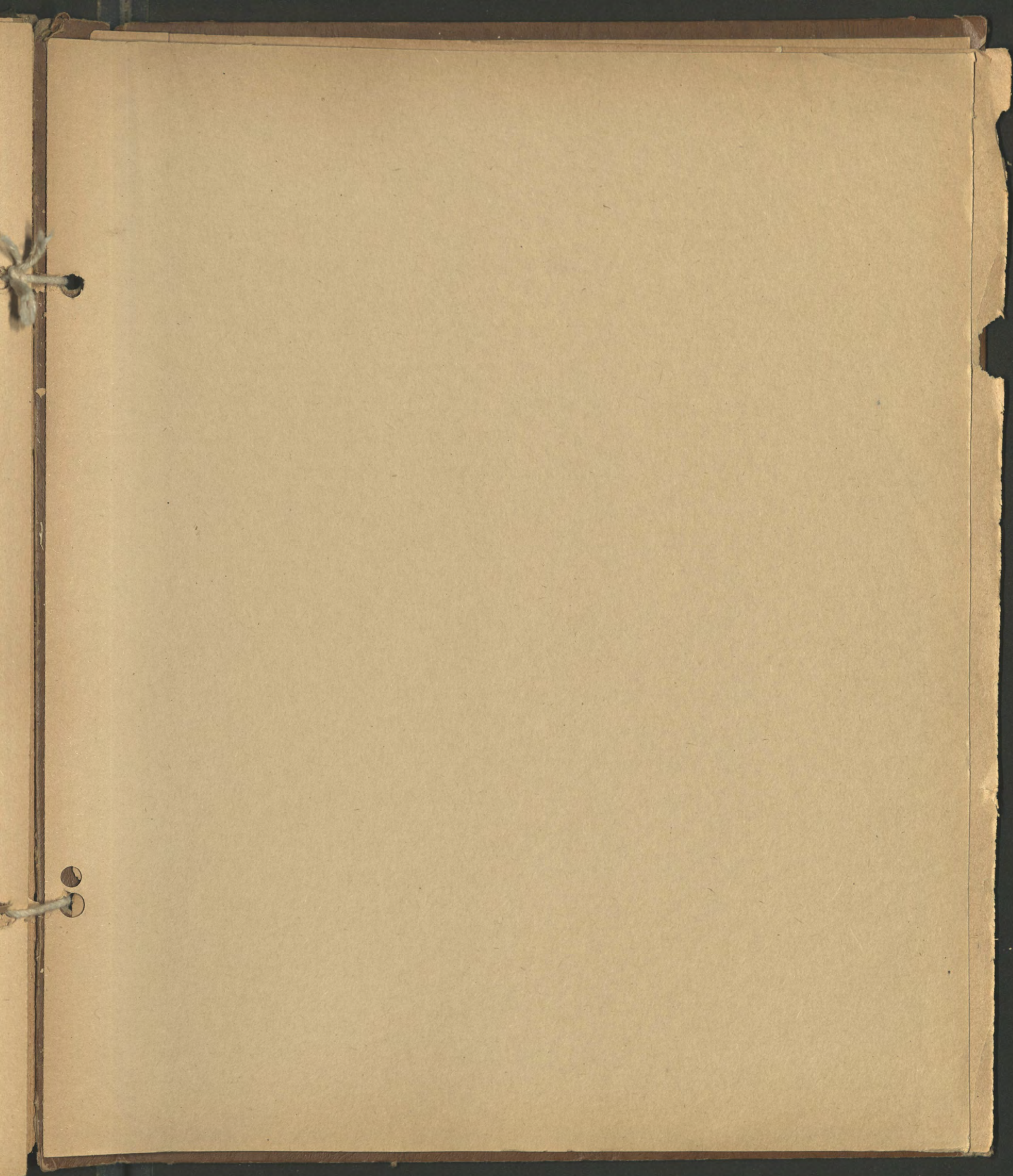
The shanties on the wharves, barns in town and even family kitchens in some sections, yielded a wonderful amount of the greasy stuff. It seemed almost unbelievable to think that so much of the coconut oil could have been saved, but it was a fact, nevertheless, and by Saturday afternoon the committee began to show doubts about the capacity of the Nantisco to handle Nantucket's output. Oil was coming to the dock from unexpected quarters and it was apparent that the "harvest" had been more general than was understood.

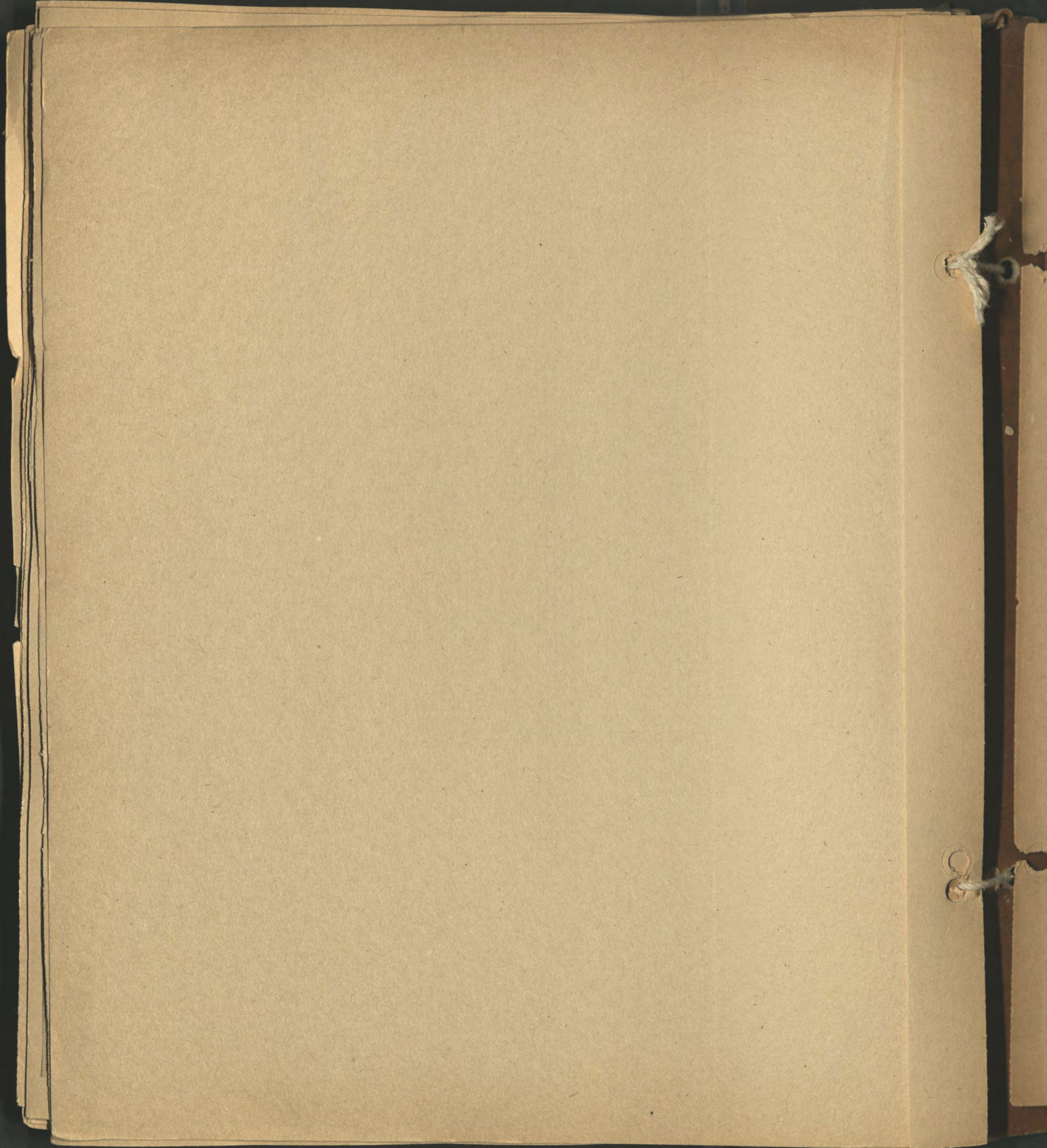
From Friday morning to Sunday afternoon there was a steady stream of vehicles headed down the Island Service Company's dock and the company's force of weighers were kept on the move, as the trucks were weighed going both ways—that is, when headed down the wharf laden with oil and when bound back empty. Every pound of oil put aboard the vessel was accounted for and checked, to be credited to the proper parties, and it was some task, too, but the work went along without a hitch—everything worked like grease from the time the first bit of the oil slid down into the schooner's hold until Captain Frost announced that she had her limit.

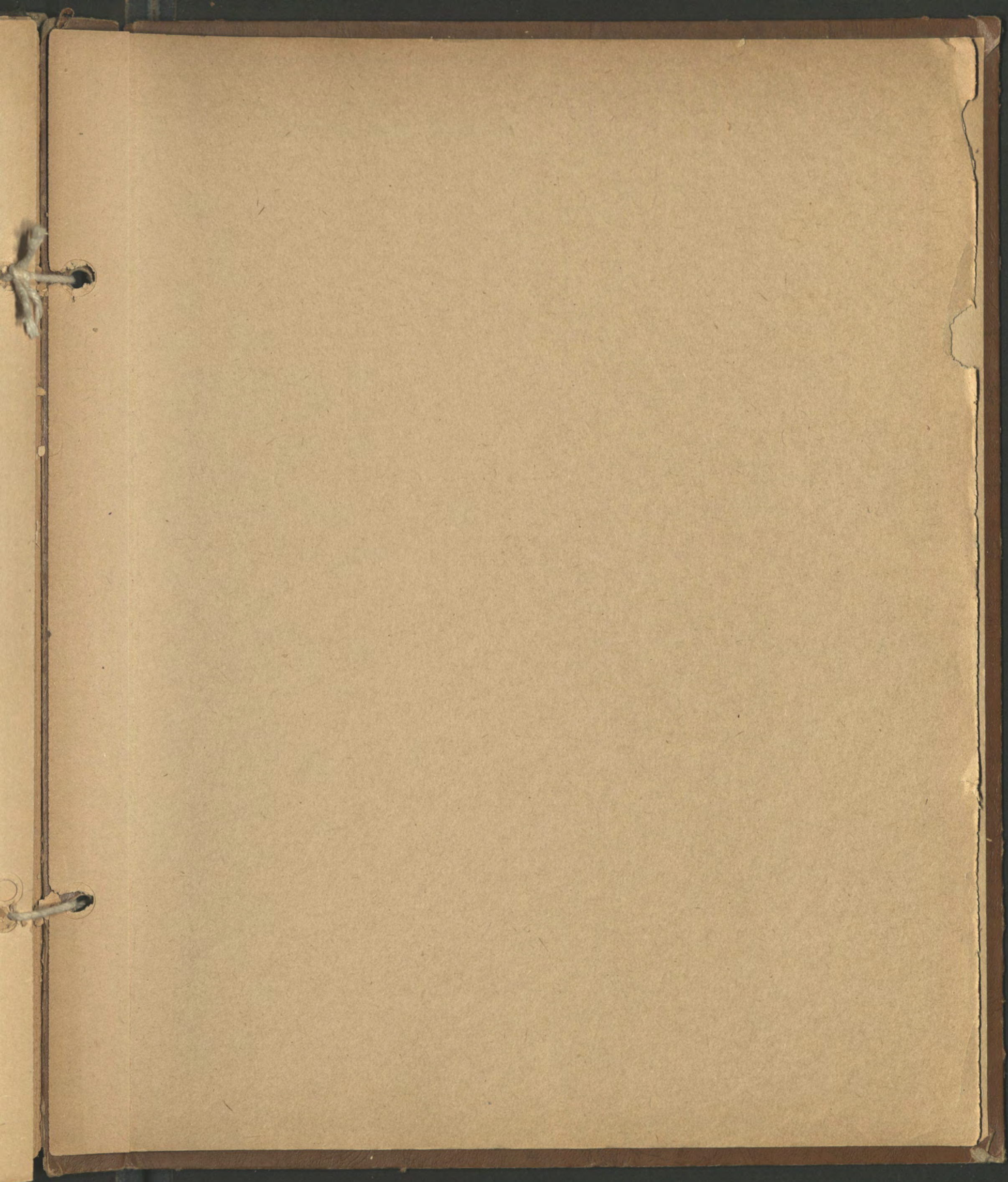
Five thousand bags had been shipped down from Providence, and there were just a few thousand already available on the island, to say nothing of a few hundred barrels. The way the coconut oil was made ready for shipment was a marvel. Evidently the Nantucketers were anxious to get the greasy stuff off their hands and turn it into money without further delay. They worked together as a unit, and the Island Service Company very generously offered to weigh and check the oil as it went down the dock, without charge, which was a very friendly offer in view of the large amount of work the task entailed. Altogether 386 loads of oil went onto the scales—an average of 129 loads a day, each load to be checked twice.

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